

HISTORY

PROCEEDINGS

DOCUMENTS

MEMORIAL

1870-1871



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HISTORY
AND
PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
✓
POCUMTUCK VALLEY
MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.
1870—1879.



VOL. I.

DEERFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.
1890.

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REPORT.

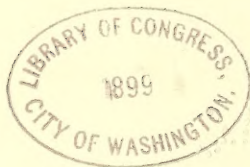
At the Annual Meeting in 1888, the undersigned and two other members of the Association, whom he might select, were made a Committee with authority to publish the history and proceedings of our Association.

Miss C. Alice Baker and Mr. Luther J. B. Lincoln were chosen associates, and an edition of 500 copies of Vol. I., covering a period of ten years, is herewith respectfully submitted, as the result of our labors.

GEORGE SHELDON,

Deerfield, May, 1890.

Chairman of Com. of Publication.



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has recently erected to her fallen braves, I copy—"With Pious Affection and Gratitude, their Descendants would hereby associate the Sacrifices and Sufferings of the Fathers of the Town in establishing our Institutions, with those of their children in Defending them." In this Deerfield has done well; but there is another duty which she owes to her departed ancestry, another tribute to their trials and sufferings, another offering to keep their memory green. Beneath the level turf or broken mounds of our ancient cemetery, many brave

* * * * * "forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

the place of their repose often marked by moss-grown monuments,

"With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked."

But many graves contain, and always will, the ashes of the unknown dead. All record or tradition of their tenants is forever lost. But there is one grave, unmarked and almost unknown, a constant reproach to the passing generations, and a constant appeal for recognition of the two score and ten, who here wait for the last trump. For these died not peacefully in their beds, stricken by years, waiting for their crowns, with the dimly seen faces of loved ones around them, and the solemn voice of prayer falling upon their dull ears; nor were they the victims of lingering disease, or cut down by the malignant pestilence of the wilderness. On the darkest day of Deerfield's history, when more than one-half of her people were slain or carried into a miserable captivity, these gave up their lives in darkness, or by the glare of their burning homes, by thrust or shot, or fatal crash of tomahawk. Stalwart men and noble matrons, infants of a few weeks, and men who had outlived their appointed time; young men and maidens, newly made mothers, and brides of a month, all went down to death in that terrible storm, and were all swallowed by this common grave. How much longer shall the men of Deerfield and the descendants of these slaughtered ones, allow this reproach to rest upon them? How much longer suffer this sad neglect, before a fitting memorial shall be erected to mark the consecrated spot, and be another proof of our "affection and gratitude?"

The following was the next public utterance on the subject:

THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Some months ago an appeal was made through the columns of your paper to the descendants of those slaughtered at the sacking of Deerfield, on the morning of Feb. 29, 1704, to repair a shameful neglect, by the erection of a monument which should bear their names down to posterity. This appeal was responded to so generously and so promptly that the necessary funds might have been very easily raised and the project carried out at once. So general was the response that it was

evident a popular chord had been struck, and that the sentiment of the people was in full accordance with the idea underlying this movement. With this view of public feeling, a plan, entertained for many years and considered almost hopeless of execution, now seemed not only feasible, but to be the very thing which the enthusiasm aroused by the discussion of the subject absolutely demanded, and so the project for a monument over their place of rest was merged in a plan for an Antiquarian Society, under whose auspices a Hall should be erected, with Memorial Slabs, containing the names, as far as can be ascertained, of all the victims of that fatal day. The October floods of 1869 coming soon after, the public mind was absorbed in that calamity and it was thought an unfitting time to bring forward the new plan. Recently, however, a bill has been drafted, introduced on leave by our Senator Clark, referred to the Judiciary Committee, who reported that it "ought to pass." It *has* passed, and a body of men are incorporated under the title which stands at the head of this article. The association will soon be organized and in active operation. Those interested in this movement are requested to communicate with the undersigned.

The persons named in the Act, as constituting the association, are the Trustees of the Old Indian House Door.

GEORGE SHELDON.

Deerfield, May 10, 1870.

ACT OF INCORPORATION.

(In the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy.)

AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

SECT. 1. George Sheldon, Robert Crawford, Nathaniel Hitchcock, Luke Wright and Samuel Wells, their associates and successors, are hereby made a corporation by the name of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, to be located in the town of Deerfield, and County of Franklin, for the purpose of collecting and preserving such memorials, books, records, papers and curiosities as may tend to illustrate and perpetuate the history of the early settlers of this region, and of the race which vanished before them.

SECT. 2. The said corporation may take land on which to erect a suitable building; may receive, hold and manage any devise, bequest, grant or donation, and may hold real estate to the value of twenty thousand dollars; with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all the liabilities of the provisions contained in the sixty-eighth chapter of the General Statutes of this Commonwealth, so far as the same may be applicable.

SECT. 3. This Act shall take effect upon its passage.

MEETING FOR ORGANIZATION.

The first meeting was held under the following call:

NOTICE.

To whom it may concern:—

The first meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association will be holden at the town hall in Deerfield, on Thursdây, the 26th day of May inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., to act upon the following matters:

- Art. 1. To vote upon the acceptance of the Act of Incorporation.
- Art. 2. To effect a temporary organization under the same.
- Art. 3. To elect associate members.
- Art. 4. To adopt rules and regulations for the government of the Association.
- Art. 5. To elect officers of the Association.
- Art. 6. To do any other business necessary to perfect the organization of the Association.

Deerfield, May 14, 1870.

GEORGE SHELDON, NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, ROBERT CRAWFORD,	} The majority of persons named in the Act of Incorporation.
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We hereby acknowledge that the above notice has been served upon us this 17th day of May, 1870.

LUKE WRIGHT.
SAMUEL F. WELLS.

INVITATION TO ATTEND.

The Antiquarians of Franklin County, and all those interested in this movement to honor and cherish the memory of their ancestors, in the collection and preservation of facts from which to study their history, are cordially invited to meet at the Town House in Deerfield, on Thursday, the 26th inst., at 10 o'clock a. m.

The object of this meeting is to organize the Association by the adoption of a Constitution, the election of officers, and a general consultation as to the best way to make this Institution what it should be, an early and permanent success.

Then lay aside your business for one short day; leave your farms and your merchandise; assemble at the Mother and Grandmother Town in a spirit of reverence for the past; come not only from the "Pocumtuck Valley," but from every valley and every hill; let us consult together how best to honor the times and lives of those, through whose trials and hardships, we, under Providence, are this day in possession of these broad fields and these blooming hillsides.

By direction of those named in Act of Incorporation,

GEORGE SHELDON.

May 23, 1870.

REPORT OF FIRST MEETING.

The first meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Association was held at the Town Hall in Deerfield, on Thursday. As it is a busy season for the farmers, there was not so full an attendance as could have been desired, but there were good delegations from other towns, and what was

lacking in numbers was made up in the deep interest felt by those who were present. The meeting was organized by the choice of Geo. Sheldon as temporary Chairman, and Nathaniel Hitchcock as Secretary. A paper was signed by those present for the purpose of organization, and they were chosen members of the association. A committee, consisting of Josiah D. Canning of Gill, James M. Crafts of Whately and Rev. Edgar Buckingham of Deerfield, were appointed to prepare and present for consideration a constitution and by-laws for the association. Their report was accepted. The following officers for the association were elected: President, Geo. Sheldon of Deerfield; Vice Presidents, Josiah D. Canning of Gill, J. M. Crafts of Whately; Recording Secretary, Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford of Deerfield; Treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield; Councilors, Rev. P. Voorhees Finch of Greenfield, D. Orlando Fisk of Shelburne, Jonathan Johnson of Montague, Moses Stebbins of South Deerfield, Roswell Field of Gill, Rev. Mr. Buckingham of Deerfield, L. W. Rice of Greenfield. At a meeting of the Councilors after the adjournment, George Sheldon, Rev. Dr. Crawford and Rev. Mr. Buckingham were appointed a Finance Committee, and Geo. Sheldon and Rev. Mr. Finch were appointed a committee to solicit members to the association. Most of those present signed the constitution and several became life members, including one lady. It was proposed to place at interest the funds raised, together with such sums as may from time to time be donated to the association, and when they shall have become sufficient to warrant it, a Memorial Hall should be erected, in which it was proposed to have tablets bearing the names of those slain by the Indians; and also to preserve curiosities and relics which may be gathered from the neighboring country. Geo. Sheldon was chosen by the Council, Librarian and Cabinet Keeper, and any who are so disposed can send to him such articles of interest as they may possess.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. The objects of this Association shall be the collecting and preserving such memorials, books, papers and curiosities, as may tend to illustrate and perpetuate the history of the early settlers of this region, and of the race which vanished before them; and the erection of a memorial hall in which such collections can be securely deposited.

ART. 2. The officers of this Association shall be a president, two vice-presidents, recording and corresponding secretaries and a treasurer, who, with fifteen others to be elected, shall constitute a council of twenty-one. The president, and in his absence one of the vice-presidents, shall preside at all meetings of the Association and the council. The recording secretary shall keep a true record of the doings of the Association and the council, and a list of all members of the Association with date of admission. The corresponding secretary

10 *Preliminary Steps and Organization of the Association.*

shall conduct the correspondence of the Association, and keep on file all letters received and copies of all letters sent. The treasurer shall give such surety for the faithful performance of his duties as the council shall require; he shall collect all dues, and receive and pay out all money belonging to the Association under the direction of the finance committee, without whose order no money shall be invested or paid from the treasury. He shall report at the annual meeting, in detail, the receipts and expenditures of the preceding year; and shall keep the books always open to the inspection of any member. He shall keep a list of the members of the Association, with date of all payments made as fees for membership.

The Council, seven members of which shall constitute a quorum, shall have the general management of the affairs of the Association; shall appoint annually a finance committee of three, who shall be members of their own body, a curator, and such sub-committees as may be necessary.

ART. 3. The annual meeting of the Association shall be on the last Tuesday in February, when all officers shall be chosen by ballot, and a majority of ballots shall be necessary to elect. The annual meeting of the Council shall be on the same day.

ART. 4. Any person may become and continue a member of this Association by the payment of three dollars and an annual tax of one dollar. Any person may become a life member, and be entitled to a certificate of membership, on the payment of twenty-five dollars. Any person may become a life councilor by a vote of the Association, on the payment of one hundred dollars, and shall be entitled to a certificate of membership. The first annual tax shall be due March 1, 1871. Any member may withdraw from the Association by paying all dues, and giving a written notice to the secretary.

ART. 5. The Association shall incur no debts beyond the amount of money in the treasury; nor shall any member be subject to any taxation by the Association beyond the dues as before mentioned.

ART. 6. The curator shall have charge of all books, papers and curiosities of the Association, and shall record in a book kept for that purpose a full list of the articles in his possession, with the name of the donor when such articles are presented.

ART. 7. The stated meetings of the Association and Council shall be called by the president, who shall give notice, through some newspaper published in the County, of the time and place of holding the same, seven days before the time appointed. Articles shall be inserted in said call on the written application of three members. He shall in like manner call occasional meetings of the Council upon the application of three members, and of the Association upon the application of seven members, said application being in writing, stating the object for which such meeting is called.

ART. 8. This Constitution may be altered or amended by the Association at any annual meeting, upon a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, notice of said proposed change having been given in the call of said meeting.

APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

The object of this Association is sufficiently explained in its Constitution. And it is an object of more than local importance. It is of

importance to the citizens of our entire Commonwealth. The old Bay State is justly proud of her history; and of the towns that have contributed to make up its early annals, none have been more famous than Deerfield. It has an ancient and modern war record in which it has just cause to glory. The monument on the village common commemorates Semmesport, Winchester, Kingston, Andersonville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Libby Prison and Port Hudson. There is also engraven upon it a brief record of the early settlement of the town. But the relics of the olden time, what is to become of them? Shall they go the way of the old Indian House? Or shall we not rather erect a fire proof building in which may be safely preserved that ancient door which withstood the blows of tomahawks, and interposed itself as an unyielding barrier between those of gentle blood and the merciless savages? and those innumerable other objects of historic interest which have been accumulating through the past years?

Children of Deerfield, children of Massachusetts who glory in the noble record of your State, and who would preserve every memorial that shall add to her fame, it is for you to answer this question. At least ten thousand dollars are needed for the objects above named. Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield, is the Treasurer of the Association.

GEORGE SHELDON, / Committee.
P. VOORHEES FINCH, \

Deerfield, June 8th, 1870.

THE FIRST FIELD MEETING—1870.

The Council of the P. V. M. Association held a meeting at the office of Messrs. Davis & DeWolf, in Greenfield, Aug. 23, and resolved upon having a festival, on the picnic plan, at the old Battle ground at Turners Falls, on Friday, the 16th of September, and to invite the attendance of all in the community who are interested in searching out the history of the early days of this neighborhood, and in collecting and preserving all memorials that may be secured relating to them.

Pursuant to the above vote, the following notice was sent out by the Committees of Arrangements:

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association will hold a Field-Day Festival at Turners Fall, in Gill, on the old battle-ground of 1676, on Friday next, the 16th inst. Austin DeWolf, Esq., of Greenfield, will be the orator of the occasion, and it is understood that he has taken special pains to prepare himself by a study of the history of early events. The Peasant Bard of Gill has promised to attend, and to bring a suitable poem for recitation. The locality is eminently suited for a gathering. A fine pine grove skirts the ground, with its russet carpet, as a shelter and a resting place. The situation, also, is within a few rods of the quarries, where workmen are now engaged in quarrying, and an opportunity is offered, if any would like, to observe those bird tracks of earlier ages of the world, which have made Turners Falls celebrated throughout the whole scientific world. The occasion is one of public interest, and the public is invited to attend.

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements,

GEORGE SHELDON.

E. BUCKINGHAM.

REPORT OF FIELD-DAY AT TURNERS FALLS.

The Festival at Turners Falls, under the auspices of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, on Friday, the 16th, was in every respect a great success. The day was fine, the place was fine—no place could be finer; sun and shade, open field and pleasant grove, the wide running river close at hand, and forests and hills around and at a distance, combined to make a locality most truly appropriate and enjoyable. There was no failure in any of the arrangements. The speakers ap-

pointed arrived at the appointed time. Austin DeWolf, Esq., of Greenfield, gave a most interesting account of our early settlement, and especially the battle of Turners Falls. He gave also some account of the attempt, at the close of the last century, to establish a city in the neighborhood, the locks and canals which were built there, the way of passing boats around the falls, and of the Dutch Company who lent their money to the undertaking. The new attempt now making for the establishment of manufactures at the Falls was properly touched upon in conclusion. Mr. DeWolf was followed, as originally determined, by Josiah D. Canning, Esq., of Gill, the Peasant Bard. He gave a poem replete with humor, terse in expression, graphic in description, full of sentiment. He gave a most amusing account of the old style of fishing at Turners Falls, the Election holidays observed there, and some of the leading characters who used to employ themselves in the undertaking.

Dr. Roswell Field, being called on by the President, gave a discourse full of interest, mostly on the geology of the place and country. He ended with narrating the story of the Eastern traveler, who came at the end of successive thousands of years to city, forest, desert, sea and city again, all on the same site.

Jonathan Johnson, Esq., of Montague was next called upon, and made a most acceptable address. D. O. Fiske, Esq., of Shelburne was the next speaker.

Dinner was next in order, after which the president called in succession upon Rev. Messrs. Barber of Bernardston and Buckingham of Deerfield, Silas N. Brooks of Bernardston, Hon. A. C. Parsons of Northfield, D. O. Fisk and Jona. Johnson, Jarvis Bardwell, Esq., of Shelburne Falls, and Rev. Mr. Potter of Greenfield. The speeches were short and amusing and followed one another in rapid succession. And when a vote was offered calling for thanks to the officers and speakers, a second vote followed, heartily thanking those who had only listened and been entertained. The festival closed at 3 or 4 o'clock, in time for the return cars.

Col. Crocker of Fitchburg, having intended to be present, and being prevented by unexpected circumstances, sent a letter expressing his interest in the occasion and offered the following sentiment: "Franklin County—Ever true and faithful to the memory of her noble sons, whose courage and valor secured to her immunity from the scalping knife and from taxation without representation; she will now be equally true to herself, to her own growth, to the development of her immense agricultural and manufacturing resources."

We must not close our notice without saying that special thanks are due to Geo. Sheldon, Esq., president of the Association and the day,

11 *Preliminary Steps and Organization of the Association.*

for the pleasure his labors on the occasion gave to the families and friends gathered from many neighborhoods. It is intended, by the managers of the Society, to follow in other seasons the plan so well begun, with festivals in the localities of Franklin County made interesting by historical associations.

THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING—1871.

NOTICE.

The officers and councillors of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association are requested to meet at the office of Davis & DeWolf, in Greenfield, on Monday, the 16th of January inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., to make arrangements for suitable exercises at the next annual meeting, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before them. GEORGE SHELDON, President.

Deerfield, Jan. 4, 1871.

COUNCILLORS' MEETING

HELD AT DAVIS & DEWOLF'S OFFICE, GREENFIELD, JANUARY 30, 1871.

Voted—To hold the annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association at Deerfield, Feb. 28, 1871, at half past ten o'clock A. M. Morning session, for the election of officers and transaction of any business that may legally come before the Association; the afternoon and evening sessions for the reading and reviewing ancient documents, addresses, essays and discussions.

REPORT.

The second annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held in Deerfield on Tuesday, February 28. It was called to order by the president, Geo. Sheldon, Esq., who congratulated the Association upon the success which had attended their efforts to establish the organization. It was voted to increase the number of councillors by seven, and the choice of officers resulted as follows:

President—George Sheldon of Deerfield.

Vice-Presidents—James M. Crafts of Whately, Roger H. Leavitt of Charlemont.

Corresponding Secretary—Robert Crawford, D. D., of Deerfield.

Recording Secretary and Treasurer—Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield.

Councillors—Rev. P. V. Finch, Jona. Johnson, L. W. Rice, Frederick Hawks of Greenfield; Rev. E. Buckingham of Deerfield; Moses Stebbins of South Deerfield; D. O. Fiske of Shelburne; Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge; Phineas Field of Charlemont; S. N. Brooks of Bernardston; Aaron Arms of Bellows Falls, Vt.; A. C. Parsons of Northfield; J. D. Canning of Gill; Geo. D. Crittenden of Buckland.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

Cash from 29 members,	\$87 00
“ “ Life Members,	66 00
“ “ Life Councillor,	100 00
“ “ S. R. Phillips of Springfield,	5 00
“ “ Sale of Railroad Tickets at a Field-Meeting,	4 55
“ “ Interest on Money,	12
“ “ Deerfield Library Association Committee,	52 25
“ “ E. Williams, Lecture Committee,	19 90
“ “ Interest on Money in Savings Bank,	3 37
“ “ Lecture Committee of the Ladies Club,	13 20
	<hr/>
	\$351 39
Money Expended,	22 50
	<hr/>
Balance in Treasury,	\$328 89
Due from Members,	307 00
Cash Voted from Trustee of Indian House Door,	76 06
Cash Pledged to Treasurer from persons whose names have not been made public,	300 00
Cash received since settlement,	30 00
	<hr/>
On hand and due the Association,	\$1,041 95

There were sixty-eight members of the association. Henry Childs, Esq., of Buffalo, N. Y., had sent to the Treasurer \$100 and was made a life Councillor. Geo. Sheldon, the President, was chosen cabinet keeper, and articles deposited with him will be carefully preserved. After the transaction of business, the meeting was adjourned and those from abroad were hospitably entertained by the Deerfield members.

In the afternoon a good audience assembled in the church and the President inaugurated the exercises by calling upon Dea. Phineas Field of Charlemont. The venerable gentleman related many incidents of interest which had occurred in the lives of his ancestry, dating far back to the first settlements. The Fields had borne an honorable record in the French and Indian wars. His father was a Revolutionary soldier, his grandfather was in the French and Indian wars. His great-grandfather was shot in the thigh by an over-vigilant sentry mistaking him for an Indian, at a fort in Northfield, and his great-great-grandfather was in the Turners Falls fight. He showed a Lieutenant's Commission received by his grandfather from King George, dated 1773, and ten bills of Continental money. Mr. Field also deposited with the association a curious old account book which had been handed down from his great-grandfather, Ebenezer Field of Northfield. It was filled not only with business transactions, but memorandums of wars, etc., which would well repay the research of antiquarians. Col. R. H. Leavitt of Charlemont followed with happy remarks, expressing his interest in the

enterprise. He invited the association to hold a field meeting at one of the old forts in Charlemont next summer. He presented a copy of the *Soldiers' Record*, published by authority of the State, to be kept in the archives. The President exhibited many interesting things that had been collected, deeds that passed between the first settlers and from the Indians, Rev. John Williams' bill of sale of a negro slave, a letter from John Sheldon, dated at Quebec, where he had been commissioned to treat for the redemption of captives, an ancient pitch-pipe, which had been the property of Deacon Justin Hitchcock in 1767. It is a sort of oblong wooden box, with a whistle in one end and a guage to regulate the "pitch" at the other.

Rev. Dr. Crawford read from a musty old publication containing a composition by Rev. John Williams, written in Canada, when a captive in 1706, to those who were about to return to their friends, counseling them to guard against the temptations which would beset them. The Doctor also read a poem written by a captive, Mary French, to her sister, earnestly pleading her not to be allured from the faith of the Puritans to Romanism.

Harvey Severance being called out, gave a very interesting account of the settlement of his grandfather in Shelburne—"Deerfield pasture." The family effects were taken to Shelburne Falls on the back of a horse. His grandmother, anxious to increase her stock of household articles by the addition of an iron dinner pot, and lacking the needful money, industriously carded and spun her carefully gathered wool, and taking the rolls upon her back, walked to Deerfield and effected an exchange, and shouldering the heavy iron pot, walked triumphantly home. Those were the days of "women's rights," the speaker remarked.

Remarks were also made by Rev. S. H. Lee, Frederick Hawks and Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield, the latter exhibiting an interesting collection of Indian relics, and explaining their uses.

The evening meeting was held in the town hall, and was as large as the hall would hold. After a collation, the exercises were opened by Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, who read a historical address upon "Eunice Williams." The discourse was most valuable, as being almost wholly new, the result of the study of original documents. It was wrought up with a high degree of poetic power, and was most graphic in imagination and its details. It was admirable in word as well as in idea, and was listened to with great interest.

The address was followed by a poem, by Mrs. L. W. Eels: succeeded by a paper by Miss Eliza A. Starr of Chicago, formerly of Deerfield, "A soldier of the Revolution of '76."

Several volunteer speeches were made. Music was furnished by a

select choir, "St. Martin's" being "deaconed off." Remarks were made by Samuel F. Wells, Edward Barney, Col. R. H. Leavitt, and others. Votes of thanks were passed: To the Deerfield Reading Association for the proceeds of a course of lectures, \$52; to Prof. J. K. Hosmer, proceeds of a lecture; to the Lecture Committee of the Woman's Club, \$13.

The following were appointed a committee to arrange for a Field-Meeting at Charlemont: Rev. E. Buckingham, Rev. R. Crawford, D. D., Austin DeWolf, Esq., George Sheldon, Esq., Col. R. H. Leavitt.

EUNICE WILLIAMS.

BY MISS C. ALICE BAKER.

When our president asked me if I would write something for the annual meeting of the Association, I thought myself safe in saying, "Give me a woman for my subject and I will." But when he answered, "Eunice Williams is the woman," I had nothing to do but pick up the gauntlet; and I only hope the result will not seem to you as it does to me, to resemble Artemas Ward's lecture on the Babes in the Wood,—too much of everything else and too little of the Babes.

Towards the middle of the 17th century, on the bank of the ice-bound St. Charles, rose a hut, bearing the high-sounding name of Notre Dame des Anges. Two feet above its low eaves rose the drifted snow. Within, great logs blazed in the "wide-throated chimney," before which, on a wooden stool, at a rough board table, sat Paul Le Jeune, Superior of the first Jesuit Mission at Quebec, in New France. The trees in the neighboring forest cracked with the frost like the report of a pistol. Le Jeune's ink and his fingers froze; but late into the night, bribing his Indian teacher with tobacco, he toiled away at his declensions, translating his *Pater Noster* and *Credo* into "blundering Algonquin." Then, wrapped in his blanket, which was soon "fringed with the icicles of his congealed breath," he snatched an hour's rest, and waking with the dawn, with a hatchet broke the ice in his cask for his morning ablutions, and began his labors afresh. "From Old France to New," says Parkman, "came succors and re-inforcements," and a year before Harvard College was founded, there was at Quebec the beginning of a school and college for Huron boys and French youth. "Our Lady" smiled upon Paul Le Jeune's missions; and as in the days of Pontrinecourt, the wealth and patronage of the ladies of the French Court sent the first Jesuit to New France, so the suc-

cess of these later missions at Quebec, and the newly consecrated Ville Marie de Montreal, was in great measure due to the zeal and romantic devotion of Madame de La Peltrie, Marie de L'Incarnation, Mdle. Jeanne Mance, and Marguerite Bourgeois. And no one can read the story of Paul Le Jeune and his associates, as related by themselves, without mingled admiration and respect for the founders of Romanism in Canada.

Meanwhile, with a kindred zeal for the same common purpose, that noble apostle, John Eliot, sat in his little study at Roxbury, patiently translating the English Bible into the Algonquin tongue for the benefit of the Indians near Boston, often meeting them at Nonantum hill, after the duties of his own pulpit were discharged for the week, and there expounding to them its simple truths. Nor was this the end of his labors for their improvement, for, believing that civilization, or civility, as he calls it, should go hand in hand with religion, he instructed the Sachems in agriculture and the use of tools, bought spinning wheels for the squaws, and not neglecting the primer for the Catechism, founded schools for their papooses, rewarding their diligence with the gift of a cake or an apple. When, at last, he had established his praying Indians, as they were called, in a village of their own at Natick, the town of Dedham was indemnified for the loss of land appropriated for their use, by a grant of 8,000 acres elsewhere; and *this* was the spot selected. We who stand here to-day, looking upon the fruits of two hundred years of culture, do not wonder at their choice, and we can scarcely realize how resolute and pious must have been the hearts, and how strong the hands of the men and women who, in 1671, began the settlement of Deerfield. A rude life they led for the first few years, with no school, no meeting-house, and no settled minister, though Samuel Mather, son of Timothy of Dorchester, ministered to them in 1673, boarding at the time with Quentin Stockwell. Driven from their heritage by the savage hordes of Philip, it was not till 1682 that an effort at re-settlement was made. In the senior class at Harvard at this time, was John Williams, a studious youth, son of Deacon Samuel Williams of Roxbury. Graduating from a class of three, of whom two were Williamses, John Williams, then but twenty-two years of age, after studying divinity, was ordained minister of Deerfield, in 1688. There would seem to be little in the position of pastor to a frontier settlement to attract a young man born and educated at the metropolis; and without doubting that Mr. Williams was mainly ac-

tuated by that missionary spirit which characterized the preachers of that period, I have thought it likely that a previous acquaintance with the Northampton lady, whom he married the year after his ordination, made him more willing to accept the call to Deerfield. This was Eunice Mather, a cousin of the first minister of Deerfield, daughter of Rev. Eleazer Mather, and descended on her mother's side from John Warham, a noted Puritan Divine of Exeter, England.

Eunice Williams, second daughter and sixth child of Rev. John Williams, was born September 17, 1696. She was the middle child of eleven, all born to her parents within sixteen years; and though nothing can be definitely stated of her childhood previous to 1704, we may suppose that her five little brothers and sisters, whose births are recorded as rapidly succeeding her own, would monopolize the attention of the mother, with whom Esther, the eldest daughter, would more naturally be associated in the care of the younger ones, while the father, busy in providing for his rapidly increasing family, and much occupied with his parish duties, would devote the little leisure that remained to planning for the education of the older boys. So I fancy Eunice a pale, delicate, dark-eyed child, left pretty much to her own devices for the first six years of her life.

The president of our Association has, with infinite pains, reproduced for us the Deerfield of that time. We see it all—the palisade, enclosing the old Indian House, the parsonage and many humble dwellings—the forts or stockaded houses outside—the old meeting-house, a square edifice, from the centre of whose four-sided roof sprang the belfry, empty, truth compels me to state, for the bell, whose echoes sounded so pleasantly in our ears for so many years, has recently been silenced forever by the indefatigable antiquary; the people, with names and doubtless faces, too, so familiar to us,—valiant, hard-working, God-fearing men, heroic, much enduring, pious women. Only the location of the school-house where Eunice probably attended school is missing. But though the fathers and mothers of the time were for the most part uneducated, they had a school-house, and in Eunice's day as in mine, a *Barnard* was the noted school dame of the village; public-spirited, like her of our time, leaving at her death large legacies to the schools. Eunice was a good reader and knew her Catechism by heart. Mr. John Catlin was appointed committee-man then, and I have no doubt that when he visited the school, Eunice

felt very much as we have on similar occasions, and that, being the minister's daughter, she was plied with longer words and harder questions than the rest; and that she privately told Martha and Abigail French that she didn't like their grandfather at all. She liked to go to Deacon French's, who lived where Dr. Crawford's house now stands. The Deacon was the blacksmith of the village, and his shop stood a few rods west of his house. Eunice would stand hours watching him, as he beat into shape the plough-shares that had been bent by the stumps in the newly cleared lands. As the sparks flew up from the flaming forge, she thought of the verse in the Bible, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," and wondered what it meant. Too soon, alas, she learned! The Indians, for a time held in check by the defeat and death of Philip, were beginning again to desolate the scattered villages. When, in 1689, they settled old scores with Maj. Waldron, at Dover, they killed Richard Otis, and took his wife and baby with other captives to Canada. Scalping parties hovered perpetually about Deerfield, and the new-born settlement was soon to secure its baptism of blood.

When, in 1702, Dudley left England to assume the government of Massachusetts, it was evident that the English Queen could not overlook the insult offered her by Louis XIV. As ever since the peace of 1698, the Canadian government had lost no opportunity of exciting the Eastern Indians to hostility, under the pretext of protecting them from the encroachment of the English, it was inevitable that war between the two nations in the Old World must be followed by a renewal of atrocities in New England. As a precautionary measure, Dudley appointed a conference with the Sachems, in June, 1703, at Casco, and repairing thither with his *suite*, was met by Hopewood of Norridgwock, Wa-nun-gunt of Penobscot, and Watta-num-mon of Pennakook, with their chief Sagamores. In stereotyped phrase, the new Governor said that, commissioned by his victorious Queen, he had come as to friends and brothers, to reconcile all differences since the last treaty. The Indian orator in turn assured him that peace was what they desired above all things, and, in language as poetical as it was false, declared that "as high as the sun was above the earth, so far distant should their designs be of making the least breach between them." Both parties then heaped up fresh stones upon the pillar called the Two Brothers, that had been set up at the last treaty, and the ceremonies ended. A few weeks later, Bomazeen boasted

that though several missionaries from the French had tried to seduce them from their allegiance, they "were as firm as the mountains, and so would continue as long as the sun and moon endured." Truly has Penhallow said, "Their voice was like the voice of Jacob, but their hands like the hands of Esau," for in six weeks after, they, with their Canadian allies, set the whole country in flames. New York was protected by her treaty with the Six Nations, and the whole brunt of the war fell upon Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Deerfield being the most remote settlement, and easy of access from Canada, was especially exposed. It had, however, a watchful sentinel at his outpost, in the person of Col. John Schuyler of Albany, who often sent it intelligence of the movements of the enemy, and thus warded off the danger. Some of the Mohawk Indians had formerly settled along the St. Lawrence river, and at this time had a fort at St. Louis, or Caughnawaga, nine miles above Montreal. They naturally allied themselves with the French, while those of their tribe who remained in the place of their nativity came under sway of the English. The praying Indians of the Mohawks, whose principal village was at Caughnawaga, forty miles distant from Albany, were in the habit of visiting their relatives at the St. Louis mission, and news of the threatened attacks upon Deerfield was frequently brought by them to Albany on their return, and communicated by Schuyler to the authorities in New England. In the autumn following the conference at Casco, Zebediah Williams, and John Nims, his half-brother, were taken from the North Meadows in Deerfield and carried to Canada. So impressed was the Rev. Mr. Williams with a presentiment of the danger hovering over the town, that both in the pulpit and out, he urged the utmost vigilance upon his people. The old fable of the boy and the wolf was acted over again, and the savage foe stealing from the forest at midnight upon the fold, found the guardians sleeping, and fell with rapine and murder upon the little flock. The story is an old one and needs no repetition here. But who can tell the horror stamped forever upon the heart and brain of Eunice by the sights and sounds of that awful night? Suddenly waked from the untroubled sleep of childhood, to see the hideous faces of demons bending over her—dragged by bloody hands from her warm bed, hurried through the room where she sees her father, half naked, bound hand and foot, helpless to protect her, and afraid to pity, lest he may hasten her doom; over the door stone, where her little brother lies dead, and by his side, gash-

ed and bleeding, the faithful black woman, whom, next to their mother, they loved; out into the cold winter night, reddening now like the dawn in the glare of the burning village—and so to the church the child is borne. Pine torches flaring in the hands of the dusky warriors, lighted up the scene within. The enemy's wounded, groaning in agony on the floor—old men praying and calling on God for deliverance—women speechless, despairing, among them her mother, pale and wan,—her playmates shrieking with terror—infants wailing with cold and hunger—huddled there in woful companionship, while the mocking fiends completed the work of destruction. At dawn the shivering captives began their weary march. The impression made upon the tender mind of the child by the dreadful scenes of this night and the twenty-five succeeding days, may explain the fact of her reluctance to return to the home of which she had retained only this frightful remembrance.

In the distribution of the captives, Eunice fell to the lot of a Macqua of St. Louis. Whether her beauty pleased his Indian fancy, or her forlorn condition melted his savage breast to pity, it is certain that she was treated with more consideration by her master than her companions were by theirs. When her little feet were weary, he lifted her to his brawny shoulder or bore her tenderly in his arms. Wrapping her warmly in his blanket, he drew her on a sledge over the icy rivers, spread her bed softly with thick hemlock boughs when they camped at night, and selected the choicest morsels from his hunting for her food, often stinting himself that she might have the more. Seeing her playmates butchered in cold blood by their cruel masters on that fearful journey, the little innocent clung to her protector with the trustfulness of childhood, and the two strange companions learned to love each other well. On their arrival in Canada she was carried at once to his home, and thus separated entirely from her family. At the earnest prayer of her father, who was at Montreal, the Governor sent a priest with him to endeavor for her ransom. But the Jesuit at the St. Louis mission would not permit Mr. Williams to enter the fort, assuring him that it would be labor lost, for the Macquas would part with their hearts sooner than with his child. Accompanied by the Governor, Mr. Williams finally obtained an interview with Eunice, who with sobs and tears begged and pleaded that he would take her away from that dreadful place. Soothing her as well as he could, though her sorrow must have rent his heart, her father heard her say her Catechism and told her she must pray to God every day. The sev-

en years old child assured him that she had not once omitted to do so, "but," said she, "a wicked man in a long black gown comes every day and makes me say some Latin prayers which I cannot understand, but I hope it won't do me any harm." She told him how the savages profaned the Sabbath, and promised him that she would always keep it holy. For a few minutes again, before his own release, Mr. Williams was permitted to converse with his daughter. The Governor's wife seeing his deep-seated melancholy on her account, had Eunice brought to Montreal, where she told him of the methods used to drive heretic children to the bosom of the Mother Church.

It is a mournful picture. The Jesuit in slouched hat looped up at the sides, and long black cassock, a rosary at his waist, and a scourge in his hand. The timid English girl, scion of a grand old Puritan stock, cowering in abject terror on her knees before him. Re-baptized Margaret, with the sign of the cross on her brow and bosom, Eunice is alternately threatened with punishment and allured with promises. She is told tales of her father's conversion, frightened with pictures of fiends tormenting the souls of little children, and beaten for refusing to make the sign of the cross. All offers of ransom were refused for her, and when she entreated to be allowed to go home she was told that if she went she would be damned and burned in hell forever, a threat terrible to the ears of a child bred in the Puritanic fear of the everlasting fire. Fond of her as was her Indian master, he was powerless to protect her from these cruelties. While he did not deny the justice of the claims made for the restoration of the prisoner, he always asserted that he could not release her without an order from the Governor, whose subject he was; while on the other hand, the Governor pleaded his fear of the displeasure of the King, lamented his want of authority to command the Indians, who he said were his allies and not his subjects; and the priests appealed to as a last resource, scornfully repelling the implied suspicion, declared that humanity forbade them to interfere to separate the child against her will, from the master whom she loved as her father.

After the blow fell upon the devoted town of Deerfield, Schuyler did not relax his efforts to protect New England. He openly protested against the maintenance of neutrality in New York, whereby the marauders passed unmolested to attack the people of Massachusetts; and remonstrating in their name with the Governor of Canada, he said "he had thought it his duty to God and man to

prevent as far as possible the infliction of such cruelties as had too often been committed on the unfortunate colonists." In all negotiations for the redemption of English captives he was especially active. He sent out friendly Indians as scouts into the enemy's country, and reported faithfully to our Governor all that he could learn of the designs of their captors in regard to them. He was much interested in the restoration of Eunice, and all that I can learn of her condition after her father's release, I glean from hints in his correspondence. In a letter to Col. Partridge, commanding at Hatfield, dated Feb. 1, 1707, he says, "As to Mr. Williams's daughter, our spies are returned from Canada, who as they were hunting, saw Mr. Williams's daughter with the Indian who owns her. She is in good health, but seems unwilling to return, and the Indian not very willing to part with her, she being as he says 'a very pritty girl,' but perhaps he may exchange her if he can get a very pritty Indian in her Rome, which he must first see. You may assure Mr. Williams I will do all in my power to serve him, and indeed all others that are prisoners." In conclusion, after notifying Col. Partridge of certain movements of the enemy, he says: "I wish you and us may be all on our guard, and God preserve us all from such bloody enemies." In another letter to Partridge on the 11th of the same month, he notices the return of two trusty Indians whom he had sent as scouts to Caughnawaga in Canada, and who reported a party of the enemy at Otter Creek on their way to Massachusetts, and also that they saw Dea. Sheldon of Deerfield at Montreal, who walked the streets, but was detained and had not liberty to go home.

Mr. Sheldon went at least three times to Canada in behalf of Eunice and others, and on this occasion was not allowed to return, there being another expedition on foot against the English. "Do be on your guard," adds Schuyler, "to prevent your people from falling into the hands of these bloody savages; but I cannot enlarge, for I will have the messenger ride this night, and it is now ten o'clock." Dea. Sheldon's kind offices seem to have produced some relenting in the heart of Eunice's master, for I have before me a letter written from her cousin in Northampton, to her brother in Roxbury, dated Aug. 4, 1707, which says, "A post came from Albany last Saturday night, that brought letters from Canada, also a letter from Albany, that saith, 'Ye Indian, Eunice's master, saith he will bring her in within two months.'"

One can picture the quiet little village on that Saturday night;

all work laid aside, the Puritan Sabbath already begun; the pious psalms of the different households borne out upon the summer air, and perhaps the solemn voice of the pastor, as with the remnant of his once happy family he prays for the return of the captive, still languishing in chains afar; the sound of horse's hoofs as the messenger rides post from Albany, sent by John Schuyler to announce that Eunice's master will bring her within two months; the stir in the village as the glad tidings spreads from house to house—hope beating high in the bosoms of some with the thought that now perhaps they may rejoin their beloved ones, long since torn from them by a fate more cruel than death,—sorrow in some at the renewed remembrance of those that can never return. A sadder thought is that of the ten years old girl, at Caughnawaga, in the wigwam of her master—always her master—never a hint that any, even of the rudest of her sex, surround her. She may have heard that he has promised at last to take her home, and perhaps begs him with tears not to wait, but to go at once. He tells her, perhaps, that her father has ceased to care for her, that he has left her alone and taken her brothers and sister home with him; that her mother is dead and her father has a new wife, who will beat her if she goes home; that she is to stay with him till some young brave claims her as his squaw, by and by. It may be that she still weeps obstinately, and that he drags her to the priest to be terrified into obedience. The two months pass, and no tidings yet of Eunice at Albany. Seven years pass—seven weary years of alternate hope and despair to the family, perchance to herself, since her capture,—when, one summer morning, a strange visitor ascends the broad steps of the old Province House in Boston. She glides through the spacious doorway and into the grand reception room, where she gazes about her with a half frightened, half curious air. The Governor is there with several gentlemen. “Who is she? What does she want?” he asks. “An Abenaki squaw,” the usher replies, “who demands her children, captured by the English some time since and now in Boston.” A thought strikes the Governor. He will exchange the children of this woman for Eunice. An interpreter is sent for. “The white man's axe is laid at the foot of the forest tree,” says the Abenaki, “its branches are lopped away and it will soon die.” The papooses are brought, and while the mother fondles her young in savage fashion, the interpreter answers for the Governor. “Among the hills,” he says, “a shepherd fed his peaceful flock, when a wolf sprang upon them, and some were killed, and others

driven far away. Day and night the shepherd grieves for the youngling of his flock, gone astray. In the north the white lamb bleats, but cannot find her way back. Let the Abenaki bring her back to the shepherd, the white chief says, and her papooses shall be restored to her—the branches shall be safe and the forest tree shall live again.” “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.” “The Abenaki knows where the white lamb is hid; she will go and before so many moons are gone, the shepherd shall have his own again.” Another fierce embrace of her children, and the squaw strides forth into the wilderness. How she sped in her quest, I gather from this letter, found among the archives of our State. It is dated June 26, 1711, and appears to be from a French official in Canada to an official in Boston:

“A squaw from the nation of the Abenakis is come in from Boston. She has a pass from your Governor. She goes about getting a little girl, a daughter of Mr. John Williams. The Lord Marquis of Vaudreuil helps as he can, but the business is very hard, because the girl belongs to Indians of another sort, and the master of the girl is now in Albany. You may tell the Governor, the squaw cannot be in Boston at the time appointed, and she desires him not to be impatient for her return, and meanwhile to take good care of her papooses. The same Lord Chief Governor of Canada has assured me in case she may not prevail with the Mahoggs for Eunice Williams, he shall send home four English persons in his power for an exchange in the room of the two Indian children. You see well, sir, your Governor must not disregard such a generous proffer as according to his noble birth.”

“Again Deerfield is agitated with rumors of the recovery of Eunice Williams. Hope again visits the heart of her unhappy father, to be again dispelled by disappointment. Governor Dudley, who has notified Schuyler of his interview with the Abenaki, warning him to keep a sharp lookout for her return, receives at last the following letter, dated Dec. 19, 1712:

“As to what your Excellency mentions relating to Mr. Williams, his daughter and the squaw, she is not come here yet, nor have I heard anything of her coming, although I shall be very glad to see them and to advise your Excellency if they come together or ye squaw alone. I shall use all possible means to get the child exchanged; either as your Excellency proposes or what other way the squaw will be most willing to comply with. Meanwhile I shall inform myself by all opportunities, whether the said squaw and

child be coming here, or if they be anywhere near by. Your Excellency may depend, that whatever I can do for ye obtaining of ye said child, shall at no time be wanting. And so I shall take leave to subscribe myself, Your Excellency's most humble Servant,

JOHN SCHUYLER.

Four English the French will give for two Indians, but not one for two—that one being Eunice. Months later we may suppose the squaw appeared at Albany alone. The same old story is repeated. The child refuses to leave her master. He is loath to compel her. Such influence is brought to bear upon Dudley that he dares not reject the offer of the Canadian government. Four New England households are made happy by the return of their beloved ones; the Abenaki and her babies are sent home—but Eunice, the child of so many prayers, the object of the solicitude of two governments and so many sorrowing hearts, is still a helpless captive.

In the spring of 1713, Schuyler himself, impatient of the long suspense, and fully confident of his ability to mediate effectually between the two governments, undertook the weary journey to Canada. The following letter, dispatched to Gov. Dudley, explains itself:

“ALBANY, June 13, 1713.

May it please your Excellency,—I thought it my duty immediately without any further omission, to signify to your Excellency my return from Mont Reall to Albany, ye 15th of this instant, with nine prisoners, a list of their names herein enclosed.* I sett them forward to New England with Samuel Ashley and Daniel Bagg, upon the 16th instant. I likewise enclose my memorial that touches ye concern of ye Rev. Mr. Williams at Deerfield for his daughter. My indefatigable pains therein came to no purpose. I found a great fatigue in my journey to and from Canada and waded through many difficulties in the way with the prisoners. To dilate thereon would be prolix. I beg leave to assure your Excellency of my affection and zeal to all your commands and that in all sincerity I am your

Most old and humble Servant,

JOHN SCHUYLER.”

The memorial accompanying this letter is the most touching State paper I have ever read. His sanguine hope after his conference with the fair spoken Vandreuil; his indignation at the iniquitous mar-

*[The list does not appear.]

riage, vanishing before the explanation of the priest; his gentle and chivalric reception of the girl bride; his patient and repeated pleadings with her to return to her afflicted father; his unrestrained anger at her continued obstinacy; and the silent grief which overwhelms him at the thought of his fruitless mission, as he leaves her to her Indian lord,—all are told with a simple pathos, to which no words of mine can render justice. I therefore give it entire. After a formal introduction, Schuyler writes:

I arrived from Albany at Mont Reall, on the 15th of April last, 1713, where I understood y^t Monsieur de Vaudruille, Governor and chief of Canada was expected there, every day from Quebeck. Upon which, I thought proper not to mention anything touching the aforesaid Captives, until his Excellency should be here himself; and accordingly when he arrived here, I proposed the matter to him, who gave me all the encouragement I could imagine for her to go home. He also permitted me to go to her at the ffort, where she was, to prepare if I could persnade her to go home. Moreover, his Excellency said, that with all his heart, he would give a hundred crowns out of his own pocket, if that she might be persuaded to go to her native country. I observing all this, then was in hopes I should prevaile with her to go home. Accordingly I went to the ffort at Caughnawahga, being accompanied by one of the King's officers and a French interpreter, likewise another of the Indian language being upon the 25 day of May. Entering at the Indian ffort I thought fit first to apply myself to the priests as I did; being two in company and was informed before that this infant (as I may say) was married to a young Indian, I therefore proposed to know the reason why this poor captive should be married to an Indian, being a Christian born, though neerly taken from the Mother's breast. Whereupon the priest sett forth to me such good Reasons with witnesses that myself nor any other person (as I believe) could fairly make Objections against their marriage. First, said he, they came to me to marry them very often, which I always refused with good words and persuasions to the contrary, but both continuing in their former Resolution to such a degree that I was constrained to be absent from the ffort three severall times, because not satisfyed in their marriage. Untill at last after some days past they both came to me and said that they were joined together, and if he would not marry them they mattered not, ffor they were resolved never to leave one the other, but to live together heathen like. Upon which I thought proper to join them in matrimony.

And such like reasons as the aforesaid the priest did plainly sett forth and after some further discourse, I desired the priest to let me see her at his house, ffor I knew not where to find her. Upon which he sent for her, who presently came with the Indian she was married to, both together. She looking very poor in body and bashfull in the face, but proved harder than steel in the breast. At her first entrance into the room I desired her to sitt down, which she did. I first spoak to her in English upon which she did not answer me, and I believe she did not understand me, she being very young when she was taken and being always among the Indians afterwards. I employed my Indian Languister to talk to her, informing him first by the French Interpreter, who understood the English language, what he should ask her. Accordingly he did. I understood most all what he said to her, and found that he spoak according to my order, but could not get one word from her. Upon which I desired the priest to speak to her, and if I could not prevaile with her to go home to her father to stay there, that she might only go to see her ffather and directly return hither again. The priest made a long speech to her and endeavored to persuade her to go, but after almost half an hour's discourse could not get one word from her, and afterwards when he found she did not speak, he again endeavored to persuade her to go and see her father. And I seeing she continued impersuadable to speak, I promised upon my word and honor if she would only go to see her ffather I would convey her to New England and give her assurance of liberty to return if she pleased. The priest asked her several times for her answer upon this, my earnest request and fair offer, which was after long solicitations (*zaghte oghte*) which words being translated into the English tongue, their signification is *may be not*; but the meaning thereof amongst the Indians is a *plain denyall*. And these words were all we could get from her in almost two hours' time that we talked with her. Upon this my eyes being almost filled with tears, I said to her myself had I made such proposals and prayings to the worst of Indians I did not doubt but to have had a reasonable answer and consent to what I had said. Upon which her husband seeing that I was so much concerned about her replyed had her father not married again, she would have gone and seen him long ere this time, but gave no further reasons, and the time growing late and I being very sorrowfull that I could not prevail nor get one word more from her, I took her by the hand and left her in the priest's house.

JOHN SCHUYLER.

The ill success of Schuyler did not prevent further efforts for redemption in behalf of Eunice. Shortly after the receipt of the above memorial, Gov. Dudley, writing to congratulate the Governor of Canada upon the return of peace, says: "John Schuyler and the nine English prisoners that accompanied him being far short of the number I justly expected should have been returned me; who would doubtless have been forward to come, had they been allowed to do so. Having long since dismissed and transported at their own desire and choice, at my own charge, all the French prisoners that were in my hands, and being in hourly expectation of receiving an order directed to yourself from the Court of France, requiring the same on your part (a copy of which I have now in my hands), I have no satisfactory explanation to my complaint of the treatment of the Rev. Mr. Williams's daughter, referring to her marriage to a Savage, and the unaccountable detention of her. She is to be considered as a minor within the age of consent to make choice for herself, being carried away early in infancy before she had discretion to judge of things for her own good. I hope you will interfere with all good offices to free her from the impositions made on her tender years, that she may be rescued from those miseries she is thoroughly obnoxious to, and restored to her father. As soon as these orders arrive, I shall express them to you, and hope you will collect them and have them ready to be sent home."

The order above alluded to having been received, Commissioners were sent by Gov. Dudley to Canada, to negotiate the redemption of Eunice and the other New England prisoners. At the head of the Commission was Capt. John Stoddard, son of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, second minister of Northampton and second husband of Eunice's grandmother Mather. Capt. Stoddard's journal, printed from the original manuscript, is before me, and though it contains little pertaining especially to the subject of my sketch, it has given me a clue to so much of romantic interest connected with other Deerfield captives, that I trust I shall be pardoned for digression if I give you the substance of it:

On the 5th of November, 1713, Capt. Stoddard, accompanied by Eunice's father, set out from Boston, reaching Northampton on the 9th. Here they were joined by Capt. Thomas Baker, Martin Kellogg and two others. Baker and Kellogg had both been carried captives with Eunice to Canada, whence the former had almost succeeded in escaping, but was re-captured and sentenced to the stake. The fire was already lighted, when with a bold dash he broke from

his captors, and sought refuge in the house of one LeCair, a Frenchman, who bought him of the Indians for five pounds. The Governor hearing of his attempt, put him in irons and kept him four months closely confined. Again a prisoner at large, he with Kellogg, Joseph Petty and John Nims, all Deerfield men, made their escape in 1705. Their sufferings on the homeward march were dreadful. Exhausted with fatigue and hunger, they fell upon their knees and prayed fervently for deliverance, when a great white bird appeared to them, such as they had never seen before. The despairing men eagerly seized it, tore it in pieces, ate its quivering flesh and drank the warm blood, revived by which they at last reached Deerfield in safety. By way of Westfield and Kinderhook Stoddard and his party travelling on horseback, reached Albany in four days from Northampton. Detained in Albany by a thaw which rendered the river impassable, they at last resumed their journey on the 22d of January, by way of Saratoga and Crown Point, and sometimes on snow-shoes, sometimes in canoes, and sometimes running on the frozen rivers, they reached Chambly, whence they were conveyed in carryalls* to Quebec, arriving there on the 16th of January. The next day they presented their credentials to the Governor and demanded the prisoners. DeVandreuil gives them his word of honor as a gentleman and an officer that all prisoners shall have full liberty to return, and with great condescension promises his blessing to all who will go. He tells the Commissioners to go freely among the prisoners, and to send for them to their lodgings. Much pleased with their reception and full of the hope of soon regaining their long-lost relatives, they take their leave. Hearing soon, however, that the priests and some of the laity are practising to prevent the return of the prisoners, they complain by letter to the Governor, to which he replied that "he could as easily alter the course of the waters as prevent the priests endeavors," adding that upon reflection he cannot grant liberty to return to those of the English who are naturalized, but only to such as are under age. They answer by letter with clear and cogent arguments, against the naturalization pretext and expose its inconsistency with De Vandreuil's oft-repeated declaration that "he did not care how few English stayed in Canada, the fewer the better for him and the country." For better communication with Eunice and the other Deerfield captives, the Commissioners return to Montreal, where in March they hold another conference with the

*A cariole is a Canadian sleigh.

Governor. With the air and speech of men who know that truth and justice are on their side, they reproach him with his breach of faith in throwing obstacles in the way of the departure of the prisoners, when he had at first pretended to favor it; and sick with hope deferred, they demand to know the worst they have to expect. "Heaven forbid!" said Dora's papa to David Copperfield, "that I should do any man injustice; but I know my partner. Mr. Jorkins is not a man to respond to a proposition of this nature;"—and lamented the severities of which he was compelled, by the invisible and inexorable Jenkins, to be guilty! In like manner the Governor protests that nothing is nearer his heart than the liberation of the prisoners, which only the fear of the King his master, prevents his effecting at once; and at length, he hints, that if the so-called *naturalized* persons can be smuggled to a point below Quebec, Capt. Stoddard may take them on shipboard as he drops down the river, and the government will not interfere.

One reads the sorrow and anxiety in the paternal breast of Mr. Williams, as he demands that "men and women shall not be entangled by the marriages they may have contracted, nor parents by children born to them in captivity." The Governor concedes that French women may return with their English husbands, that English women shall not be forced to stay by their French husbands, but about the children of such marriages he is not so sure.

John Carter, a Deerfield youth of Eunice's age, having expressed his willingness to go by land, if only he may go home, the Governor says, "If John will say this before me, he may go." Carter being sent for is at first awed by the Governor's presence and denies that he has any desire to return, but afterwards repeating what he had before said to Mr. Williams, De Vandreuil is very angry, uses the lad roughly, and tells him he is to wait for the ship. This scene is frequently re-enacted, till John at last is overpowered, retracts his wish, and remains forever in Canada.

Mr. Williams is forbidden to have any religious talk with the captives—and they are not allowed to visit him on the Sabbath. The Lord Intendant, hearing that Mr. Williams had been abroad after eight o'clock in the evening to discourse upon religion with some of the English, threatens, if the offence is repeated, to confine him a prisoner in his lodgings; "for," says he, "the priests tell me you undo in a moment all they have done in seven years to establish the people in our religion"—certainly a compliment to Mr. Williams's power as a preacher! When Mr. Williams begs that

his child may be restored to him, she being a minor, and the circumstances of her education preventing her from knowing what is best for her, the Governor says if her Indian relations consent, he will compel her to return with her father. The government interpreter is sent to talk with her and her Indian relations. The latter profess that she may do as she pleases. Knowing what this amounted to in John Carter's case, Mr. Williams, after an interview with his daughter, at Caughnawaga, where he found the prisoners "worse than the natives," has a conference with the priests of the Mission at the house of the Governor, who makes a show of interceding in behalf of the afflicted father. The Jesuits reply coldly, that those of Caughnawaga are not held as prisoners, but have been adopted as children, and cannot be compelled to return against their wishes, but will be left to entire freedom. Too well Mr. Williams knows the freedom which the mother church of the Jesuits leaves to its adopted children! The commissioners solicit her deliverance as a favor which will be appreciated by the sovereigns of the two nations, and suitably acknowledged by the Governors of both provinces; and at last, Mr. Williams, overcome by his feelings, represents to them that it cannot benefit them to retain such children, while they "cannot but be sensible that their parents are much exercised about them," and with tears streaming down his face, pleads that they will do in the matter as they would be done by. Vain appeal to the heart that knows not the force of paternal love. In such further discussion weeks were spent. The disappointment of Captain Stoddard, who, with his personal interest in the restoration of Eunice to her family, had also hoped to render a signal service to his government, the conflict in the soul of Mr. Williams, as he tried to reconcile his natural affection as a parent, and his spiritual anxiety as a Protestant minister for the salvation of the child's soul, with a due submission to what seemed to be the over-ruling decrees of Providence for her, and the impatience and indignation of Martin Kellogg and Captain Baker, who would doubtless have preferred to make a short cut through the difficulty by running off the prisoners and taking the chances of re-capture,—all this is easier imagined than described.

Their ignorance of the French language and the inconvenience of speaking by an interpreter limiting the expression of their feelings, they were poured forth by letters, in which the straightforward, plain dealing of the English Puritan appears in striking contrast to the circumlocution and diplomacy of the French Jesuit.

You will remember that in the beginning of this paper, mention was made of the capture, in 1689, of the wife and infant daughter of Richard Otis of Dover. The mother soon embraced Romanism, married a Frenchman of Montreal, and lived there to the age of ninety. The child, whose name was Margaret, was re-baptized Christine by the priests, educated in a nunnery, but refusing the veil, was married at sixteen to a Frenchman named Le Beau. Shortly before the arrival of Stoddard's party at Montreal, he had died, leaving her with three children, a widow of twenty-five. Brave Captain Baker, then a bachelor of thirty two, was not insensible to the charms of the youthful widow. She had always longed for release, and now reciprocating the passion of her lover became doubly anxious. The Lord Intendant and the Governor, however, violently opposed her return. They caused the goods of her deceased husband to be sold, the money was retained by them, and when she had conveyed her personal effects on board a barque bound for Quebec, with the intention of putting herself under the protection of the commissioners, the Intendant ordered them off and forbade her to leave Montreal. She was, they said, a prisoner of the former war, and under the present Articles of Peace could not be claimed by the English. To the authority of these officials were added the threats of the priests, (who told her they should take her children from her if she went), and the persuasions of her mother. "What can you do in New England?" the latter would say to her; "You know nothing about making bread or butter or managing as they do there." And then, doubtless, her lover would kiss away her tears, and calm her fears by telling her that if she would but trust in him and go with him, his mother would teach her all she needed to know, and his government would see to it that her children were returned to her. On the arrival of the brigantine from Boston, a final demand was made for the captives.

The commissioners, long since forced to abandon all hope of Eunice's return, insist that Madam Le Beau shall be allowed to depart, and desire that Ebenezer Nims and his wife and child may be sent for, they being anxious to return, but afraid to say so, "till they see themselves clear of all danger from the Indians." Nims, then seventeen years old, had been carried captive from Deerfield, in 1704, and adopted by an Indian squaw. Sarah Hoit, a maiden of eighteen, was taken at the same time. When, after some years, her captives were about to resort to force to compel her to marry a Frenchman, she offered to accept as her husband

any one of her captive neighbors who would thus free her from her troublesome suitor. Ebenezer gladly offered himself, they were married at once, and at this time were, with their baby boy, at Lorette, eagerly hoping for deliverance. The governor promises that a horse or cart shall be sent for Nims's wife, who is not well, and that all the family, unaccompanied by priest or Indian, shall be brought to Quebec. Captain Stoddard sends his own physician to assist her on the journey, who returns with the information that the woman is able to walk to town, and that he has been grossly insulted by the Jesuit priest at Lorette. Nims is sent, accompanied by "divers Indians," but by the persistence of Stoddard all, at last, are assembled and put on board. The next day, a great concourse of Indians came from Lorette, and demanding to see Nims, were assured by him that he wished to go home. Then they insisted upon his giving up his child, which he refusing was permitted to return with his family to his native town. Years after, the records tell how "Ebenezer Nims, Junior, having been baptized by a Romish priest, in Canada, and being dissatisfied with his baptism upon consenting to the articles of faith," was baptized anew by good Parson Ashley.

One last effort was made by the Bishop and high officials to prevent Madame Le Beau from going. They promised if she would return to Montreal, they would send her by land, and assured her if she went they would give her children to the Ursuline sisters, and she should never see them more—but her lover triumphed and she embarked with him for Boston.

On the 24th of July, 1714, after nine months absence from home, the commissioners set sail, having effected the deliverance of but twenty-six prisoners, as Stoddard sadly remarks, "not having received the promised list from the governor; without having our people assembled at Quebec, or half of them asked whether they would return or not, or one minor compelled, having never seen many of our prisoners while we were in the country."

This was the last official effort for the redemption of Eunice Williams. In 1740, their faithful friends, the Schuylers, brought about an interview between her and her relatives, and yielding at last to their importunities, she in later years thrice re-visited the place of her nativity. That she insisted upon returning to her Canadian home, and finally died there at the advanced age of ninety, is, no more than her marriage, to my mind, a proof of her "preference for savage haunts and modes of life." It is well

known that English girls, captured at the same time, were forced into marriages with the French and Indians, utterly repugnant to their feelings. At the time of Eunice's memorable visit to Deerfield, children had been born to her, and before the maternal instinct, the strongest passion of which the human soul is capable, even filial affection must give way.

If we admit the statement that her Indian husband assumed the name of Williams, this, and the name of her father bestowed upon her eldest child, prove the lingering fondness in her heart for her kinsfolk. Robbed of the Christian name given her by her father in baptism, she would not renounce the name of her race.

Another proof that the heart of Eunice Williams never ceased to turn in love towards the home of her infancy, and that she spared no pains to perpetuate this affection in her descendants, is afforded by their visit, nearly a hundred years later, to the spot from whence, on February 29, 1704, she had been painfully torn. Weighing carefully the evidence, it seems to me indisputable that it was Romanism warring against Protestantism, Jesuit against Puritan, that held Eunice Williams eighty-three years a captive.

As I wrote the last word of my manuscript, a friend at my elbow said, "Put in a plea for a Memorial Hall in Deerfield." It seemed absurd to me that a plea should be necessary for the furtherance of an object, which ought to be held as a sacred duty by the descendants of the men and women whose valor and self-sacrifice won for us the blessings we now enjoy, and I feel sure that after a few such meetings as we have held here to-day, such a zeal will be kindled throughout the Valley, that we shall soon be summoned here to lay the corner-stone of a noble structure, over whose entrance we will inscribe this utterance of John Williams to the captives at Chateauviche: "*Thanksgiving* is the best *Thanksgiving*," a precept broad and grand enough to be the motto of every Christian church throughout the land.

WRITTEN FOR THE P. V. M. ASSOCIATION, FEB. 28th, 1871.

BY MRS. L. W. EELS.

Pocumtuck Vale! What visions throng
Around thy name, bright theme of song.
The high-souled deeds of grand emprise
That on our kindled fancies rise,
The wizard pen of Scott would turn
To thrilling strains of Bannockburn;
And outlaw chief, and border fray

Immortal live in minstrel lay.

Our dauntless Philip of Mount Hope
With steel of James Fitz James might cope,
With loyal heart to his forests true
As to native heath was Roderick Dhu,
A foeman, worthier than the meed
That unrelenting fate decreed.

I turn from gentler themes to trace
The ruthless strife of barbarous race,
With no chivalric gleam to throw
A halo round remorseless foe;
When stout hearts quail'd and woman's tear
Bedew'd the pallid cheek of fear;
And those dark hours of nameless dread,
When every breeze was a savage tread,
And every quivering, autumn leaf,
Waved the Red Plume of an Indian chief.

No holier, tenderer memories cling
Round thy sad fate, sweet Wyoming,
Than gather round Pocumtuck's name,—

Baptized in tears and blood and flame—
On that fell night, whose sunset glow
Lay warm on pure, untrodden snow;
And Linden saw no deadlier sight,
When Austrian arms at dead of night
Lit up the fires of death and woe;
Nor met the morn's pale, sicklied glow,
A ghastlier scene of carnage spread,
Of smouldering fires and mangled dead,
And captives' moans and tracks of blood
Through snow and ice of wintry flood,
And weary march of nameless woe,
When faltering step met slaughtering blow.

Brave hearts bore on, and savage yell
Was blent with captives' anthem swell,
And hellish shouting rent the air
That bore the saintly Williams' prayer.

On fancy borne, with them I stand
'Mid frozen snows of northern land.

But I see no more the captives' chains—
Nor blood-stain'd cross on Canadian plains—
For the Syren's voice has reached mine ear
In magic tones that are wafted near,
Entrancing dreams of a gentler clime
Are borne on the breath of a bell's sweet chime;
And priest and lady—knights of France,—
Are mingling in some wild romance,
And Indian warrior,—voyageur,—
Come floating down time's corridor,
And blended all in one sweet spell,
That's conjured by St. Regis' bell.

But these poetic myths I leave
For our Hosmer's classic strain to weave,
And turn with stern, historic pen
To nobler deeds of martyr'd men,
And fain would I the page unfold
With every glorious name enrolled,
But, household words,—the very air
And whispering breeze, their memories bear,
Their deeds have "linked with every stream,
The romance of some warrior dream,"
And every hill and every glen,
Where Essex' Flower or Turner's men
Have dyed the sod with patriot gore,
Is "holy ground" forever more.
Children of that martyr band,
Upon this hallowed ground ye stand,
Inheritors of the sacred soil,
Bought with life-blood, woe and toil,
Unworthy of their deathless fame,
Unworthy your ancestral name,
Should oblivion one dim shadow cast,
On the "storied urn" of the glorious Past.

A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION OF '76.

BY MISS ELIZA A. STARR.

ADDRESSED TO THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, FEBRUARY 28, 1871.

Among the simple head-stones marking the graves where the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep," on the hill overlooking all the clustering villages of Old Deerfield, is one of plain grey marble, from a slab formed by nature under the soil of New England. On this head-stone is the date of the birth and death of the one who lies beneath that turf, green with the sun and the dew, the rain and the snow, of forty years, and the unpretending inscription ends with this line:

"A Soldier of the Revolution of '76."

Many things had come to pass between my grandfather's bearing arms for his country and his lying down in his grave on the burying-ground hill. There had been the cares and the labors attending the birth and the education of a large family, the laying of several in their graves, the settling of others in their own homes, accompanied by those trials, and severe tests of what a man is really made of, which come to each of us more or less. An extraordinary piety had, also, marked the life of this man of most peaceful dispositions,

of most lenient judgments towards the failings of mankind around him, and of patience under unjust judgments from others. The placid picture of this aged man lives in my mind too vividly for time to weaken its beautiful traits, or to rob it of one touch of pathetic tranquility. From the Bible which lay on his knees for a great part of every day I learned my letters; and this very Bible, yellow with age and bearing some marks of the childish handling it has received, has an honored place on my writing desk. No volume, however costly, is ever allowed to displace it, and I love to remember the mild eye which so faithfully pored over its pages, and the gentle finger which pointed out in it my first letters. All these traits of a Christian man had been perfected in my grandfather, and had been sealed by his death; and yet the act which was selected for commemoration on his head-stone, was this one, of having been

"A Soldier of the Revolution of '76."

It was like saying that one of the noblest expressions of the true soul of this man was an act of patriotic fidelity, heroism, and even chivalry; and we may safely say that patriotism is, in all ages, one of the noblest expressions of the fidelity, the courage, the self-sacrifice of a good Christian. The Republic of Venice, in its best days, found the purest motives for patriotism in religion; and sad indeed is the condition of a nation when it is not worthy to be served from such motives.

My grandfather entered the army in defence of his country in his sixteenth year, and served four years; or, until the disbanding of the American army after peace had been declared by the United States and the Mother country. We all know the sort of "bounties" paid to the soldiers of the Revolution of '76, and what pay and what rations they drew. When he came from the service, in his twentieth year, he returned to his father without hat, coat or shoes. His young feet had left tracks in blood on the snow of Valley Forge during the terrible winter of '78, when even the courage of Washington was probed to the quick, while he had fought on the ranks on the plains of Monmouth on that awful 28th of July, 1778, when, as historians tell us, more soldiers, on both sides, died of thirst and from heat, than from cannon or musket balls; lying under the pitiless sun with black and swollen tongues protruding from mouths parched with the intolerable death thirst. Through such heat, and through such cold, the young soldier had gone with unflinching fortitude and uncomplaining patience; and I am sure

he never grudged one of these sufferings for his country, nor did he ask any other recognition of his service than the privilege of living peacefully under the government he had helped to establish. I remember sitting on his knee and listening to his stories about Valley Forge and Monmouth; and, when I was old enough to study the history of the United States, I had an honest child's pride in remembering that *my own dear Grandpa* helped to gain the independence of the United States of America.

When the Rebellion of 1861 broke out, and when the drum was beating all over the land to call true men to the defence of that which their forefathers had won, it seemed as if the dust of that "Soldier of the Revolution of '76" would stir in its grave; as if it must be watching the villagers below to see if they were faithful to their trust. Those years of sharp conflict, but, at last, of glorious victories, came to an end; and with the battles and commotions, had, in some way hardly understood, disappeared the one blot on the honor of a nation boasting of itself as a free nation. We may have many faults still, we may even be unjust in this or in that, but we no longer use our own strong freedom to rob our fellow-men of a freedom equally dear and equally sacred.

Peace had again settled down, like a holy habit, upon the beautiful valley, and upon the villages overlooked by the quiet sleepers on the hill side; griefs which could not heal had been soothed by time and by God's grace; when the people in the valley determined to raise a monument to the memory of those of their number who had died—on the battlefield, in army hospitals, in Southern prisons—for native land and the glorious Republic. Among my stereoscopic views is one of this monument; and I never look at it without admiring its noble proportions, its quiet decorations, and the statue of the "Union Soldier" on its summit; while my eye dwells with inexpressible tenderness, on the shadows cast upon that monument by the trees which were my old friends, and the shadows of whose leaves stir my heart as no shadows of other trees can ever do. I look eagerly, too, for the familiar homesteads, of which here and there a window is to be seen; or, better still, the hospitable door, and the friendly threshold over which I have so often passed. There is a look of summer about it all, of summer in Deerfield, which tells me that it is not all imagination when I fancy that I have never seen the summer so beautiful, never so glorious in its violet-tinted atmosphere, in its dreamy softness of distant hills, in its richness of foliage, in its fertility of cultivated meadows, in its

freshness of river and of rivulet, as in *Deerfield*. The stereoscopic view may not say all this, or picture all this, to others; but it does this, and far more, to the grand-daughter of the "Soldier of the Revolution of '76;" and to the great-grand-daughter of that other ancestor, who lies in the "Old Burying-ground" overlooking the river in its peaceful flow, and who died gloriously, defending his children, and his neighbors, from the barbarous foe, on the 25th of August, 1746; for, "though covered with wounds, *not one was in the back.*"

When I was told that the Soldier's Monument in Deerfield was of native stone, I said, "My fellow towns-people have done well; and I know those brave soldiers will sleep better under that red granite of New England than under any imported stone, however notable." Afterwards I heard, with surprise, that the beautiful Soldier's Monument in a neighboring town was of "*Scotch granite,*" surmounted by a "bronze eagle cast in *France*;" and I could not help exclaiming—" *Scotch granite* for a Union Soldier! What! is there not grey granite under the ribs of the New Hampshire hills, marble under the round hills of Vermont, red granite under the ragged cliffs of Maine, and all, or any, of these on the grand mountain peaks of old Massachusetts, that we must ask of Scotland, or of any other nation on the round globe, for the block which is to commemorate the heroic deeds of American patriots? An American eagle cast in *France*! Is it possible, after an equestrian statue of Washington has been cast at our own Chicopee with marked success, and when our foundries are sending forth cannon which keep the world at bay, that we must send the model of our national emblem to France, or to any other country, to be cast in right royal bronze?

On a point of the Leyden hills from which one can see, with the naked eye, not only the shire-town of Franklin County, but Deerfield itself (which claims him through his mother), stands a farmhouse, in which the patriotic sculptor was born who modeled that noble equestrian statue of the Father of our country, and who was the first to cast a national statue in an American foundry. That honor has been succeeded by others worthy of it, and so long as HENRY KIRKE BROWN can model eagles which look as if they could give the battle cry of freedom from Maine to Colorado, every feather on their necks bearing witness to their American lineage, there will be national foundries where eagles can be cast to crown the monuments of American soldiers true to country and to the Repub-

lie. Let us, then, have no more shafts of Scotch granite, no more American eagles cast in French foundries; but let us give our soldiers what they love best—native castings modeled by native genius, or *stone*, whatever it may be, underlying the soil they have died to defend. For myself, when the time shall come for me to yield my soul to God, my body to the dust, let no friend think to honor me by marbles, however precious, from a strange shore; and better even than Maine granite, or Vermont marble, would be a cross cut from the red sandstone of the East mountain, overlooking the homestead in the South meadows of Old Deerfield, where lived

“A Soldier of the Revolution of '76,”

and where I learned the love of country, as well as my letters at his knee.

Should the time come when the graves of the soldiers who fought to establish, as well as to preserve, the Republic of these United States, will be dressed with wreaths of fresh laurel from your woods—crowns of honor worthy of a soldier—I ask that one may be laid on the grave I have pointed out to you to-night, as the grave of one who inherited from his Anglo-Saxon ancestors, not indeed broad lands, but an escutcheon on which, beneath its lion crest and on its field of azure surrounded by eight stars in pure gold, hangs, instead of a coronet, the *scales of even-handed justice*; and who was worthy to have recorded on his headstone of grey New England marble,

“A Soldier of the Revolution of '76;”

for, that grave is the grave of

WILLIAM STARR.

FIELD-MEETING—1871.

FIELD-MEETING OF THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

AND
DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT
TO
CAPTAIN MOSES RICE, AND PHINEAS ARMS,
AT CHARLEMONT, MASS.,
ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1871.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. ODE, By Mrs. Lucretia W. Eels
2. ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE ASSOCIATION, By Hon. Roger H. Leavitt
3. RESPONSE, By the President
4. ODE, By Miss Carrie S. Catlin
5. PRAYER, By Rev. P. K. Clark
6. ADDRESS, By Hon. Joseph White
7. ODE, By George B. Bartlett
8. MARCH TO THE GROVE.
9. COLLATION.
10. HISTORICAL PAPER, By Miss Abbie Maxwell
11. POEM, By Josiah D. Canning
12. ADDRESSES, interspersed with music by the Charlemont choir.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

AID. CHIEF MARSHAL. AID.
CRESSEY'S DRUM CORPS.
ESCORT OF SOLDIERS IN LATE WAR.
CHARLEMONT COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.
ORATORS AND CHAPLAIN.
AGED CITIZENS.
INVITED GUESTS.
REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS.
MARSHAL.
POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.
SCHOOL CHILDREN.
TEACHERS.
CITIZENS IN GENERAL.

The procession will form in front of Dalrymple's hotel, at 10.30 A. M., and march to the depot to receive the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.
EDWARD C. HAWKS, Chief Marshal.

REPORT.

Wednesday, August 2, was a memorable day in Charlemont. One of the largest gatherings ever assembled in Pocumtuck Valley was attracted to the beautiful town to participate in the day's celebration. The farmers from all the region around left their work and with their good dames and children joined the happy throng. A special train came crowded with people from Whately, Deerfield, Greenfield and Shelburne. The day was all that it could be. Upon the arrival of the train at Charlemont station, the officers of the day and citizens came to meet and welcome their guests. A procession was formed of the members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, their ladies, the orators of the day, and citizens, under marshalship of Edward C. Hawks, and headed by the Shelburne Falls band.

With martial music, the column moved across the bridge and wound its way up the hill-side, past the Rice House, to the little burial place where have slept for long years the brave old pioneer, Moses Rice, his children, and the companion who was slain with him by the Indians. A great-great-grandson of Moses Rice, Orlando B. Potter of New York, has honored the memory of his ancestor in the erection of a monument to mark his grave. The dedication of this monument was a part of the day's programme. Upon the south face of the monument is this inscription :

"CAPT. MOSES RICE
the first settler of Charlemont,—
Born at Sudbury, Oct. 27, 1694
Married Sarah King of S., Nov. 16, 1719
Removed to C., 1742
Killed by the Indians, June 11, 1755."

Upon the west side—

"PHINEAS ARMS
Born at Deerfield, Oct. 4, 1731
Killed by the Indians with
Capt. Rice
And Buried at his side."

On the east and north sides are the names of the children who were buried at the same spot—

"Children of Capt. Rice—Samuel, born Aug. 10, 1720, married Dorothy Martin of Rutland, July 20, 1741, died at C., Sept. 20, 1793; Abigail, born Feb. 20, 1723, married James Heaton of R., April 11, 1743; Aaron (Dea.), born Jan. 31, 1725, married Freedom French of Deerfield, Nov. 5, 1754, died at C., Oct. 2, 1808; Dinah, born Jan. 21, 1727, married, first, Jos. Stevens of Rutland, second, Paul Rice of R., died at C., Sept. 6, 1818; Sylvanus, born Jan. 6, 1729, married Esther Nims of Deerfield, June 5, 1760, died at C., March, 1819; Tamar, born

June 15, 1732, married John Wells of Shelburne; Artemus, born Oct. 22, 1734, married, first, Mary Stevens of Rutland, second, Catherine Taylor of Deerfield, died at C., 1801."

The monument was erected under the direction of Hon. Joseph White of Williamstown, the Secretary of the State Board of Education, a native of Charlemont and a descendant of Moses Rice. In digging for the foundation, the remains of the slain men were found in a remarkable state of preservation. The skull of Rice showed the marks of the Indian tomahawk, and the fatal bullet fell from that of Arms, when it was being examined.

ODE

BY MISS CARRIE S. CATLIN.

[Air—"Scots wha hae."]

Roll swiftly back, O mist of years
And bring once more before our view
The days of yore, the noble men
And women brave and true.
The peaceful fields we till with ease,
They sowed in fear of deadly foe,
And oft the silent arrow sped,
And laid the yeoman low.

We owe to them our smiling vales,
We owe our meadows broad and fair,—
And pay we faithful tribute here
To virtues rich and rare.
They fled from tyranny and wrong,
They braved, in faith, the stormy sea,
In darkest hour they raised the song,
And bent to God the knee.

We mourned their virtues passed away,
The nation led in Mammon's train;
Ah, woe the time when faith and truth
Are lost in love of gain.
But when through all the awe-struck land
Rang out the clarion call "To Arms!"
The nation spurned the coward brand
And echoed back "To Arms!"

No more we say that faith and truth
Have left the stricken earth again,—
We mourn, instead, the vanished youth
All numbered with the slain.
We raise to them the granite pile,
We weave them wreaths of brightest sheen,
Recall their deeds, with tear and smile,
And keep their memory green.

Mr. White then said that this grave of the first settler was the first burial-ground in the town. The land was owned and occupied by Moses Rice at his death. A portion of the house, that is now standing, was built by him and his son in 1750. The speaker showed how far the farm of 2,000 acres extended, and the 200 acres on the opposite shore. A red flag in a neighboring field marked the spot where the old hero fell at the hands of the savage foe, and another place where a picketed house was built when the one on the side of the hill was rendered untenable by the Indians. A flag also, at East Charlemont, marked the site of the old Taylor Fort. Rice Fort was built by stockading the Rice House in 1754. The old sycamore tree is yet standing, beneath which Mr. Rice slept the first night after he came to his new settlement, and it was used as a nightly shelter until a house was built.

The procession reformed and marched to the fine oak grove on the Sylvester Maxwell estate, where the remaining exercises of the day were to take place. The hundreds that gathered beneath the cool shade to listen were comfortably seated either upon benches or grouped upon the ground. The platform was decorated with evergreens and flags. When the multitude came to order, the choir sang the following:

ODE BY MRS. L. W. EELS OF DEERFIELD.

As waters gushing from their source
Along Green Mountain sides,
And mingling in their onward course,
Pocumtuck river glides;

So blend the records of our past;
And we, their children, claim
Alike, the precious heritage
Of each historic name.

And ne'er was fairer heritage
Bequeathed from sire to son;
Nor purer fame, by strife and blood
And death and sorrow won.

Nobler than Balaklava charge,
That asked no reason why;
Was their high purpose and resolve
To do—for right—and die.

Their brave and patient toil reclaimed
The wild uncultured sod;
For homes, and children, and a shrine
For worship of their God.

Through primal woods they hew'd away,
The first bright sunlight streamed;

While close the deadly ambush lay,
And fatal arrow gleamed.

Yet still the gentle homes arose;
And lowing herds browsed where
But erst had trapped their savage foes
The panther in his lair.

But no prophetic dream inspired
The vision of to-day;
And far beyond all human ken
The glorious future lay.

As o'er the hero of the Alps,—
Who gathered in his breast
The serried files of hostile spears,
Advancing squadrons prest;

So, our proud nation's onward steps
O'er martyr's graves have trod,
And there Earth's grandest pæns swell
To Freedom and to God.

Col. R. H. Leavitt, of Charlemont, welcomed the Association to the town in the following address:

COL. LEAVITT'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the P. V. M. Association, and Ladies and Gentlemen at large:

It is meet that we should, from time to time, seek occasions and opportunities to lay aside the burdens of life, in order to review the steps of progress, by which our nation has come up from that little band wafted hither in the Mayflower, to be in two and one-half centuries a nation of forty millions, able to cope with any nation on the face of the earth.

The good people of Charlemont have enjoined on me the duty—and I assure you the performance of that duty affords me the highest pleasure—of extending to you the hand of cheerful welcome.

We thank you all for your presence on this interesting occasion. First: Ye natives of this valley, we welcome *you* to the services and pleasures of this gathering. Born and nurtured amid scenery of so much natural beauty and loveliness and at a period of earth's history so fraught with peace and good-will to man, you may well bless a kind and beneficent Providence that has given you so goodly a heritage, and while you enjoy these festivities, you will recall to mind the toils and privations, the anxieties and sufferings of your fathers.

Next we extend our welcome to the families who removed hither from the surrounding towns, attracted by the beauty of the natural scenery and by the adornment of art. We, fellow citizens, come among you to unite our hearts and our hands with yours in carrying forward to perfection those adornments, both physical and moral, until this Valley shall become as the garden of the Lord. Again with heartfelt cordiality we salute you, Ladies and Gentlemen, from our border towns, claiming no prerogative on account of our natural position; taking you to our embrace as our river does your little streams which supply, and in fact, make it; we feel toward you as members of *the same family located at different points*, interested in each other's welfare, sympathizing in all that makes life desirable—we truly welcome you.

Our Honored Guests: To you we extend our kindly greeting. Coming hither from the various walks of life; from the pulpit and the press; from the workshop and the farm; descended from a common ancestry; believers in a common faith—engaged in promoting the welfare of the race—we hope by contemplating the past and looking forward to the future, our hearts may be made better and our heads wiser for having consecrated this day to so holy purposes.

We are met here to-day for the purpose of dedicating a monument to the memory of the men who were the first to sacrifice their lives in the early attempt to subdue this then wilderness valley, and fit it for the abode of civilized life. The funds to erect this pile were furnished by Orlando B. Potter of New York, who by industry, sagacity and business talent has so accumulated as to entitle him a millionaire, and while wealth has thus rolled in upon him his generosity and liberality have kept pace with its increase, and with a desire to do something to honor his native town, to perpetuate the name and fame of *one* honored ancestor, whose name is borne upon this tablet, and also to contribute something as a way-mark for the future historians, he has set apart a portion of that wealth to erect this stone, while another of Charlemont's honored sons* who is present and will speak for himself, has personally superintended the design and execution of the work; and our business here to-day is to dedicate this monument as a perpetual reminder to all coming generations of men of the sufferings and sacrifices endured by our fathers in preparing this valley for the abode of civilization and refinement.

*Hon. Joseph White.

The first settlers of Charlemont were from Deerfield. One of the men whose name the tablet bears and whose ashes sleep beneath it, was an inhabitant of Deerfield at the time of his death. It is therefore highly fitting and proper that you Ladies and Gentlemen of that ancient town, which is the mother of all these towns, should be present here, to assist in these services of dedication; and I desire to express to you, in the strongest language I can command, the satisfaction and pleasure it affords us, the people of Charlemont, to meet and to welcome you to-day with our most cordial greeting.

This, Mr. President, is the first visit of old Deerfield to the residence of her eldest daughter—the first re-union of the old Pocumtuck household since the day you sent off your sons and daughters away up into this then western wilderness to shift for themselves; and now, after they have struggled for a hundred years with all the vicissitudes of fortune incident to pioneer life, and have cleared away the gigantic forests, built roads and bridges—and a railroad withal—and by dint of hard work and the most persistent industry and economy, have at last succeeded in surrounding themselves with some of the conveniences and adornments of civilized life, you have this day honored us by giving us a call at our own home, and I assure you sir, our doors and our hearts are all wide open for your reception and entertainment. Then make yourselves at home, friends; enjoy the day and the occasion as fully as possible, for we believe that in the future the social intercourse between the branches of this ancient family is destined to be much more intimate than in the past, and while such intimacy may not be damaging to the old lady, we are quite sure it will prove a source of civilization and improvement to the daughter.

But, Mr. President, who were these men whose names and fates we are seeking to immortalize by the erection of this stone?

On the 11th day of June, 1755, two of the pioneer settlers of the town were murdered by the Indians in the plot of ground just before us. Two others were seized by the merciless savages and dragged into a long and painful captivity. That field was then a small clearing surrounded by interminable forests, and this landscape now so beautiful, then presented naught to the eye save an unbroken wilderness. The few inhabitants who had begun a little clearing with the hope that some day they might have a home to enjoy in peace and safety, were kept in a state of continual alarm, and the fate they so constantly dreaded, came often upon them. Now all is changed; peace and prosperity, beauty and confidence

are seen and felt on every hand, and we go forth to the activities of life or retire to our repose, with as little fear as the infant feels, folded in its mother's arms.

The whole Pocumtuck Valley was then a trackless wilderness; no means of communication with Deerfield—the base of supplies—except on foot or on horseback; every article of consumption to be transported over the hills, the valleys and streams of Shelburne, guided only by the blazed tree. The process was slow and tedious in the extreme, especially as compared with the transit between the two points to-day. These hardy, enterprising, adventurous pioneers must have been men of stout hearts and determined purpose thus to have looked in the face of all these difficulties, hardships and dangers, yet inspired with visions of future homes for themselves and families, they left the abodes of civilized life, and with axe on shoulder and life in hand they went forth to commence the work of clearing off the sturdy forests and laying the foundations of those social and religious institutions which now make this valley so beautiful and lovely. Under that magnificent sycamore they spent their first night within the limits of this town. It must have been a state-tree—even at that early day,—yet what scenes has that mute sentinel witnessed? What problems of transcendent importance have been wrought out since that night?

Surely, Mr. President, no nation since the days of Israel has had occasion to recognize Divine Providence in the guidance of its affairs more than has this nation, and the Christian patriot of to-day feels that seasons like the present should be set apart to review the toils, the dangers, and the sacrifices endured by the fathers and the mothers, while thus working out the problem of Freedom and laying the foundation of those institutions which are of such priceless value to us, their posterity.

Especially do we, as a local community, desire to keep alive in our memory and in the memory of all future generations, a sense of grateful obligation to them for thus preparing the way for those peaceful homes which now adorn the valley of the Deerfield.

It now only remains for me, Mr. President, to turn our family affairs, for the day, over to your superintendence and control.

Please, sir, take the place of "Pater Familias" to this crowd while you remain with us and you will then see what an obedient, loving, generous progeny has come of that noble race with which you stocked this valley a hundred years ago.

Hoping that your visit here today will be so agreeable to you all

that you will be encouraged to repeat it at no distant day, I now surrender to you the family key.

Please, sir, accept the situation as cheerfully as it is now tendered to you.

RESPONSE BY THE PRESIDENT, GEORGE SHELDON OF DEERFIELD.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen of Charlemont:

It gives me great pleasure to respond in behalf of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and to thank you heartily for the cordial welcome you have extended to us.

When this visit to Charlemont was planned, it was thought that a few of our number, the most interested in the events of the olden time, with perhaps some among you, who hold to the traditions of the Elders, would visit the locations of Hawks's, Rice's and Taylor's Forts, and having identified the sites, would revive the old associations and the old stories connected with them; and perhaps would plant trees, or place stones, so that these historic spots should not be lost to posterity. When, however, with kindly consideration, the man to whom the erection and dedication of this monument had been intrusted by the donor—a son of Charlemont, and one whom the Commonwealth delights to honor—learning our plans, placed in our hands the sacred but congenial duties of this day, honoring us, that we might do honor to the ashes of these brave men whose deeds and whose fate we are here assembled to commemorate, we accepted the trust as gratifying evidence that the position and mission of our association as the conservator of historic facts, traditions and memories, was understood and recognized. In the crowd of people which accompanies us, and the concourse which meets us here, we see further and satisfying expressions of the same feeling. For this we give thanks.

In the presence of the everlasting witnesses around us:—the grand old mountain yonder, bearing aloft its green banners against the sky—the peaceful valley before us, smiling with the fruits of human industry—the joyous river at our feet, hurrying away on its never ending round of duty, soon to revisit your mountains to renew their verdure, and your valleys, that they cease not to bring forth fruit;—this solemn memorial of enduring granite standing before us, around which must cluster the tragic associations of a

departed century—amid these scenes and influences may we gather such inspiration, that our duties here to-day shall be performed in a manner befitting the place and the occasion.

Our orator will tell you of those determined men, who with strong hands and pious hearts, steadfastly enduring the toils and perils of the wilderness, planted the germ of civilization on this remote frontier; and how the infant settlement was baptized in the blood of Moses Rice, its patriarch, and of Phineas Arms, one of its brave defenders; and of him also, who has in the largeness of his heart, and in a spirit of filial reverence, erected this monument to his ancestor, which shall perpetuate his own name as well, through coming time.

This spirit of reverence for our ancestors we invoke here to-day, and for this generation; may it prompt each of us to imitate the example before us as we are able, feeling that with our *best* endeavors we shall come far short of what we owe to those noble men and women, whose patient toil subdued, and whose rich blood was shed in defence of our loved valley of the Pocumtuck.

This is not, Mr. Chairman, the first party from the lower valley which has received a warm welcome here. How the hearts of the bold pioneer, Capt. Rice, and his family, must have leaped with joy on seeing the resolute faces of the three brothers, Othniel, John, and Jonathan Taylor, and the three brothers, Gershom, Joshua, and Seth Hawks, all young men in the prime of life, who came as settlers; henceforth to share with them the hardships and the dangers of a frontier settlement, in their contest with rugged nature and a savage foe. Their names, repeated in so many a home around us, and these fertile meadows and retreating forests, testify to the result of that struggle. These men, Mr. Chairman, were not among the "three brothers that came over," they were all born in old Deerfield.

No less welcome to the stricken inhabitants here must have been that party of twenty-five men from old Pocumtuck, who reached this very spot on the morning after the bloody tragedy which this shaft commemorates, to protect the living, and perform the last sad offices for the slain. From knowledge of the character and antecedents of the men of that generation in Deerfield, it seems as though I could call the roll of this courageous band, who, learning the distressed condition of their neighbors here, shrank not before the darkness and perils of a night march through the wilderness, then an almost unbroken forest, the lair of wild beasts

and wilder men, for their succor and comfort.

Heading the roll would be the name of Maj. Elijah Williams, youngest son of the "Redeemed Captive," then Lieuts. John Catlin, Matthew Clesson, John Hawks, Salah Barnard, Samuel Childs, David Field and Jonathan Hoyt; Sergets. Elijah Arms and John Allen; Zadoek Hawks, John Arms, Thomas Arms, Asa Childs, John Sadler, Gideon Bardwell, Joseph Stebbins, John Sheldon, John Nims, Daniel Arms, Abner Mitchell, John P. Bull, Martin Severance, Benj. Munn, Seth Catlin, Asahel Wright, Thomas Arms. If some of these should be absent on duty elsewhere I would call Joseph Severance, David Hoyt, John Bardwell, Thomas Dickinson, Abner Hawks, David Childs, John Hinsdale, Samuel Stebbins, Samuel Belden and Moses Harvey,—sure that I could not be far from right. They were men trained to Indian warfare—hardy and bold, wise in wood craft, inured to the hardships of marching and scouting in the forests, and prompt to the rescue upon every alarm. These men have long ago gone to their reward. Their descendants are scattered far and wide, but many a heart-beat has quickened at the sound of those names, for their blood flows in the veins of a large proportion of those now before me.

As the mother town was always ready at the stern call of Duty and Danger to visit her daughter in the wilderness in the olden time, so now, Old Deerfield of the present generation will be equally prompt to answer your calls; none the less cheerfully, perhaps, that the wilderness and danger have disappeared. We thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the generous hospitality proffered the "old lady"—she accepts it as a mother should.

Prayer was now offered by Rev. P. K. Clark of Charlemont, after which the President introduced Hon. Joseph White, who gave a lengthy extemporary address which was not reported.

Following the address came the collation. Lunch baskets were distributed, and tables, laden with an abundance of good things, were furnished by the generous ladies of Charlemont. After an enjoyable repast, order was restored and the choir sang the following:

ODE.

BY G. B. BARTLETT OF CONCORD.

[Air, "Auld Lang Syne."]

The smiling earth, with plenty crowned, her choicest treasure pours,
To celebrate this chosen day, with all her richest stores ;

And Glory with her shining crown, and Peace with folded wings,
Each to the altar of our dead her fitting tribute brings.

These peaceful homes by them were won from bloody, savage foes—
The howling wilderness was made to blossom as the rose ;
To sword and plow-share joined in one, rough earth and savage yields—
With spade and musket hand in hand, they won their hard fought fields.

Then treasure up each noble deed, with tender thought and care,
To generations yet to come transmit the record fair ;
So that their valor, faith and skill, as shining lights may stand,
And live forever in the sons of our beloved land.

Following this was the poem read by the "Peasant Bard."

POEM.

BY J. D. CANNING OF GILL.

Pocumtuck's sons are here to-day,
In memory of the border fray ;
Are here, commingling joy and grief,
Led by their antiquarian chief.
Joy for our triumph over those
We honor with the name of foes ;
Joy for the peaceful light of life,
In contrast with alarms and strife ;
For all the blessings Heaven lends
This vale, where cold Pocumtuck wends
Its wild and mountain-shadowed way ;—
All blent with pensive memory
Of dark and bloody days that we,
Sons of brave sires, shall never see ;
And grief, that warring hate should ban
The boasted brotherhood of man.

We give all honor to the one
Who rears this day the lettered stone,—
A kind of finger-post between
The present and a by-gone scene ;
A link, memorial, binding fast
Time present, future, and the past.
And when old Charlemont shall claim,
In coming years, historic fame,
Her sons shall point with local pride,
Where Rice and Arms, her heroes, died,
And blessings crave upon his head,
Whose bounty gives life to her dead.
"Lord, what is man?" the Psalmist cried.—
Whoe'er considered and replied?

A being formed for love and hate,
With love of self predominate ;

A little than the angels lower,
 Fond of dominion, wealth and power.
 "Lord, what is man?" Dull tho' we are,
 We may some speculation dare ;
 And altho' prone to think that we
 Are all and sole humanity,
 I fain would hint Creative plan
 Made the red Indian, too, a man.

So, brothers, while we honors give
 To those who have a name to live,
 Let us remember Nature's child,
 Whose vine and fig tree we despoiled ;
 Who named yon stream, whose waters play
 A requiem in our ears to day;
 Whose heinous and besetting sin
 We pride ourselves and glory in,—
 The love of county,—broad and good,
 With all its wealth of field and flood.
 And shall we then to to him deny
 The costless gift of charity?
 Nor bury in his noteless grave
 All hatred of the patriot brave?

A historical paper by Miss Abby Maxwell of Charlemont followed:

MISS MAXWELL'S PAPER.

We who live among these hills and in sight of this river do not wonder that the Indians reluctantly yielded their possessions, nor that they again and again returned to look upon what had been theirs. In these woods they had chased the deer; in the "old field" they had for untold years raised their corn; the river and brook had supplied them with fish. Could they give up all these pleasant things to the white man without a struggle? No; they would fight him to the death, and they did, as yonder monument testifies.

Of the daily life of the first settlers we know little; but how exciting and wearing it must have been,—constantly on the watch for a wily foe, and yet drawing from the hard earth their daily bread. When traces of Indians were seen by one settler, word was sent to the other scattered families that they, too, might be doubly careful. Let me give you a few of these warnings, written about the time of the French and Indian war, and imagine, if you can, the commotion raised in their households:

COLRAIN, June y^e 6th 1757.

Persuent to Lev^t Hawks orders you are requested to send to Huntstown y^e Indians are Discovered very thick between the North River and the Deertfield that they be upon their guard from your affectionate and loving brother.

JOHN TAYLOR. I with 12 other men are ordered out as a scout above you four or five days.

COLRAIN, May 30 1758.

Sr:—Last Sunday night I received an account from Sergnt Hawks that his scout had made some discovery of an enemy, not far from pelham fort, these are therefore to direct you to tack one man from your fort with you, and go to Rices fort, and tack two men, then to Hawks and tack Saml Morrison with one man, five in the whole, and go to the place where they took their start and make a thouror Search, and if you make no discovery there carry the scout as hy up as the province Line and mack return to me.

Your Lieut. JOHN CATLIN.

To Sergnt Othniel
Taylor att
Charlymount

COLRAIN, August 21, 1756.

I received just now by Express from Maj. Williams that at Northfield informing that as Zeb. Stebbins & Ruben Right were returning from laborsun about half an hour high at night, a little below Stebbins' Island Y^e Indians lay in y^e Path that they come till within six or seven rods of them they fired at them shot Reuben Right through the arm, but did not break the bone tha Both rode back about 60 or 70 rods & stopped. The Indians soon come up and fird a second gun at them, tha still rode back a little way and stopped though tha had but one gun. tha saw but 3 or 4 Indians in a minute an Indian came up in the Path after them Stebbins took Right's gun shot at him, he fell Down and Cried out then the men made off as fast as they could.

I remain Yours to Serve, JOHN HAWKS.

COLRAIN, March y^e 7th 1757.

Sr:—These are to Desire you to try to enlist one or more men for y^e entire Expedition this year. The incouragement is a new Coat and a hat and \$10 Dollers for any man that has been imployed in His Majesty's Service, and six dollers p^t month, if for but one year. I expect one of mine will be prest. And I will

give Something more besides the bounty, and if you can secure a man till I can see him you will much oblige

Yours to serve, JOHN HAWKS.

There is allowed forty-two shillings and sixpence a week for Each man till he shall Receive his allowance. Keep it as private as you can.

I could add to these letters others of the same date, and more still, written during the Revolutionary War, showing that our hill people then bore their full share of the hardships of those times, and had that love of country which prompted them to leave all for its defence; but I will not take more of the time which can be better employed.

The President of the Association called upon gentlemen present with the following sentiments:

Liberty and Law—equally regarded by our fathers; the former can only be secured by the maintenance of the latter.

Responded to by S. O. Lamb, Esq., of Greenfield, in an eloquent speech.

The coadjutors of Capt. Rice in settling this town, and of his children in defending the institution they planted—among these, Joshua Hawks was one of the most conspicuous and self-sacrificing.

To this, Edward C. Hawks of Charlemont, one of his descendants, responded in brief, well-chosen remarks.

Silas N. Brooks of Bernardston, Seneca Arms of Troy, N. Y., and R. N. Oakman of Montague responded to appropriate sentiments. Brief speeches were made by Dr. Rice of Leverett, Warren Albee and Deacon Phinehas Field of Charlemont, D. O. Fisk of Shelburne and others.

The aged father of Orlando B. Potter, the donor of the monument, was introduced to the audience, as was also a daughter of Col. Asa White, eighty-eight years old. Thanks were voted to Mr. Potter, and to those who had contributed to the cabinet of the Association.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the audience, and the party marched back to the depot.

*Among the many antiquities presented for inspection, and this region is rich in valuable relics, was the manuscript of a sermon preached by Rev. Wm. Emerson of Boston, in 1736, written in such small, indistinct characters that we wonder how the gentleman ever followed

*As the articles have all, from time to time, been described and acknowledged in print, in subsequent reports detailed descriptions of donations to the Association at future meetings will be omitted. [EDITORS.]

his own notes. Miss Louisa Rice of Charlemont had in her possession four Bibles that Col. Hugh Maxwell carried in the Revolutionary army, a brass candle-stick taken at the defeat of Burgoyne's army, a button taken from a British officer's vest, a curious cup from the first crate of crockery ever brought to Charlemont. Warren Albee presented to the society a curious stone of the trap rock, which is not found in the vicinity, bearing the date of 1760, long before the locality where it was found was settled; and Dea. Phinehas Field contributed an Indian tomahawk, the "Key to Petersburg," as he called it, and a conglomeration of sea shells, brought by him from the mountains of Pennsylvania, deposited, he said, before the mountains were formed.

The following extract is from the president's appeal for the preservation of local stories:

"But we want, most of all, that the *history* of these relics should accompany every article, and that every one of those old stories should be put in *writing*. Memory is treacherous, and in this way only can they be secured to posterity. Bring in then these old mementoes before they are scattered and lost, and if you *won't* write the old stories, come and tell them to me when I can do it. In this matter, Dea. Phinehas Field has set a good example, handing in fifteen large foolscap pages, crammed with the very kind of matter we want to preserve; Indian stories, stories and facts of frontier life, incidents of personal adventure, etc.—details which, for lack of such record as this, would soon perish forever from the face of the earth. The *old men and women* in particular have a *duty* to perform in the same direction. If their eyes are dim, let them call upon some bright-eyed granddaughter or grandson to assist them."

STORIES, ANECDOTES AND LEGENDS.

COLLECTED AND WRITTEN DOWN BY DEACON PHINEHAS FIELD.

Presented to the Association, but not read at this meeting.

To George Sheldon, Esq., President of the P. V. M. A.:—

SIR:—In compliance with your request, I herewith furnish you with a record of such traditions as are distinct in my recollection, relating to the Indians and their depredations in our county; which, so far as I am informed, have never before been a matter of record.

Respectfully yours,

PHINEHAS FIELD.

East Charlemont, August 2, 1871.

KING PHILIP'S WINTER QUARTERS—1675-6.

This was at the neck of land, jutting out from the plain, at the north

end of Bennett's meadow, on the west side of Connecticut River, in a valley about twenty rods from the ferry and very near the traveled road. This point of land rises abruptly from the meadow some twenty feet and contains, by estimation, half an acre of level land on the top, and is connected with the plain by a narrow neck, which was fortified by a ditch and bank; on which, until within a few years, stood a large white-pine tree. This ancient tree was burned down by some vandal by building a fire in the hollow of its huge trunk, and there it lies unto this day.

GOING AFTER THE COWS.

Benjamin Wright of Northfield street, Aug. 11, 1746, (for date see records) rode on horseback down the road that runs west of the Dry Swamp lot to his pasture, to fetch the cows. He let down the bars without dismounting, when he was shot through the body by an Indian who was lying in ambush. He did not fall from the horse, but started for home, supporting himself by laying his gun across the pommel of of his saddle. In this position he was seen just as he had gained the street, steadying himself with difficulty. He was carried into the house of Seth Field, Esq., where he died during the night, while sitting in an arm-chair, as he had been unable to lie down. The next morning, Indian tracks were discovered in front of the house, in the road, indicating that they had been on the watch to learn the result of their stealthy work, and at the time of the burial of this young man, a number of Indians gathered on the top of Round Knob, whence they could see the funeral procession as it passed from the meeting-house to the burying-ground. (Round Knob is about one mile east from the street, and directly under Round Mountain).

A SCARE.

While the people of Northfield lived at the fort opposite to where Timothy Field now lives, in the month of October, one of the men signified his intention of going on a deer hunt. When Saturday came, he hesitated, as signs of Indians had been discovered. When rallied on being afraid of Indians he no longer hesitated. He took the road east, opposite the fort, the highway then being ten rods wide, and the road ran near the south side of it. He presently discovered about four hundred Indians lying in a small hollow, within six rods of the road. This hollow was lined with button-bushes, and held water most of the summer, but was then dry. (It was on what is now the second six by twelve rods lot, afterwards set off from the highway, and was filled up by Dr. Charles Blake, about 1815.) The whole band, seeing that they were discovered, arose and fired upon him, but he gained the fort unharmed.

NARROW DODGING.

The Indians rushed up to the log-fence, on the east side of the street, from behind which they, for a while, kept up a rapid fire. One man at the fort said he would "give them one gun"; so getting behind the wheel of a cart that stood abreast of the fort, he sought his opportunity, and, while the bullets rattled among the spokes, he discharged his piece, and then hurried for the fort. Just as he was entering the gate, he fell headlong. He soon scrambled up, and on being rallied for being shot in the rear, said he fell by tripping his toes, but he kept feeling the seat of his moose-skin breeches as though a bumble-bee had stung him there.

The enemy, finding they were foiled in their plans (which were to storm the fort after the men should have gone to the meadows to gather corn), soon retired from the attack.

ZEBADIAH STEBBINS AND REUBEN WRIGHT.

I must give a different account of this adventure from that narrated in "Hoyt's Indian Wars," page 284.

Stebbins and Wright were near neighbors and lived on the east side of Northfield street, a little south of the old meeting-house.

On the preceding evening, they agreed to accompany each other to Hinsdale and to start early the next morning. Stebbins was considered a somewhat tardy man, while Wright was the reverse and noted as a furious rider, and would never break his horse from the gallop, when with flint and steel he lit his pipe. On this occasion, Stebbins came up before Wright was in readiness, and all the way to Hinsdale appeared to be in a hurry, taking the lead.

Before they reached the place aimed at, "they came pat upon three Indians," who were creeping across the road towards a man and two boys who were at work taking up oats in a field near at hand. The Indians arose and fired at Wright, he only having a gun. One of the bullets lodged in the fleshy part of his arm, midway between the shoulder and the elbow. He tried to return the fire, but could not elevate his gun with the wounded arm.

They immediately wheeled about and rode rapidly towards Northfield; meanwhile, the man and boys made good their escape from the oat field. After riding a short distance, Stebbins took Wright's gun and said, he "would give them one shot." He selected his ground, and hitched his horse in the wood. Presently he saw the head of an Indian as he was ascending a swell in the road, who appeared to be looking down for marks of blood; and waiting till he could see as low as the breast, took good aim and fired. He saw the Indian leap into

the air and fall backward. They made quick time to Northfield, and soon a company of men returned to the scene of action. All the discovery made was a pool of blood where that Indian fell.

I well remember Reuben Wright. He was carried to the grave with that bullet in his arm.

RATTLESNAKE'S DEN, NORTHFIELD.

On the Gulf road, half-way up the mountain, is what is known as Cold Spring ; on the brow of the steep hill east of this is what is called "Rattlesnake's Den." In the olden times, "Uncle 'Nezer" (my grandfather's brother) was wont to go in late autumn and early spring, on sunny days, to hunt the reptiles,—while they were basking in the sun, before they "dennd" for the winter, or before they dispersed for the summer. "Uncle 'Nezer" was a sort of "medicine man" and held the gall and oil of the rattlesnake in high estimation. The den is composed of a number of fissures in the rocks, that blow cold in summer, and hot in winter. The current is so strong that a dried leaf is carried off by it, and so warm in winter that no snow can lie unmelted near these openings. My father, in a cold winter day, once while sledging wood, resorted to this place to warm himself, but the atmosphere soon produced faintness.

INDIAN LEGEND.

An evil spirit has his abode deep down in the ground in this place, and these fissures are his breathing holes. Long ago, he foamed and bellowed so, in his deep cavern, that he shook the whole mountain, and large rocks were thrown into the air. This monster has been quiet, so I am informed, since I first knew his dwelling-place.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

Uncle Toby's Park is located between Sunderland and Leverett.

An evil spirit once had his abode there who was a "man-eater" and devoured many Indians. So they held a pow-wow, and raised Hobmock, who gave vigorous chase to the devourer of the red men. He chased him to the mountains, from whence he started for the river by flying, but was so closely pursued that he could not reach the river, but sank into the earth on the plain that lies north of the brook and west of the road, north of Sunderland street. The place where this monster disappeared showed a depression in the ground some six or eight inches deep, in shape somewhat like a man with outstretched limbs. No weeds or grass were known to grow in that spot until the Indians had left the region. A few rods east of this spot on the plain,

my father in his boyhood was shown the white oak tree, touched by the toe of the man-eater in his descent, on which there never afterward grew a straight limb.

THE GREAT BEAVER,

Whose pond flowed over the whole basin north of Mt. Tom, made havoc among the fish and when these failed he would come ashore and devour Indians. A pow-wow was held and Hobmock raised, who came to their relief. With a great stake in hand, he waded the river until he found the beaver, and so hotly chased him that he sought to escape by digging into the ground. Hobmock saw his plan and his whereabouts, and with his great stake jammed the beaver's head off. The earth over the beaver's head we call Sugarloaf, his body lies just north of it.

THE INDIAN TRAIL

From Pocumtuck to the Hoosac Valley crossed Deerfield River just above Cold River in Charlemont.

Near the junction of these rivers on the south-west side, is a small flat or meadow where the Indians had a halting-place; where several articles have been picked up that were manufactured by, or belonged to the Indians. Among them two metallic spoons, the bowls of which were round like soup ladles. From this place the trail led over the hill south, east of where Dexter Hawks now lives, to what is known as the Indian Spring. Near this spring, Mr. Hawks informs me there stood, since his recollection, a huge oak tree which bore marks of having been much used as a target while the savages were halting there.

The spring is at the foot of the mountain and about twenty rods west of the house where Chillingsworth Crosby lived a few years since. The mountain at this place ascends to the north and has once been cleared for about a third of the way to the summit, but is now covered with a thick growth of wood. The trail may be discovered and easily followed after entering the primitive forest, to the top of the mountain, from which point the two rivers may be seen.

I followed the trail thus far last April, on my 75th birthday, "solitary and alone." I intend revisiting it in the autumn, after the leaves have fallen, and see what further can now be traced along the back bone of the mountain, where the old path led.

Possibly I may find the bones of that ox which slipped from the path down a steep ledge—and was killed. Mr. Hawks informs me that he saw the bones there about thirty years since. This was one of a drove of cattle sent to provision a Fort in the time of the French war.

A WINTER'S PICNIC—PERILS AND PLEASURES OF VISITING LONG AGO.

[Written by Miss Lucretia White, an octogenarian.]

In those early days the difficulties of communication were so much greater than at present, that it is difficult to realize their existence. Their love of friends was certainly equal to ours, and the labor requisite to reach them as cheerfully borne. My parents, residing in Heath, made annual visits to Bennington, to visit my maternal grandmother, widowed and advanced in years. In one of those tours they were accompanied by Mr. Jonathan Taylor* and wife. He was known in my childhood as *old* Mr. Jonathan Taylor, as he had a son with him of the same name who also had a family. They had a comfortable journey to their friends; a joyful visit with them; and then commenced their homeward route with presents for their children, and stores purchased for family use, as was their usual practice whenever they visited large places.

They started very early, as was their wont, hoping to make the forty miles journey in a day. Soon after they left Bennington it began to storm; the snow fell so fast as greatly to impede their progress, and before the ascent of the mountain was completed, or any inhabited dwelling reached, they came to a stand. Not but they might have proceeded a little further, as they were there met by four teams from the east heavily loaded with hay, destined for Bennington market. But no prospect of getting to inhabitants was held out.

Several teams had followed them up from the west side, making twenty horses in all, and I think as many human beings. A consultation was held resulting in a conclusion to keep together through the night; of course to remain where they were, or near the spot and make their condition as comfortable as they could.

They were near a deserted log-house, of pretty good dimensions, having two rooms, in one of which was a fireplace, without chimney, but with an opening overhead, through which the smoke might escape.

Of this hut they took possession; shovels and axes were, of course, part of the traveling gear. From the forest around them, they procured fuel, selecting what would most readily take fire; nor had they any difficulty in this respect, though lucifer matches had not then appeared, and tinder-boxes they had neglected to bring. My father, in his journeyings in winter, carried his fire ready made. A light iron kettle, holding about six quarts formed his portable fire-place. A supply of bark, kept on hand for the purpose, furnished material for his fire. Very convenient now they found their diminutive apparatus,

* Mr. Taylor died in Heath, February 22, 1800; Jonathan, Jr., was married February 2, 1789.—EDITOR.

as, by its aid, a tremendous large one was shortly roaring in the old hut. The room without fire was assigned to the horses, and the warmed one to the portion of humanity there assembled. The loads of hay put them at their ease about their brute fellow-travelers; and they found, on examining their collected boxes and baskets, a liberal allowance of cold meats, bread, butter, cheese, doughnuts and pies; but how to satisfy their thirst was an unsolved problem, except by using snow. Used as they were to warm drinks, and needing them as they must after their exposure to cold and storm—such a course would by no means be satisfactory. Among the purchases brought from Bennington were quantities of sugar and tea; then there was that kettle from which the fire was taken—the women certainly knew how to put that in order; so when cleaned, it was filled with snow, and so filled again until full of water, into which a liberal quantity of tea was poured.

There remaining the difficulty of getting the heated fluid from the kettle to the lips, it was called to mind that among the presents for the children were quite a number of curious little squash shells; these, if not already fitted for cups, were easily prepared, and with improvised spoons, each one dipped his shell into the boiling liquid. Such a picnic, and such a cup of tea never came to them but once, and that once. The storm was howling frightfully around them; they were snowed in, or rather snowed *out* from every living creature but themselves.

I have only to add that the Heath travelers reached their home in safety, the third day.

MYSTICAL STONE.

1760—VIII^L—8 H.

This stone with these figures and letters, and a small hole drilled in one end, was presented to the P. V. M. Association by Warren Albee of Charlemont. It was found by him in 1852 lying an inch or two beneath the surface of the ground under a stone wall, which he was removing preparatory to building a house.

Aaron Gould learned the tanner's trade with Dea. Gray of Pelham, and early in the settlement of Charlemont, built a tannery a few rods west of where the stone was found. The neighborhood was called Gould Hollow; it is a plateau between two mountains. Capt. James Parker, a shoemaker by trade, early settled about 100 rods south of the tannery, and though often there, said he never saw this stone until after its discovery as above. I received the above statements from Mr. Albee.

More stories from the grist of Dea. Field will be given in a future chapter.

THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING—1872.

REPORT.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association held its annual meeting at Deerfield, Tuesday, Feb. 27. This infant society has already attained a growth that assures the successful prosecution of the objects proposed by the founders. People who had not previously troubled themselves about antiquarian matters and our local history, are becoming interested in the work and are contributing many valuable relics to the cabinets of the Association. There appears to be no end to the antique curiosities that have been handed down from generation to generation, in the families of this old valley, and when the Memorial Hall shall have been built, and there is a secure place for their deposit and exhibition, a collection will be gathered of surpassing value.* Although the funds of the Association show a steady and healthy increase, it will take some years to roll up a sufficient sum to erect the proposed building, and it is earnestly hoped by the friends of the cause that some benevolent minded individual or individuals, who may be blessed with means, will give the Association a substantial lift to help them along in the good work. It is not the present generation alone that is to be benefited, but those who are to come will thank and bless the efforts to place in their hands the enduring history of this valley, where were enacted some of the most tragic scenes of the early settlements.

In the forenoon of Tuesday, the earnest workers of the Association gathered at Dr. Crawford's church, although the hour of meeting was appointed in the afternoon. They came from Charlemont, Whately, Greenfield, Northfield, Leverett and other towns, and all with something to tell that would add to the stock of historical information that is being picked up from the different quarters of the county. One good lady, the wife of Dr. David Rice of Leverett, had come all the way in an open sleigh that bitter cold morning to bring a rich store of relics she had collected. Others brought in old manuscripts—wills, deeds, sermons, etc., that had been treasured for centuries.

*The visitor at the Hall to-day will note how abundantly this prediction has been verified. —EDITOR.

This is the way in which William Scott commenced his will in 1716:

"In the name of God Amen

The fifteenth day of February in the III^d year of his Majesty's reign Anno Domini 1716-17, I William Scott of Hatfield, in the County of Hampshire in his Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, being weakly of body and crazy of constitution but of perfect mind and memory, Thanks be given to God therefor, calling to mind the mortality of my body, and knowing that it is appointed to all men to dye do make and ordain this my last will and testament, that is to say principally and first of all, give and recommend my soul into the hands of God who gave it, and my body I recommend to the earth, to be buried in decent Christian burial att the Discretion of My executor herein named, Nothing doubting but at the Gen'l Resurrection I shall receive the same again by the Mighty power of God."

The afternoon session was presided over by Vice-President James M. Crafts of Whately. The secretary's report spoke very encouragingly of the affairs of the Association. It now numbers seventy-six members—thirty life members and two life councilors. One member, E. W. Russell of Greedfield, had died within the year, twenty-five members had joined—nine life members and two life councilors. The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of \$940.24. The funds of the Association are deposited in the Savings Bank. By vote of the Association, Mrs. Edward W. Stebbins was made a life councilor, having paid \$100 into the treasury. The choice of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, George Sheldon; vice-presidents, James M. Crafts of Whately, Roger H. Leavitt of Charlemont; corresponding secretary, Robert Crawford, D. D., of Deerfield; recording secretary and treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield; councilors, J. Johnson, L. W. Rice, and Fred. Hawks of Greenfield, Rev. E. Buckingham, Mrs. Lydia A. Stebbins, and Mrs. Edward A. Hawks of Deerfield, Moses Stebbins of South Deertfield, D. O. Fisk of Shelburne, Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, Mrs. Henrietta Clapp Rice of Leverett, Phinehas Field of Charlemont, Aaron Arms of Bellows Falls, Vt., A. C. Parsons of Northfield, J. D. Canning of Gill.

Jona. Johnson of Greenfield and Dea. Phinehas Field of Charlemont were appointed by the council, at a recent meeting, to prepare a county map, restoring, as far as possible, the Indian names to rivers, mountains and localities. They have associated with themselves J. H. Sears of Charlemont, a practical engineer and surveyor, and have already perfected an outline map that is highly creditable to the committee, and goes far to carry out the object proposed, although other names are to be added from time to time as required. This map was

explained, in a graphic, intelligent way, by Mr. Johnson. These old Indian names are full of beauty and meaning, and if the "ancients" of the Association could have their way about it, would be restored where they belong. Mr. Johnson was followed by Dea. Field, who proposed that the next field-meeting be held at Northfield, his native place, upon the occasion of the dedication of the Dickinson monument.

Richard E. Field of Charlemont read a paper on historical matters, and related some appropriate stories. Rev. Mr. Watson of Leverett was next called upon and responded very happily. He was born on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee—Smiles of the great Spirit—and related many facts of interest connected with that region. Representative Slater of Tillingham, being present, was called up, as were also Representatives Anderson of Shelburne and Crafts of Whately. Jarvis B. Bardwell of Shelburne Falls told in his best style some of his old stories. Col. Leavitt referred to the first survey for a tunnel through Hoosac Mountain, which was under the direction of Col. Elihu Hoyt, one of the State Commissioners, in 1825, and for a proposed canal from Boston Harbor to the Hudson River.

A paper by President Sheldon on the Early Settlers of Deerfield, printed elsewhere, ended the afternoon session and the people betook themselves to the Town Hall, where a collation was served by the ladies of Deerfield, under the direction of John H. Stebbins, who is entitled to no little credit for the way in which his part of the program was carried out. There was some commotion in the Hall when there suddenly appeared in its midst three ladies and a gentleman in costume of a hundred years ago. These representatives of the past were given seats on the speakers' stand and calmly took snuff through the exercises of the evening. A choir, under the leadership of Austin I. Billings of South Deerfield, enlivened the occasion with many songs and hymns rendered in the olden style. Nathaniel Hitchcock read a description of the opening of an Indian grave last summer, on the home lot of President Sheldon, and sketched the life of the Indians here when it was dug, over two hundred years ago. Bits of bark from the coffin were exhibited to the audience.

This was followed by a historical paper by Miss C. Alice Baker, after which with votes of thanks to the Committee of arrangements, the choir and the speakers, the meeting was dismissed.

The President announced as a Committee to confer with the Committee of citizens of Northfield relative to the Field Meeting for 1872: Hon. A. C. Parsons and Ezra L. Holton of Northfield, Geo. A. Arms and Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield, Hon. Geo. Sheldon and Dr. R. N. Porter of Deerfield; and as special Committees for the towns in which they reside: Hon. R. H. Leavitt and J. H. Sears of Charlemont,

Geo. W. Sanderson of Amherst, Dr. William Dwight of Bernardston, Hon. George D. Crittenden of Buckland, J. D. Canning of Gill, Rev. J. P. Watson and Mrs. H. C. Rice of Leverett, S. D. Bardwell and Lafayette Anderson of Shelburne, Seth B. Crafts and C. G. Crafts of Whately.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE SETTLERS AT PO-CUMTUCK BEFORE PHILIP'S WAR.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

ALLEN, JOHN—Son of Samuel the immigrant, who came from County Essex, England, in 1632. He m., Dec. 16, 1669, Mary, dau. of William Hannum of Nhn.; was one of Capt. Lothrop's teamsters, and fell with him and the "Flower of Essex," Sept. 18, 1675. His sons Samuel and John settled in Conn., where they left a large posterity; Joseph, another son, lived on the Willard lot, where was born his son Joseph, the father of the noted Ethan Allen.

BARNARD, FRANCIS—Born in England in 1617; of Hartford, 1644; a first settler of Hadley 1659, and of Deerfield 1673; he m., before Aug. 15, 1644, Hannah Marvin; (2) Aug. 21, 1677, Frances, dau. of Nathaniel Foote, wid. of John Dickinson. His son John was killed with Lothrop, and he returned to Hadley, where he died Feb. 3, 1698. He was the ancestor of all the Conn. Valley Barnards.

BARSHAM, PHILIP—Came from Hatfield about 1672. He was killed with Lothrop, leaving a wid. Sarah, with children. Nothing more has been found about this family.

BARTHOLOMEW, WILLIAM—Son of William, the immigrant, born 1641; came here from Roxbury, and settled on the lot now owned by James Stebbins; was a carpenter and millwright; was of Hatfield in 1678, a petitioner to the Gen. Court, for aid in resettling Pocumtuck; not being successful in this, he removed in 1679 to Branford, Conn., where he built a grist mill and a saw mill for the town. He sold his lot here in 1685 to Daniel Belding, and it became the scene of bloody tragedies in later wars. He removed to Woodstock in 1687, and built mills for that town; was a prominent man of his day; he d. at Woodstock in 1697. He m., Dec. 17, 1663, Mary, dau. of the famous Capt. Isaac Johnson, who was killed in the Narragansett fight, Dec. 19, 1675. They left a large family.

CARTER, JOSHUA—Son of Joshua of Dorchester, Windsor and Hartford, b. March, 1638; he m., Nov. 22, 1663, Mary, dau. of Zechariah Field of Nhn., and later of Deerfield. He settled here on the lot now owned by William Sheldon; was constable 1674; was killed with Lothrop at Bloody Brook; his four children drifted to Conn.

CRAFTS, MOSES—Son of Griffin, of Roxbury, b. 1641; he was tavern keeper in 1674; was of Hatfield 1678; later he was of Branford, Conn., and of Wethersfield in 1682, where he was living in 1702. He m., June 24, 1667, Rebecca, dau. of Peter Gardner of Roxbury. No subsequent history of his five children has been found.

DANIELS, SAMUEL—Of Watertown 1652; lived on the Ware lot 1673; ancestry not ascertained, and nothing known of subsequent history.

FARRINGTON, JOHN—One of the few Dedham men who came to occupy their share of the 8000 acre grant, settled on the lot now owned by C. A. Stebbins; returned to Dedham, where he died in 1676. He m. in 1649, Mary Bullard of Dedham.

FIELD, ZECHERIAH—Son of Zechariah, the immigrant; b. 1645, probably in Hartford; he died here in 1674. He m., Dec. 17, 1668, Sarah, dau. of John Webb, of Nhn. They had four children. The distinguished family to which Cyrus Field and his brothers belong are their descendants. The widow married in 1677, Robert Price, and was killed Feb. 29, 1704. Elizabeth Price, one of their daughters, m. Andrew Stephens, an Indian—the only case of the intermarriage of the two races I have found in this valley.

FRARY, SAMSON—Son of John of Dedham and Medfield, was of Hatfield in 1668, and here before 1671, being one of the very earliest settlers. The old house built before 1698, now standing south of the Pocumtuck House, is on the ground allotted him in 1671; he m., June 14, 1660, Mary Daniels of Dedham; was killed Feb. 29, 1704.

GILLETT, JOSEPH—Son of Jonathan, b. 1641. Settled on the Dr. Willard lot, which his heirs sold in 1694 to Samuel Carter; he m., Nov. 24, 1664, Elizabeth, dau. of John Hawks of Hadley; was killed with Capt. Lothrop at Bloody Brook. They had seven children. The last trace of this family disappeared at Hatfield many years ago.

HARRINGTON, SAMUEL—Here in 1673; was wounded in the attack on Pocumtuck, Sept. 12, 1675. He m., March 17, 1677, Hannah, dau. of John Plimpton, wid. of Nathaniel Sutlief, who was killed with Capt. Turner at Peskeompsakut, May 19, 1676. Nothing has been found of his antecedent or subsequent history.

HENSDALL, NOW HINSDALE, ROBERT—A born pioneer. He was a settler and founder of the towns and the churches of Dedham and of Medfield; was of Hadley in 1672; was soon after here with five stalwart sons, Barnabas, Samuel, Experience, John and Ephraim; was an original proprietor in the 8000 acre grant; he married Ann, prob. dau. of Peter Woodward of Dedham, and (2) about 1668, Elizabeth, wid. of John Hawks of Hadley. Robert and his sons Barnabas, Samuel and

John were killed with Lothrop at Bloody Brook. Samuel was our first settler; he left a family, and was the ancestor of those bearing the name in the Conn. Valley. *Experience* was a guide for the expedition to the Peskeompskut Falls, May 18, 1676; was lost with Capt. Turner. *Ephraim* retired to Hatfield, where he died Aug. 20, 1680.

MATHER, SAMUEL—Son of Timothy of Dorchester, b. Sept. 5, 1651; was grandson of Richard, the immigrant, and cousin-german to the famous Cotton Mather; was of Harvard College, 1671. A volume of his sermons is in our library. He came here as minister about 1672; in 1680 was of Branford, Conn.; and settled minister at Windsor in 1684, where he died, March 18, 1728. His wife was Hannah, dau. of Gov. Robert Treat of Conn.

PIXLEY, WILLIAM—Here in 1674; probably the same who was at Hadley, where he m. Sarah Lawrence, in 1663; of Nhn., 1669; of Westfield, 1681, where he died, 1684.

PLYMPTON, JOHN—Sergt. of Dedham, 1642; came here from Medfield before Nov. 7, 1673; was taken captive here in the Ashpelon raid, Sept. 19, 1677, and burnt at the stake in Canada. He m., Mch. 3, 1644, Jane Dummer, b. in England, 1628, dau. of Richard, the immigrant; they had 13 chil., but none of the name remained hereabouts; their son Jonathan was killed at Bloody Brook, with Lothrop.

STOCKWELL, QUENTIN—Of Dedham, 1660; was a settler here in 1674, living on the lot where the Orthodox parsonage stands, where he boarded the young minister, Mr. Mather; was taken captive with Sergt. Plympton, in 1677, but more fortunate than he, was redeemed the next year by Benjamin Wait and Stephen Jennings. A narrative of his experiences while in the hands of the Indians was published soon after his return; was of Branford, 1679, and of Suffield, 1709. He m. Abigail, probably dau. of John Bullard of Dedham; she died May 5, 1734.

SUTLIEFF (or SUTLY) NATHANIEL—Was of Medfield in 1668; a settler here in 1673, on the Col. Asa Stebbins lot; was killed with Capt. Turner at the Falls fight, May 19, 1676. He m., Jan. 31, 1665, Hannah, dau. of Sergt. Plympton; she m. (2), 1677, Samuel Harrington; their children went to Conn.

SMEAD, WILLIAM—Son of Wid. Judith of Dorchester, b. 1635; was of Nhn., 1660; in 1673, he bought the lot where the old Smead house is still standing. He returned after the war and became a permanent settler. He m., Dec. 31, 1658, Elisabeth, dau. of Thomas Lawrence of Hingham; she was killed Feb. 29, 1704. Their son William was killed at Bloody Brook, 1675. Mr. Smead died before 1704, leaving a large family. All the Smeads in the land are his descendants.

SMITH, MARTIN—Was here in 1674; of Northampton, 1678; came back at the permanent settlement, 1682; was captured by Indians at Wapping, Oct. 13, 1693; was "new returned out of captivity," Dec., 1698; lost his life Feb. 29, 1704. He m., Dec. 25, 1684, Mary Phelps of Nhn., who died about 1692; (2) Sarah —, who was condemned for the murder of her illegitimate child, and executed at Springfield, Aug. 25, 1698. Parson Williams preached a sermon on the occasion.

TUFTS, JAMES—Son of Peter of Charlestown; was here in 1673, on the lot now owned by Mrs. Catherine E. B. Allen, afterwards the site of the first school-house; was killed with Lothrop at Bloody Brook.

WELD, DANIEL—Born Sept. 25, 1642; the first Recorder for Medfield; was here in 1673; settled on lot now owned by Elisha Wells; he m., June 8, 1664, Mary, dau. of Robert Hinsdale, and died Dec. 16, 1699. His dau. Mary, who had m. Daniel Alexander, was captured Feb. 29, 1704. The family drifted to Conn.

WELLER, RICHARD—Of Windsor in 1640; of Farmington, 1659; of Nhn., 1662; was here in 1673, and died about 1690. He m., Sept. 17, 1640, Ann Wilson; (2) June 22, 1662, Elizabeth (Abell), wid. of Henry Curtis of Nhn. Their son Thomas, born in 1653, was probably killed with Lothrop at Bloody Brook.

WELLER, JOHN—Son of the above, b. in 1645; m., Mch. 24, 1670, Mary, dau. of Alexander Alvord of Nhn. He lived, as perhaps did his parents, on the lot at the north end, now owned by the heirs of Richard Dickinson.

HISTORICAL PAPER.

BY C. ALICE BAKER OF CAMBRIDGE.

"The Independent Church," says a recent writer, "prepared the way for the Independent States, and an Independent Nation." The most superficial reader of history, in this pre-eminently secular generation, cannot ignore the fact that "The corner-stone of New England was laid in the cause of religion,"—nor can he fail to note how often the accidents of man were the providence of God in the settlement of our country.

When, to protect themselves against the lawlessness of a few of their number who were shuffled into their company at London, our forefathers signed the famous compact in the little cabin of their storm-racked vessel, they builded better than they knew. Magnificent as have been the consequences of that simple act, to estab-

lish a democracy in America was not the purpose whereunto the Mayflower was sent.

"What sought they thus afar?

* * * * *

They sought a faith's pure shrine."

Later, it was the religious zeal of "that worthy man of God," Mr. John White of Dorchester, England, and his fear lest the English fishermen on our inhospitable coast might lack the spiritual food so necessary for the salvation of their souls, that dispatched Roger Conant to Cape Ann, sent John Endicott to Salem, installed John Winthrop as governor, with the charter of Massachusetts at the Bay, and settled William Pynchon at Roxbury.

Their pious care to make plentiful provision of godly ministers for their plantation, sent over Mr. Skelton, Mr. Higginson, and Mr. Smith, and brought Eunice Williams's ancestor, John Warham, a famous Puritan Divine of Exeter, to Dorchester. Their devotion to religion and their willingness to suffer exile, for freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, brought Thomas Hooker, and Samuel Stone as pastor and teacher, to Cambridge. This, too, led John Cotton, when driven by threats of the infamous court of high commission from "the most stately parish church in England," St. Botolph's in Old Boston, to preach the gospel "within the mud walls, and under the thatched roof of the meeting-house in a rude New England hamlet," which in honor of his arrival took thenceforth the name of Boston.

The same religious fervor made the fathers of Massachusetts determine that the rights of citizenship, and offices of public trust, should belong "only to Christian men, ascertained to be such by the best test which they know how to apply,"—and however unwise, impracticable and unjust it would seem, in our day, to make the franchise dependent upon church membership, yet the bribery and corruptions witnessed in our elections, and the moral unfitness of many of our candidates, make us wish that "not birth, nor learning, nor skill in war alone might confer political power," but that to these we might add some test of personal character, of moral worth and goodness.

We need to remember amid the dissensions that are agitating the religious world of to-day, that the Puritanism of the fathers, which to us seems the extreme of conservatism, was really the radicalism of their time.

It is a curious study to trace the struggle between the old and the new, that began at the beginning and must endure to the end of time, as it is connected with the settlement of our State and through that with the history of our nation.

However they may have desired "to transfer themselves to the fertile valley of the Connecticut, from the less productive soil upon which they had sat down," and whatever other motives they may have alleged for their migration, it is easy to see that the same desire for greater civil and religious freedom that planted the first settlers at Plymouth Rock, and Massachusetts Bay, led to the removal of William Pynchon and his Roxbury neighbors to Springfield—of John Warham and his Dorchester flock to Windsor—of the Watertown church, with Henry Smith as their pastor, to Weathersfield, and of Hooker and Stone, with their congregations to Hartford.

Still later the radicalism of the majority of the Hartford church on the subject of baptism, extending to the church at Weathersfield, led to the settlement of Hadley by a small minority of the more conservative brethren of both parishes, under the leadership of Gov. Webster of Hartford and Mr. John Russell of Weathersfield.

Another lesson of peculiar significance to us, at the present period of our religious history, is given in the fact that amid all their differences our forefathers never lost sight of the common purpose and aim of their emigration, namely, "the advancement of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the enjoyment of the liberties of the Gospel, in unity with peace," whereto they bear noble testimony in the preamble to the articles of Confederation, signed by the four colonies, in 1643.

It could not be supposed that men professing "the propagation of the Gospel to be above all their aim in settling this plantation," could be long indifferent to the spiritual welfare of the savages around them. The conversion of the natives was early an object of their solicitude, but the obstacles were such as might have appalled the most enthusiastic zealot, and not until 1644 was the work begun in earnest.

John Eliot, destined to become the Apostle to the Indians, was, on quitting the University at Cambridge, England, assistant to Thomas Hooker, in a private school. Leaving his native country, for the same motives that impelled other Puritans at that time, and arriving, in 1631, at Boston, he there for a season supplied the pulpit

of the absent pastor, and later was appointed teacher of the newly organized church at Roxbury. The missionary spirit which prompted him to undertake the conversion of the Indians was greatly aided by his natural fondness for philological studies, in which he is said to have excelled at college. Employing his leisure hours in endeavoring to master the language of the natives, at length, in the autumn of 1644, he preached in a wigwam on Nonantum hill, his first sermon in the Indian tongue. Some authority seemed to be given soon after to his undertaking, by an order from the General Court to the County Courts "for the civilization of the Indians and their instruction in the worship of God."

The passage of such a decree was an easy task. What benevolence and fortitude, what faith, patience and courage were requisite to its execution, those who have read the life of Eliot know full well. From this time to the end of his long life, his labors for the Indians were unflagging. Having the good sense to see that they must be civilized before they could be christianized ("I find it absolutely necessary," he says, "to carry on civility with religion"), he wished to collect them in compact settlements of their own. To quote his own words, he "looked for some spot somewhat remote from the English, where the Word might be constantly taught, and government constantly exercised, means of good subsistence provided, encouragement for the industrious, means of instruction in letters, trades and labor."

About the year 1650, he found a suitable site at Natick, and the records of this period attest the pertinacity of his application to the General Court for the same, and its patient endeavors to satisfy his demands without interfering with the rights of those to whom these adjacent lands had already been granted.

The inhabitants of Dedham having signified their willingness to further the plantation at Natick by a tender of 2,000 acres of their land to the Indians, provided they lay down all claims in that town elsewhere, and set no traps in enclosed lands, the Court approving, in October, 1652, empowered Capt. Eleazur Lusher of Dedham, and others, to lay out meet bounds for the Indian plantation at Natick.

From this time, for several years, the records are occupied with the settlement of Natick bounds. Petitions from Dedham for relief from "affronts offered them by the Indians," and counter petitions from Mr. Eliot, "in behalf of the poor natives" concerning

the monopoly by the English of the best meadow and upland, and encroachments upon the Indian grant, show that the task of adjustment was a difficult one. In May, 1662, the Court "finding that the legal rights of Dedham cannot in justice be denied, yet such has been the encouragement of the Indians in the improvement thereof, the which added to their native right, which cannot in strict justice be utterly extinct, do therefore order that the Indians be not dispossessed of such lands as they are at present possessed of there, but that the same, with convenient accommodations for wood and timber and highways thereto, be set out and bounded by a committee appointed for that purpose, and that the damages thereby sustained by Dedham, together with charges sustained in suits about the same, be determined by the said committee, such allowance being made them out of Natick lands, or others yet lying in common as they shall judge equal." One of the committee appointed "being disabled by the providence of God," and the other utterly declining the work, the Court at its autumn session "being sensible of the great inconveniency that accrues to both English and Indians by the neglect of an issue to the controversy, elects others in their stead and orders that the work be issued within six weeks at the farthest."

June 16, 1663—"For a final issue of the case between Dedham and Natick, the court judgeth it meet to grant Dedham 8000 acres of land in any convenient place or places, not exceeding two, where it can be found free from former grants, provided Dedham accept of this offer." At a general meeting, Jan. 1, 1664, the town, as we learn from the Dedham records "having duly considered this proposition, their conclusion is about the 8000 acres, that the care of managing the same so as the town may have their ends answered, be left to the Selectmen now to be chosen," among whom were Ensign Daniel Fisher and Lieut. Joshua Fisher.

Sept. 21, 1664, John Fairbanks having informed the Selectmen that Goodman Prescott, "an auntient planter and publique spirited man of Lancaster," thinks it probable that a suitable tract of land is to be found at some distance from there, they depute Lieut. Fisher and Fairbanks to repair to Sudbury and Lancaster and report upon their return. An item here occurring of "9s. allowed Henry Wright for his horse for the journey to the Chestnut country, judging it well worth that," has reference, I suppose, to this expedition, and Nov. 6, 1664, the committee reported that the tract of land

whereof they had been informed was "already entered upon by several farms, and altogether unable to supply to them."

It is precisely at this point that the history of Deerfield begins. I follow the records:—"The Selectmen in further pursuance of this case concerning the 8000 acres above mentioned having heard of a considerable tract of good land that might be answerable to the town's expectation, about 10 or 12 miles from Hadley, * * * think it meete in behalf of the towne to provide that the 8000 acres be chosen and laid out to satisfie that grant, and that with all convenient speed, before any other grantee enter upon it and prevent us." Eight men or any four of them "whereof Lieut. Joshua Fisher is to be one," were appointed, "empowered and entreated to repayre to the place above mentioned, to choose and lay out the land according to their best discretion," each man being promised "100 acres of land in full satisfaction for his paynes, only to Lieut. Fisher as much more as the town shall ajudge to make the case equal." Further progress in the work was prevented by the coming on of winter, during which some unwillingness seems to have been shown by the committee to undertake the business on the terms offered by the Selectmen.

As appears from the record of March 20, 1665, the difficulty was amicably settled, when "upon further consideration of laying out the 8000 acres, Lieut. Fisher's peremptory demands being 300 acres, it is consented unto, provided he draw for the towne a true and sufficient plot of the tract, and Edward Richards, Anthony Fisher, Jr., and Timothy Dwight accept of the payment formerly tendered, namely, 150 acres each," providing also that if Timothy Dwight be unable to attend to the business himself, he agrees to furnish Sergt. Richard Ellis with a horse for the journey. A report of this committee with reference to an accompanying plot, certified and figured as "layd out by Joshua Fisher, May, 1665," proves that the work was accomplished without much delay.

The principle of Squatter Sovereignty by which men naturally at first possess themselves of lands in a new settlement is as naturally set aside by the first attempts at corporate government. The land was granted by the General Court in townships, without prescription as to the manner of its apportionment among the inhabitants, and though persons and property seem to have had some consideration in the distribution, no uniform rule was observed in the different towns.

Dedham, at the period of which I write, was occupied by two

classes of inhabitants—landed proprietors, and landless residents. All the lands of the township, at first held as common property, had been divided into 522 cow commons, a name based upon the number of cattle then running on the common pasture, and by a somewhat arbitrary rule, a certain number of these shares assigned to each proprietor, with the understanding that his rights in all future grants of land to the township of Dedham would be proportionate to his proprietorship there. In the actual division of the Pocumtuck grant, however, there are 523 cow commons, one more than in the Dedham property, a discrepancy as yet inexplicable.

After the allotment of the 750 acres promised to Lieut. Fisher and his three associates for their assistance in laying out the grant, the remainder was to be divided into cow commons. The surveyors doubtless selected their tract on their first expedition, and their choice was made with great sagacity. It included about 150 acres of the very best land in the north meadows, situated as from a careful comparison of allotments we are able to state with some certainty, in the region known as Pogue's Hole, the Neck and White Swamp.

It may be a satisfaction to property holders in that locality to note the advance in real estate since Dec. 10, 1665, when Timothy Dwight, on condition that a plantation is effectually settled at Pocumtuck, agrees to resign all claim to his 150 acres for £5—£2 in money and £3 in corn and cattell," and Lieut. Fisher makes a similar offer of his rights, for "£4 in cash and £6 in corn and cattell," the only time, I imagine, when 300 acres of good land in Old Deerfield could have been bought for about \$50.

In the records the surveyors' lands are spoken of as "Farms," to distinguish them from the cow commons of the other proprietors. On Jan. 22, 1666, it was voted "that each proprietor's land shall pay annually towards the maintenance of an Orthodox Minister there, 2^s for each cow common, whether the owner live there or at Dedham; and all others that hold any part of the 8000 in proportion upon any other account besides cow commons, shall pay proportionately upon such lands as shall be laid out for the accommodation of teaching church officers there," the last clause having reference to the Puritan custom of employing both a Pastor and a Teacher for the same church.

Any man unwilling or unable to pay his tax for the ministry, was empowered to sell his rights, at a price to be fixed by a majority of the proprietors, and in case no buyer could be found, the in-

habitants of Pocumtuck were to take his rights at that price, or free him from the aforesaid tax.

The bounds of the grant having been laid out in May, 1666, as I have said, the next thing to be done was the extinction of the Indian title by a nominal purchase of their lands. A nominal purchase, I say, because remembering how all the fertile river lands from Sutfield to Northfield were purchased from the Indians for a few great coats and some hundreds of fathoms of wampum, I cannot quite agree with Dr. Holland who declares that "all the land occupied by the settlers was *fairly* purchased of the natives."

Mr. Judd, in alluding to the fact that Penn's bargain with the Indians has been rendered famous by the historian and poet, says "it would be difficult to tell why Penn's purchase is more worthy of renown than the purchase of Indian lands in Hadley by John Pyncheon twenty years before." And with less partiality than the former writer, adds, "both bought as cheaply as they could."

I wish to cast no imputation on the general justice of the policy of the early settlers of Massachusetts towards the Indians. Still it is noticeable that the very records of their purchases make complacent mention of the "Indian title in [not to] the land," and I think we must admit that it was usually a bargain in which might made right, the simple wants and characteristic lack of foresight of the red man being no match for the ambition and shrewdness of the civilized white. Major John Pyncheon of Springfield, (worshipful John) in his double capacity of magistrate and trader, dealt largely with the Connecticut River Indians and effected nearly every important purchase from them. The Sachems of the valley kept a running account at Pyncheon's shop, buying from him wampum and other small merchandise of which they stood in need, and pledging their lands in payment.

He in turn transferred the Indian deeds to the white settlers, receiving from them money, corn, wheat and other standard articles of trade. The following items from Pyncheon's account book is a small part of the debt of Um-pa-cha-la, the Norwottuck Sachem, in payment of which he gave Pyncheon a deed of the town of Hadley: "1660, July 10, 2 coats, shag and wampum, 5£; Red shag cotton, knife, 7s. July 30 to September 14, wampum and 2 coats, 5£ 10s; a kettle, 1£ 5s; for your being drunk, 10s." Thus for the vice of drunkenness which the untaught Pagan had learned from our Christian civilization, we forced him to forfeit his home, and yet boast of the fairness of our dealings with him.

Major Pyncheon, acting in behalf of the Dedham proprietors, obtained from the Pocumtuck Indians four deeds of land. Three of these are extant.

The first, dated February 24th, 1665, is signed with his mark by Chaque, Sachem of Pocumtuck, who for good "and valuable considerations," transfers a large portion of the territory of his tribe to John Pyncheon for Major Eleazer Lusher, Ensign Daniel Fisher and other Englishmen of Dedham, agreeing to defend the same from any molestation from Indians, and reserving the right "of fishing in the waters and rivers, and free liberty to hunt deer and other wild creatures, and to gather walnuts, chestnuts and other nuts and things on the commons."

The second, dated June 16th, 1667, is from Mas-se-a-met, owner of certain lands at Pocumtuck, who in conveying them agreed to "save them harmless from all manner of claims."

By the third, dated July 22d, 1667, Alimumquat, alias Mequinitch, all of Pocumtuck, and his brother devise and sell both West-hatchowemesit and Tomholisick (we must look to our friends Deacon Field and Mr. Johnson for the location of this tract) "with all the trees, waters, profits and commoditys whatsoever, to the same parties to hold and enjoy and that forever." The prosecution of this business was the chief topic of interest at Dedham.

June 6th, 1667, after consideration of the case respecting Pocumtuck, "the brethren lately upon the place" are desired to report in public the next lecture day to the inhabitants of the town, and it is also resolved that the town "be made acquainted with the disbursements of the Worshipful Capt. Pyncheon in purchasing the Indian rights at Pocumtuck, who has already laid out about 40£ and is yet in prosecution of completing the work and by word and writing has expressed his desire to be reimbursed. The payment he desires is money, wheate and porke," and the town is to be requested "to remember and gratify his paynes."

October 2d, 1667, a rate was laid to pay Capt. Pyncheon the sum disbursed for Pocumtuck land, wherein 4s was assessed upon each cow common (reckoning 14 acres or thereabouts to each common) and an equal assessment acre for acre on the "farms" of the surveyors.

The list of proprietors at this time numbers 60 Dedham men.

The deeds meanwhile having been delivered to Eleazar Lusher, by whom they were deposited in Deacon Aldis's box—at a general meeting of the proprietors September 29th, 1669, 96£, 10s were

ordered raised to pay Capt. Pyncheon (the first assessment evidently not having been collected) by an assessment of 3s 4d on each cow common, the 750 acres constituting the farms of the surveyors being rated at 54 commons, showing thus an estimate of about 14 acres to a common.

This list contains the names of 84 proprietors, proving that the fever of speculation in Deerfield land was spreading in Dedham. Among several transfers of rights recorded, is the purchase of Anthony Fisher's 150 acres by Gov. Leverett, who sold it again to John Pyncheon "for £9 current money and several barrels of tar," in the manufacture of which Springfield was largely engaged. Also permission was granted in 1668 to Lieut. Fisher, to sell a part of his rights to John Stebbins of Northampton, ancestor of the Stebbins family of Deerfield.

On May 10th, 1670, a committee of the proprietors assembled to fix a time for drawing lots and settling proprietries at Pocumtuck, order notice to be given of a meeting of the proprietors for that purpose, at the meeting house in Dedham at seven o'clock in the morning of the 23d instant.

"The proprietors by grant or purchase" assembled according to appointment on the morning of May 23d, 1670. At this meeting a committee was chosen "to procure an artist on as moderate terms as may be" to lay out the lots at Pocumtuck to each proprietor.

Three Hadley men, as being more familiar with the locality than the Dedham committee, were "desired to direct the artist in the work abovesaid," and "empowered to order the situation of the town for the most conveniency, the whole tract, the quality of each sort of land and other accommodations considered." John Pyncheon was also "intreated to take time to visit the country and artist and give them such advice "as he shall judge most conduceable to the good of the plantation." It was also further agreed to proceed to draw lots and "prepare accordingly that in every division of lands of all sorts, the length of the lots shall runne easterlie and westerlie, and the beginning of laying out lots shall always be on the northerly side and make an end on the southerly side," and that no man should lay out more than twenty cow commons together in one place. The meadow lands only, were allotted in this drawing and a cow common represented three acres of land. The list of proprietors includes two women and contains in all thirtytwo names, among which are those of Samuel Hinsdale and Sampson Frary.

During the summer succeeding this allotment, the committee vis-

ited the grant and laid out the "town plat" which they divided into the same number of commons and lots as the meadows, a common being smaller, as the area set apart for their homesteads was, of course, much less than that reserved for tillage.

On May 14th, 1671, the drawing for house lots took place. On the 16th the committee made a detailed report to the town of Dedham, of all their proceedings, and a most interesting document it is. It shows us the lots fronting easterly and westerly on the street, the meadow roads at the north and south end, and a highway from the middle of the street east and west to the mountain and river, nearly as we see them to-day. The lots were numbered in regular order, No. 1 being at the north end on the west side, but as the area of each man's house lot was proportioned to the number of cow commons of which he was proprietor, they varied in extent from 1 acre 9 rods, to 7 acres 10 rods, and cannot be identified. Various circumstances lead to the conclusion that lot No. 13, drawn by John Stebbins, was situated where Samuel Wells now lives.

The first and second divisions of the meadows were defined as they still appear, though we no longer recognize a curious distinction (borrowed doubtless from their salt marshes around Dedham) which they made between the lower lands on the river, called by them the meadows, and "the more higher sort of lands" called "Intervale or plow lands." The report also furnishes the clearest evidence that the country surrounding the meadows (the east and west mountains, from Long Hill south and from Cheapside hills north) was densely wooded, which is contrary to tradition.

It must not be supposed that Deerfield was settled by a colony from Dedham, as Windsor had been from Dorchester. The thirty-two names appearing on the list of original proprietors of Pocumtuck do not represent actual settlers.

Robert Hinsdale and his son Samuel, Sampson Frary, John Farrington and Samuel Daniels are the only Dedham men appearing among the thirty-two original proprietors of Pocumtuck, who ever became actual settlers in Deerfield. John Stebbins, a Northampton man, also on the list, settled here. The other Dedham proprietors sold out their rights.

Robert Hinsdale, his son Samuel, and Sampson Frary, were living in Hatfield just previous to the allotment of lands at Pocumtuck, May 23d, 1670, and very soon after that date the two latter took up their abode in Deerfield. The report to which I have al-

luded fixes these two men as the first settlers of Deerfield. In it the street is described as extending "from Eagle Brook on the south to the banke or falling ridge of land at Sampson Frary's cellar on the north," and permission is given to Samuel Hinsdale "to enjoy a percell of land on which at present he is resident, considering his expense on the same."

The third settler, Godfrey Nims, came from Northampton to Deerfield in 1670, living there "in a sort of a house where he had dug a hole or cellar in the side hill," south of Colonel Wilson's, till the allotment of the homesteads in 1671, when he built a house, on what lot is not known.

In 1672 the town of Hatfield, complaining that their north boundary was obstructed by the Pocumtuck line, it was accordingly established where it now is.

The same year Samuel Hinsdale petitioned the town of Dedham to appoint a committee of suitable persons to regulate the affairs of the new settlement. No heed being paid to this request, the petitioners renewed it the next year, urging their distress by reason of their remoteness from other plantations. Either directly or indirectly, through Dedham, their prayer was heard by the General Court, which in 1673, "in answer to the petition of Samuel Hinsdale, Sampson Frary, &c., allow the petitioners the liberty of a township," and grant them such an addition to the 8,000 acres, "as that the whole shall be seven miles square," with this among other provisions: "that an able, Orthodox minister be settled among them within three years," "and doe further empower Samuel Hinsdale with five men of Hatfield or Hadley, a committee to admit inhabitants, grant lands and order all their prudential affairs, until they shall be in a capacity by meet persons from among themselves, to manage their own affairs."

During the two succeeding years, 1673 and 1674, this committee was not idle. There were claims to be satisfied and disputes concerning land titles to be adjusted. Among other grants was one of "20 Akars of land and Allsoe a hoame lott, to Richard Weler and his heirs forever:—of a hoame lott, and Allsoe a twelve common Lott of 36 Akars to Sergeant Plimpton and his heirs forever:—and to Zebediah Williams a house lott of 4 Akars," on condition of their residing thereon for the space of four years from their first occupation. To Mr. Samuel Mather, the Dedham church lot was awarded "and an 8 common lotte more in the most convenient place—48 Akars in all," on the same condition, and in 1673 at the

early age of twenty-two, he began his labors as first minister of Deerfield. He had graduated two years before at Harvard and was a nephew of the distinguished Increase Mather and cousin to the more learned Cotton Mather.

In the fall of 1674, Moses Crafts, the ancestor of our 1st vice president and presiding officer, "was licensed to keep an Ordinary at Pocumtuck"—the word tavern or ale-house was offensive to our Puritan fathers—"and to sell wines and strong liquors for one year, provided he keep good order in his house."

Inhabitants came in gradually, men began to stub up their home lots, and the infant town, now known by the name of Deerfield from the number of those animals in its woodlands, seemed in a fair way to a prosperous growth.

The savages still hunted, fished and fowled in the woods and waters of Pocumtuck, maintaining entire friendliness towards the settlers. Often Goodwife Stockwell, cumbered with much care about the minister's dinner, would be startled at her work by the dusky shadow of some old squaw gliding in at her doorway to bring her a mat or a basket, expecting a few beans or some trifle in return; or the Indian hunter strode through the little village with a haunch of venison on his shoulder, to barter with Moses Crafts for tobacco or powder; or his young wife, with her bright-eyed papoose at her back, peered wonderingly in at the door of the little log meeting house, while the young divine poured forth his soul in prayer, and listened with pleased attention as the Psalms, deaconed out by old Robert Hinsdale, were sung to the fine old tunes of York or Windsor. So side by side, in peace, stood the wigwam of the savage and the cabin of the settler, in this valley, till the torch kindled at Swanzey by that "prime incendiary, Philip," as the historians of the time call him, set the whole country in flames. Driven from his throne at Mount Hope, the self-styled king, with a few followers, fled for aid and comfort to the country of the Nipmucks, or inland Indians, his subjects or allies.

A quaint writer says, with much gravity, that "about now, Philip began to need money, and having a coat made all of wampum, cut it in pieces and distributed it among the Nipmuck sachems;" whereupon Drake remarks that the coat must have been bigger than Doctor Johnson's, mentioned by Boswell, the side pockets of which were each large enough to contain a volume of his folio dictionary! Doubtless Philip's wampum and his wrongs were freely used as incentives to the war, but at this period the war was no

longer one of individuals or of tribes—it was a struggle of races for the possession of a continent; or rather, it was a war of the incarnated principles of barbarism resisting the encroachments of civilization, the last rally of Paganism against Christianity. Philip or no Philip, sooner or later, the contest was inevitable. In the Connecticut valley, the carnival of blood opened with the Sugar Loaf fight, in the autumn of 1675. The defection of the Pocumtuck Indians, with later events sadly familiar to us all, followed in quick succession. The bloodthirsty savage lurking in the forest, sped his bullet, with unerring aim, to the heart of the settler, as he plied his axe for his winter's fire; or creeping stealthily to the cabin whose occupants were wont to greet him with the cordial *netop*, he tore the babe from its mother's arms as she lulled it to rest, and with one blow of his tomahawk silenced its cries forever. "A distressing sense of instant danger" pervaded every breast. The churches everywhere were before the Lord with humiliation and prayer, and pious preachers admonished their flocks that their sufferings were directly chargeable to their sins. From the very midst of the alarm, Parson Stoddard writing to Increase Mather, at Boston, urges the need of a reformation. "Many sins," he says, "are grown so in fashion, that it is a question whether they be sins," and begs him to call the Governor's attention especially to "that intolerable pride in clothes and hair, and the toleration of so many taverns, especially in Boston, and suffering home dwellers to be tippling therein." "It would be a dreadful token of the displeasure of God," he adds, "if these afflictions pass away without much spiritual advantage." Mr. Mather, jotting down hastily for the printer the intelligence that comes post from Hadley, moralizes thus: "It is as if the Lord should say He hath a controversy with every plantation, and therefore all had need to repent and reform their ways." "This sore contending of God with us for our sins," writes John Pynchon to his absent son, "unthankfulness for former mercies and unfaithfulness under our precious enjoyments hath evidently demonstrated that He is very angry with this country, and hath given the heathen a large commission to destroy." And Minister Hubbard, from his Ipswich study, where rumors come flying in of the untimely cutting off of the flower of Essex by Indian hatchet, groans out, "God grant that by the fire of all these judgments, we may be purged from our dross and become a more refined people, as vessels fitted for our Master's use."

The inhabitants of Deerfield, warned by repeated attacks, had been driven from their homes and were huddled together in two or three houses, poorly protected by palisades and defended by a handful of soldiers. To the men, who with gun and sickle in hand went out to harvest the fruits of their summer's labor, the smoke from some distant chimney was a terror lest they should return to find the remnant of their little settlement in ashes. While as straggling bands of Indians on their murderous errand passed near the forts, the women watched and waited within, in an agony of fear, lest some beloved one might not return at nightfall. The noonday was thick with horrors, and a thousand phantoms of dread haunted the darkness and silence of midnight. The wind shrieked and groaned through the forest as if with premonition of impending disaster. To their frightened fancy the patter of the autumnal rain was the tramp of the approaching foe, and the rustle of the leaves as they sped before the September gale, the final rush of their savage assailants. Compelled at last to seek security and shelter for their families in the better protected settlements, the men of Deerfield reluctantly prepared to desert the homesteads they had won with much toil from the wilderness.

The last bag of wheat was at length filled, the golden corn lay heaped on the great ox carts, the feather beds and other treasures of thrifty housewifery carefully disposed atop, and the march for Hadley began. The feeling with which they saw the day breaking over the mountain, as they wended their way through the meadows on that ever memorable morning, (the 18th of September, 1675,) was, no doubt, one of mingled relief that the long suspense was ended and of resolute confidence that they should return in the spring to occupy the fields to which they now bade a regretful farewell. No foreshadowing of their awful fate seems to have rested on their hearts. Joyfully their households awaited them at Hadley—joy turned all too soon to bitter sorrow, when the few that escaped told there how the little stream, known before as Muddy Brook, had been baptized anew and consecrated forever with the blood of eighteen of the sturdy yeomanry of Pocumtuck and many a valiant soldier beside. Goodwife Hinsdale wept for her husband and three stalwart sons slain in the fight, and remembered with unavailing penitence, how the year before she had flouted his authority. Upon the ear of William Smead, mourning for his boy of fifteen, Mr. Mather's Latin *dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori*, fell unheeded; and vainly did brave Sergeant Plympton

strive to hush the wailing of his old wife Jane, for Jonathan, the staff of their declining years, now lost forever.

After the massacre at Muddy Brook the garrison was withdrawn from Deerfield, and the enemy soon laid in ashes all that remained of that hopeful plantation. Some brave spirits, however, still clung to the hope of resettlement. These, exasperated by the news, in the early summer of 1676, that the Indians not only had their rendezvous at the Great Falls where they were laying in large stores of fish for their next campaign, but were actually planting corn on the rich intervalles of Deerfield, gladly volunteered, under the heroic Turner, to dislodge them. By his defeat of the Indians at the Swanscott Falls, Philip's war, so called, was virtually ended. A few months later, the pallid hands of that once haughty chieftain were shown as a spectacle in the streets of Boston, and his ghastly head, set up on a pole in Plymouth, afforded the occasion for a public Thanksgiving; and the body of Weetamoo, his constant ally, more implacable in her resentment than even he had been, lay stranded by the ebbing tide, the once beauteous form now sodden and repulsive, the long hair, which the proud dame was wont to dress so carefully, all knotted with sea tangle, the features once so gaily adorned all begrimed with the ooze and slime of Taunton River.

The dispersion of their foes made the surviving settlers of Deerfield anxious to return there. The prospect of passing another winter with their families in the overcrowded dwellings of Hadley and Hatfield, was not agreeable to them, and they feared lest a union of the settlements might be effected, which would deprive them forever of their Pocumtuck heritage. Though the presence of prowling bands of Indians in the valley made any attempt at re-settlement hazardous, Quentin Stockwell would not be dissuaded from his purpose. Of Stockwell's previous history, I can learn but little, except that he was from Dedham, where I find his name on various tax lists, from 1663 to 1672, when he removed with his wife to Hatfield, and thence the next year to Deerfield, where the Rev. Mr. Mather found a quiet home with them. That he was a man of energy and courage, appears from his being the only Deerfield man who, in the autumn of 1676, dared begin to rebuild his ruined home. Driven from his work by the Indians, who burned his half finished house, he fled again, most probably to Hatfield, where, with other Deerfield people, he spent the winter. He was, however, far from content. The birth of his child made him

doubly anxious to shelter himself under his own roof-tree, and the next summer he succeeded in persuading old John Plympton, Benoni Stebbins, and one or two others, to return with him to Deerfield, where the former had already built himself a house, eighteen feet long, near the lot now owned by Mr. John Catlin. It was the morning of the 19th of September, 1677. A year had passed since the close of the war and the people of this valley, relieved of their apprehensions, were beginning to resume their usual occupations, when the shrill war-whoop rang through the frosty air, and a party of Indians, descending with fire and slaughter upon Hatfield, ran thence with seventeen captives, mostly women and children, towards Deerfield.

It was near sunset of one of those tranquil autumn days we all know so well. Nought of melancholy was in the song piped by a belated August cricket, and the striped snake crawled from his hole to bask in the sunshine as if he half believed summer had come again. The witch hazel threw into the lap of October a wealth of blossoms which June could never extort from her. A crown of gold, gemmed with opal and amethyst, rested on the brow of the western hills, the swamps were ablaze with the flame-colored sumachs. The mountain, already in shadow, seemed like some massive temple, where in stoles of scarlet and purple and gold, stood maple and oak and chestnut like cardinal, bishop and priest to offer a sacrament of peace. No sound in the woodlands, save now and then as a leaf rustled down softly and was silent, and the squirrels as they frolicked among the branches, ceased their chatter, startled by the echo of Quentin Stockwell's hammer as it was borne up from the valley. A light heart was in his bosom, for he thought how snugly his little family would be housed before winter set in, and faster fell the strokes as the sun declined. Near by sat little Samuel Russell, watching with delight the great chips as they fell from under John Root's axe, when suddenly with great shouting and shooting, the Indians came upon them. Dropping their tools and seizing their guns, the men fled towards the swamp, where Root was instantly shot, and Stockwell, after brave resistance, was at last overpowered and compelled to surrender or die.

"I was now by my own House," says Quentin, "which the Indians burnt the last year and I was about to build up again, and there I had some hopes to escape from them. There was a Horse just by which they bid me take, thereby I did so, but made no attempt to escape because the enemy was near, the beast was dull and slow,

and I in hopes they would send me to take my own Horses, which they did, but they were so frightened that I could not come near to them, and so fell still into the Enemies hands, who now took me, and bound me, and led me away, and soon was I brought into the company of Captives, that were that day brought away from Hatfield, which were about a mile off; and here methoughts was matter of joy and sorrow both, to see the Company; some Company in this condition being some refreshing, though little help any-ways." The prisoners were bound, and, as the night deepened, were led over the mountain "in dark and hideous wayes," the Indians as they travelled making "strange noises as of Wolves and Owles, and other Wild Beasts, to the end that they might not lose one another; and if followed they might not be discovered by the English."

After a march of about four miles they halted for an hour's rest "in a dismal piece of Wood on the East side of that Mountain. Were kept bound all that night."

"About the break of Day we Marched again and got over the great river at Pecumtuck River mouth, and there rested about two hours. There the Indians marked out upon Trays the number of their Captives and Slain as their manner is. Here was I again in great danger; A quarrel arose about me, whose Captive I was, for three took me. I thought I must be killed to end the controversy, so when they put it to me whose I was, I said three Indians took me, so they agreed to have all a share in me; and I had now three Masters, and he was my chief master who laid hands on me first, and thus was I fallen into the hands of the very worst of all the Company; as Ashpelon the Indian captain told me; which captain was all along very kind to me, and a great comfort to the English. In this place they gave us some Victuals which they had brought from the English. This morning also they sent ten Men forth to Town to bring away what they could find, some Provision, some Corn out of the Meadow they brought to us upon Horses which they had there taken. From hence we went up about the Falls, where we crossed that River again."

On this march says Stockwell "I fell right down lame of my old Wounds that I had in the War, and whilst I was thinking I should therefore be killed by the Indians, and what Death I should die, my pain was suddenly gone and I was much encouraged again."

As they recrossed the river at Peskeompskut Falls the Hatfield captives remembered with satisfaction how Benjamin Waite had piloted brave Turner to his great victory at this very spot; and a

gleam of hope cheered their hearts at the thought that he would not be less active in the pursuit of the foe who now bore his helpless wife and children into cruel captivity. Stockwell continues "We had about eleven horses in that Company, which the Indians made, to carry Burthens, and to carry Women. It was afternoon when we now crossed that river."

The party continued up the river to Northfield meadows where, says Quentin we "took up our Lodging in a dismal place, and were staked down and spread out on our backs; and so we lay all night, yea so we laid many nights. They told me their Law was, that we should lie so nine nights, and by that time, it was thought we should be out of our knowledge. The manner of staking down was thus: our Arms and Legs stretched out were staked fast down, and a Cord about our necks, so that could not stir no wayes. The first night of staking down being much tired I slept as comfortably as ever."

Their provisions being spent, the party halted here to hunt, but "the English army came out after us," says Stockwell, and dividing into many companies to elude pursuit they again crossed the river. About thirty miles above Northfield they re-crossed it to the west, and being quite out of fear of the English, lay there encamped about three weeks. On this last march Stockwell's three masters went off to hunt leaving him with only one Indian, who fell sick, so that as he says, "I was fain to carry his Gun and Hatchet, and had opportunity and had thought to have dispatched him, and run away, but did not, for that the English Captives had promised the contrary to one another, because if one should run away, that would provoke the Indians, and indanger the rest that could not run away." Life was dear to him, escape was easy, the thought of his child tempted him sorely to try it, but he remembered that if one should run away it would endanger the rest, and resisted. No knightlier deed was ever done. Not the dying Sidney putting aside the proffered cup of water from his fevered lips, more deserves our reverence, than Quentin Stockwell refusing liberty, and life for aught he knew, lest his gain might prove another's loss. While encamped here, Stockwell says "they had a great Dance, (as they call it) concluded to burn three of us and had got Bark to do it with, and as I understood afterwards, I was one that was to be burnt, Sergeant Plimpton another, and Benjamin Wait his wife the third: though I knew not which was to be burnt, yet I perceived some were designed thereunto, so much I understood of their language: that night I could not sleep for fear of next dayes work, the In-

dians being weary with that Dance, laid down to sleep, and slept soundly. The English were all loose, then I went out and brought in Wood, and mended the fire, and made a noise on purpose, but none awaked, I thought if any of the English would wake, we might kill them all sleeping, I removed out of the way all the Guns and Hatchets; but my heart failing me, I put all things where they were again. The next day when we were to be burnt, our Master and some others spake for us, and the Evil was prevented in this place." The tale is simply told, but no rhetoric could add to its pathos. The frightful orgies, whose dolor says an eye witness, "no pen though made of harpy's quill, could describe," the council fire and hellish pantomime by which Quentin understood that some were destined to the stake; the savage brutes at length satiated with rioting, heavy and stupid with sleep, their usual precautions forgotten; the lonely watcher, his soul racked with torturing anguish, meditating on the chances of escape, his desperate resolution to attempt it, and noisily replenishing the fire with the double purpose of testing the vigilance of his foes and the wakefulness of his friends, cautiously removing the weapons where they may be ready for his purpose, and then, as hope dies within his breast, as carefully replacing them with the despairing consciousness that failure would only hasten the captives' doom, with never once a thought of leaving them to their fate and seeking safety for himself in flight—all this is pictured with awful vividness.

At this period there was trouble between the Mohawks and the Christian Indians on account of the neglect of the latter to pay their customary tribute to the warlike lords of the Mohawk valley.

Six Mohawks, fully armed, had been seized while hunting near Boston and thrown into prison by the authorities there. A party of Mohawks with a scalp and two Natick squaws as captives, having passed through Hattfield on the very day before the assault upon that town, the opinion prevailed that it was made by them. Distracted with grief, Benjamin Waite, one of the bereaved husbands, hastened immediately to Albany to demand redress, but returned with the assurance that the New York Indians were innocent of the affair. A fortnight had elapsed since the capture, and the distressed people of Hattfield could learn nothing of the fate of their friends, when Benoni Stebbins having escaped from his captors, returned with definite information concerning them. His relation taken from his mouth by the Northampton postmaster, October 6th, 1667, is a curious document. He states that his captors

were "river Indians, Norwattucks, save only one Narragansett, twenty-six in all, eighteen fighting men, two squaws, the rest old men and boys; that they came from the French whither they had fled at the end of the war, and intended to return there again to sell the captives, having been incouradged that they should have eight pounds apiece for them;" they also gave Stebbins the comforting assurance that the French Indians intended "to come with them the next time, either in the spring or winter, if they had sueses this time." The party having encamped thirty miles above Northfield, as we have already seen by Stockwell's narration, a part of the company was sent to "Watchuset hills, to fetch away some Indians that had lived there through the war." Stebbins accompanied them, and having been sent out with two squaws and a mare to pick huckleberries, he says he "got upon the mare and rid till he tired the mare, and then run on foot and so escaped to Hadley, being two days and a half without vituals."

Wachusett hills as often spoken of by the historians of Philip's war, included a much wider geographic extent than in our day. The expedition alluded to is mentioned in Pynchon's letter which follows, as having been made to "Nashaway Ponds."

Simultaneously with the attack upon Hatfield, Wonaloneet, a Merrimac sagamore, always peaceable and friendly towards the English, a praying Indian, in whose wigwam Mr. Eliot often held meetings, was spirited away with some of his people, by Indians from Canada, and never permitted to return. It is quite possible that the detachment accompanied by Stebbins was sent to seek this very party. Intelligence of Stebbins's return was forwarded immediately to Major Pynchon at Springfield, who at once despatched the following letter to Albany, in the hope of inducing the Mohawks to undertake the recovery of the other captives.

"These for his honored friend Capt. Salisbury, Commander-in-Chiefe at ffort Albany—Hast, Post Hast, for his Majestie's special service.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 5, 1677.

Capt. Salisbury—

Worthy Sir:—

Yesterday morning I rec'd yo'r kind linis by Benj. Waite, whereby I understand yo'r sympathy with us in o'r sad disaster by ye Indians: and yo'r readiness in making greate Inquiries, and greate foirwardness to do what Possible lyes in you for us, w'ch I have abundant cause to ac-

knowledge, and do most thankfully accept * * * * and as to your opinion of the Maquas being free, and assuring me of their innocency, I do fully concur with you, having satisfaction fr'm what you wrote, and from Benj. Waite's relation. But to put it out of all doubt, God in His Providence hath sent us one of o'r captivated men, Benoni Stebbins by name, w'ch is ye occasion of these lines to yo'rself * * * * So desire ye to put ye Maquas upon Psueing their and our enemys, there being greate likelihood of their overtaking them. Benoni Stebbins came into Hadley last night in ye night, whose relation was sent to me, w'h being but an hour since I had it, I Psently resolved upon sending Post to you."

Then follows a minute account of the capture and flight toward Canada with Stebbins's escape. "He says," continues Pynchon, "that one of the Indians from Nashaway Ponds, seems to be a counsellor w'ch they have consulted much; and spoke of sending to the English, but at last resolved for Canada, yet talkt of making a forte a greate way up the river, and abiding there this winter, and also of carrying the captives and selling ym to ye French, which he concludes they resolved on, but make but slow passage, concludes it may be twenty days ere they get to ye lake * * *

In his postscript Pynchon adds: "Ben Wait is gone home, before the Intelligence came to me. He talkt of goeing to Canada before, and I suppose will rather be Forward to it now than Backward."

So good an opportunity for opening a correspondence with the New York Indians, with a view to their pacification and to the recovery of the captives was not neglected by our Government. The six Mohawks, released from prison, were sent home, bearing formal letters of apology for their seizure, with a demand for the Natick squaws, and a remonstrance against future depredations on the Christian Indians, together with diplomatic assurances of the "special respect" of Massachusetts for the Maquas.

The tidings of Stebbins' escape caused fear and trembling among the remaining captives. Stockwell was informed of it by Ashpelon, the captain of his party, who seems to have treated the English with the utmost kindness, and whose shrewd mediation saved them more than once from dreadful death.

He "told me," says Stockwell, "Stebbins was run away, and the Indians spake of burning us; some of only burning and biting off our Fingers by-and-by. He said there would be a Court, and all would speak their minds, but he would speak last, and would say,

that the Indian that let Stebbins run away, was only in fault, and so no hurt should be done us, fear not: and so it proved accordingly." A fortnight after the seizure of Stockwell and his friends, some of the same party fired the mill above Hadley, and being overpowered, were let go on condition of returning soon to treat for the release of their captives.

Stockwell says that Ashpelon was much for it, but the Sachems from Wachusett, when they came, were against it, yet were willing to meet the English, only to fall upon and destroy them. Ashpelon charged us not to speak a word of this, as mischief would come of it. While they lingered at this encampment, provisions became so scarce that one bear's foot had to serve five captives for a whole day's rations, and they began to kill their horses for food. At length resuming their journey, they reached a small river, about two hundred miles above Deerfield, by Stockwell's reckoning, where they separated into two companies. The division to which he was attached passed over "a mighty mountain," which they were eight days in crossing, though they "travelled very hard." They suffered greatly on this march. "Here I was frozen, and here again we were like to starve. All the Indians went a Hunting but could get nothing; divers dayes they Powwow'd but got nothing, then they desired the English to Pray, and confessed they could do nothing; they would have us Pray, and see what the Englishman's God could do. I Prayed, so did Sergeant Plimpton, in another place. The Indians reverently attended, Morning and Night; next day they got Bears: then they would needs have us desire a Blessing, return Thanks at Meals: after a while they grew weary of it, and the Sachim did forbid us. When I was frozen they were very cruel towards me, because I could not do as at other times. When we came to the Lake we were again sadly put to it for Provisions; we were fain to eat Touchwood fryed in Bears' Greace."

"At last," continues Quentin, "we found a company of Raccens, then we made a Feast; and the manner was, that we must eat all. I perceived there would be too much for one time, so one Indian that sat next to me, bid me slip away some to him under his Coat, and he would hide it for me till another time; this Indian as soon as he had got my Meat, stood up and made a Speech to the rest, and discovered me, so that the Indians were very angry, and gave me another piece, and gave me Raccoon's Grease to drink, which made me sick and Vomit. I told them I had enough; so that ever after that they would give me none but still tell me I had *Raccoon*

enough: so I suffered much, and being frozen was full of Pain, and could sleep but a little, yet must do my work." Having embarked upon the lake, a storm arose, but they succeeded in reaching an island, "and there they went to Powowing. The Powaw said that Benjamin Wait and another Man, was coming and that Storm was raised to cast them away. This afterwards appeared to be true, though then I believed it not."

Continued storms kept them cruising among the islands for about three weeks, during which time the Indians themselves were almost starved. Stockwell was days without food. The lake being now frozen, they went upon it with little sleds, upon which they drew their loads. Faint with hunger and pain, after repeated falls upon the ice, "I was so spent," continues the narrator, "I had not strength to rise again, but I crept to a tree that lay along, and got upon it, and there I lay; it was now night, and very sharp weather: I counted no other but I must die there; whilst I was thinking of Death, an Indian Hallowed, and I answered him; he came to me, and called me bad names, and told me if I could not go he must knock me on the head: I told him he must then so do; he saw how I had wallowed in that Snow, but could not rise; then he took his Coat, and wrapt me in it, and went back, and sent two Indians with a Sled, one said he must knock me on the Head, the other said No, they would carry me away and burn me." On seeing his frozen feet, however, they relented, carried him to a fire and gave him broth, which revived him so much that at daylight he and Samuel Russell, the eight years' old child taken from Deerfield, went upon a river on the ice. A strange and sad companionship. Russell slipping into the water, was called back by the Indians, who dried his stockings, and sending the two ahead again, with an Indian guide, they ran four or five miles before the rest came up to them. The poor little boy complaining of faintness, told Stockwell, who was much exhausted, that he wondered how he could live, for (he had) he said, ten meals to my one. Stockwell was then laid on a sled and they ran away with him on the ice; "the rest and Samuel Russell came softly after. Samuel Russell I never saw more, nor knew what became of him.

A halt of three or four days was made at Chambly, where Stockwell was kindly treated by the French, who gave him hasty pudding and milk, with brandy, and bathed his frozen limbs with cold water. He was treated with great civility by a young man, who let him lie in his bed, and would have bought him had not the In-

dians demanded a hundred pounds for him. To prevent his being abused, this young man accompanied Stockwell to Sorel. From Sorel the captives were taken to the Indian lodge, two or three miles distant, where the French visited Stockwell, and it being Christmas, they brought him cakes and other provisions. The Indians having tried in vain to cure him, he asked for a surgeon, at which one of them struck him on his face with his fist. A Frenchman near by remonstrated, and went away, but soon after, the Captain of the place, with twelve soldiers, came and asked for the Indian who had struck the Englishman. Seizing him, he told him he should go to the Bilboes and then be hanged. The Indian was much terrified at this, as also was Stockwell, but the Frenchman bid him not to fear, the Indian durst not hurt him. "When that Indian was gone," he says, "I had two masters still. I asked them to carry me to that Captain, that I might speak for the Indian. They answered I was a fool; did I think the Frenchman were like to the English, to say one thing and do another?—they were men of their words, but I prevailed with them to help me thither, and I spake to the Captain by an Interpreter, and told him I desired him to set the Indian free, and told him what he had done for me, he told me he was a Rogue, and should be hanged, then I spake more privately, alleging this Reason, because all the English Captives were not come in, if he were hanged it might fare the worse with them: then the Captain said, that was to be considered: then he set him at liberty, upon this condition, that he should never strike me more, and every day bring me to his House to eat victuals." The magnanimity of his captive so delighted the Indian that he embraced him, called him his brother, treated him to brandy, and carried him off to his wigwam, where all the other Indians shook hands with him and thanked him. The next day, according to promise, Stockwell was carried to the house of the Captain, who gave him victuals and wine. "Being left there a while," says he, "I showed the Captain and his wife my fingers, who were affrighted thereat and bid me lap it up again;" and sending for a surgeon, the sufferer at last had his wounds dressed. "That night I was full of pain; the French were afraid I would die; five men did watch with me, and strove to keep me chearly, for I was ready to faint; oft-times they gave me brandy; the next day the surgeon came again, as he did all the while till May. I continued in the Captain's house till Benjamin Waite came, and my Indian master being in want of money, pawned me to the Cap-

tain for fourteen beavers, or the worth of them, which if he did not pay, he must lose his pawn, or sell me for one and twenty beavers. He could get no beavers, so I was sold, and in God's good time set at liberty and returned to my friends in New England."

Thus ends the sorrowful narrative of one of that little company, ruthlessly torn from home and friends on that bright September day, two centuries ago—a strong man in the prime of life—but who shall tell the woful sufferings of the old man of fourscore, the tender babes, and helpless women, who with him were first to tread that cruel way into Indian captivity, travelled later by so many weary feet? Benj. Waite, shuddering at its horrors for his delicate wife and three little girls, determined to follow and share their fate if he could not recover them. Stephen Jennings, another Hatfield man, whose wife and children were among the captives, joined him.

The attempt of the Government to enlist the Mohawks in its service, for the pursuit of their common enemy, having failed, the General Court, in answer to a petition from Hatfield, issued an order for the recovery of the captives, and resolved that all incidental expenses should be defrayed by the colony. On the 24th of October, 1677, Waite and Jennings set forward on their mission of love. They bore a commission and letters from the Governor and other influential persons, explaining the object of their journey, and bespeaking the aid of the New York and Canadian authorities in promoting it. By way of Westfield, they reached Albany on the 7th day and immediately presented their credentials to Capt. Salisbury, Commandant at the Post. Convinced by the discourteous manner of this arbitrary officer that he had no desire to forward their enterprise, they did not comply with his orders to call upon him again before leaving town, but went at once to Schenectady to procure an Indian guide for their journey. Enquiring who the strangers were, the Dutch were told that they belonged in Boston; whereupon, declaring that the Englishmen said that Schenectady belonged to Boston, and acting doubtless under secret orders from Salisbury, they remanded them to Albany, where they were detained as prisoners till an opportunity offered to send them down to New York for examination by the Governor and Council. These proceedings forcibly remind one of the fable of the wolf and the lamb. New York had never forgiven Massachusetts for her occupation of Connecticut River,

and was ready to seize upon the slightest pretence for a quarrel. The existing ill will appears in the minutes of the council concerning the examination of Waite and Jennings where Waite is reported as "denying that he said Schenectady did belong to Boston, pretending some mistake, they not understanding one another's language." It was finally resolved to allow them to proceed on their voyage, and with an order from Capt. Brockalls, then acting Governor, that no further obstacles should be interposed, they were sent back to Albany. Waiting in the hope of finding ice on the Lakes, and also delayed by the difficulty of obtaining a guide, the 10th of December arrived before these sorely tried men could perfect the arrangements for their perilous march through the wilderness. The French guide whom they had hired, failing them at the last minute, a Mohawk Indian offered to conduct them to Lake George. Much to their disappointment, on arriving there, it was free from ice. Finding an old canoe, the Indian refitted it, and after drawing for them on birch bark a rough draft of the Lakes, over which they were to pass, he bade them adieu. Three days took them to the outlet of Lake George, and carrying their canoe two miles across the portage, they reached the shore of Lake Champlain on the 16th of December. Here they took to the ice, but after a day's journey, it proved too weak to bear them, and sadly retracing their steps, they carried the canoe forward to open water, and again embarked. Imagine the desolation of these sorrow stricken wayfarers as they floated for days without food, in their frail skiff, buffeted and tossed by the wintry winds and icy waters of that unknown sea.

Sustained through all their hardships by that mighty affection which gives us strength to bear all and dare all for our beloved ones, and protected in all danger by that Providence which notes the sparrow's fall, they made land at last on New Year's day. Hastening forward, and greatly refreshed on the way by some biscuit and a bottle of brandy left by some hunter in a deserted wigwam, they passed Chamblly, then a frontier settlement of ten houses. Before reaching Sorel, they came upon an Indian encampment, where Jennings was overjoyed to find his wife. With sobs and broken speech she told him all she had endured, and how it had fared with the rest; how Samuel Russell and little Mary Foote had been killed on the way; how Goodman Plympton had survived the perils of the journey only to be murdered at the end; and how, after all had been continually threatened with

burning, this old man was selected as the victim, and led to the stake by his friend and neighbor, Obadiah Dickinson, had walked serenely to his dreadful death. Groans burst from the lips of the two men as they listened to the harrowing details, but restraining their indignation, they hurried off to bargain for the redemption of their beloved ones. At Sorel they saw five more of the company, two of whom had been pawned by the Indians for rum. Waite's wife, with all the rest of the captives, was found in the Indian lodges in the woods beyond. Stopping only to comfort her with the joyful tidings of her speedy release, Waite and Jennings pushed on to Quebec, where they were kindly received by the Governor. Glad of an opportunity to make return for a favor lately done him by the English Government, Frontenac aided them in collecting the captives and procuring their ransom, which was effected by the payment of £200.

On the 19th of April, 1678, the redeemed captives with their deliverers, escorted by four gentlemen of Frontenac's household, and a guard of French soldiers, began the homeward march. Travelling leisurely and hunting by the way as occasion required, they arrived at Albany on the 22d of May, whence a messenger was at once sent post haste with the following letters from Stockwell and Waite to their friends at Hatfield:

ALBANY, May 22, 1678.

Loving Wife:—Having now opportunity to remember my kind love to thee and our child and the rest of our friends, though we met with great afflictions and trouble since I see thee last, yet here is now opportunity of joy and thanksgiving to God, that we are now pretty well and in a hopeful way to see the faces of one another, before we take our final farewell of this present world. Likewise God hath raised up friends amongst our enemies, and there is but three of us dead of all those that were taken away. So I conclude, being in haste and rest your most affectionate husband till death makes a separation. QUINTIN STOCKWELL.

To my loving friends and kindred at Hatfield:—These few lines are to let you understand that we are arrived at Albany with the captives, and we now stand in need of assistance, for my charges is very great and heavy and therefore any that have any love to our condition, let it move them to come and help us in this strait. Three of the captives are murdered: old Goodman Plympton, Samuel Foote's daughter and Samuel Russell: All the rest are alive and well and now at Albany. I pray you hasten

the matter, for it requireth great haste. Stay not for the Sabbath, nor for the shoeing of horses. We shall endeavor to meet you at Canterhook; it may be at Housatonock. We must come very softly because of our wives and children. I pray you hasten then. Stay not night nor day, for the matter requireth haste. Bring provisions with you for us.

Your loving kinsman,

BENJAMIN WAITE.

At Albany written from mine own hand as I have been affected to yours all that were fatherless, be affected to me now, and hasten and stay not, and ease me of my charges. You shall not need to be afraid of any enemies."

Copies of these letters were sent to the Governor and Council at Boston, who had previously appointed a day of fasting, and who immediately issued an order recommending "that on that day the ministers and congregation manifest their charity (for the captives) (by a contribution) and that for the quickening of the work Benjamin Waite's letter be publicly read that day in all the churches."

After tarrying five days in Albany, the party went on foot twenty two miles to Kinderhook where men and horses awaited them. At Westfield many old friends and neighbors from Hatfield met them, and their progress thence was like a triumphal procession, every neighborhood turning out to greet them. Two proud and happy men were Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings, as they headed the cavalcade into Hatfield street that May morning, each bearing in his arms his new little daughter, and tears streamed from every eye as crowding round to welcome home the wanderers, the people passed from one to another, the two little babies, born in bondage and christened in commemoration of the sorrows of their mothers, Canada Waite and Captivity Jennings. It may interest some to know that both children grew to womanhood, and that the former became the grandmother of the late Oliver Smith, gratefully remembered by many in this valley.

Stockwell's experience of Indian hospitality seems to have disgusted him with frontier life, and the year after his return he removed to Suffield, Conn. Others still cherished the hope of finally possessing their fruitful lands in peace. I find in the State Archives the following piteous plaint to the General Court from the small remnant of Deerfield's poor inhabitants, dated May 3d, 1678:

"We do verily hope your thoughts are soe upon us and our con-

dition that it would be superfluous to tell you that our estates are wasted that we find it hard work to live in this iron age and to come to the years with comfort; our houses have been rifled and burned—our flocks and herds consumed—the ablest of our inhabitants killed—our plantation has become a wilderness—a dwelling place for owls,—and we that are left are separated into several towns—Also our reverend and esteemed Minister Mr. Samuel Mather hath been invited from us and greate danger there is of our losing him; all of which speaks us a people in a very miserable condition, and unless you will be pleased to take us (out of your father-like pitty) and cherish us in your bosomes we are like suddenly to breathe our last Breath—The committee appointed to manage our affairs, the Rev. Mr. Mather who hath not yet quite forsaken us, and the remaining inhabitants jointly do desire to return and plant that place aggin—yet we would beg that we may repossess the said plantation with great advantage.” The petition then enlarges upon the drawback they have heretofore encountered in the fact that the best land is held by the proprietors, who are never likely to settle in Deerfield, and declare that Mr. Mather and they are of opinion “the plantation will be spoiled if these men may not be begged or will not be bought out of their rights.” They conclude as follows: “All judicious men who have any acquaintance with it, count it as rich a tract of land as any on the river—and sufficient to entertain and maintain as great a number of inhabitants as any of the upland towns. Also were it well peopled it would be a bulwark to the other towns—also it would be a great disheartening to the enemies and not to make too bold with your worship’s patience would raise and encourage the hearts of your impoverished servants.”

The prayer of the petitioners was not answered. The matter was referred by the Court to the proprietors, and no further attempt to rebuild Deerfield was made until 1682 or 3.

In June, 1889, the Conn. Historical Society held a Field meeting in Deerfield, and at a session held in Memorial Hall, Rev. Joseph H. Twichell of Hartford, related an interesting tradition told him by a descendant of Sarah Coleman, one of the Hatfield captives carried to Canada with Quentin Stockwell, and redeemed by Wait and Jennings. Mr. Twichell was entirely unaware that a shoe worn by Sarah on her return from captivity, was in our collection and was lying in a case close at hand.

The tradition kindly written out by Mr. Twichell at my request, is given below. Although the main incident may be correctly given, it can hardly be true in all particulars, yet it should be preserved in full as an interesting addition to the stories of Quentin Stockwell, Wait and Jennings. [ED.]

In October, 1873, Mrs. Mary Fitch Terry, wife of Joseph Terry of Hartford, (she was the widow of John Fitch, the inventor of the steam-boat, and died a ward in 1887, aged eighty-four years) speaking to me of a trip to the Adirondacks, from which she and her husband had recently returned, remarked that what had most interested her in the trip was crossing Lake Champlain, which she had never seen before, but had always wanted to see "because (she said) my great-great-grandmother was once taken off the bottom of that lake."

This most surprising statement she proceeded to explain as follows:

Her great-great-grandmother was Sarah Coleman, daughter of Deacon [John] Coleman of Hatfield, who, at the age of four, was carried into captivity by the Indians in 1677. Before the marauding party was far on its way back to Canada, Ashpelon, its leader, having heard the child crying, and asked who she was, on being told her name and parentage, bought her of her captor for his rifle and his blanket, the same being all he had there to give. The reason of this purchase was a private treaty into which Ashpelon and Dea. Coleman had previously entered with one another, in which each pledged himself in case of an outbreak of hostilities between the Indians and the English, to do what he could to protect the other's family.

The child, before she thus changed owners, had had some of the first joints of her fingers frozen off, occasioned by clasping her hands over the shoulders of the Indian on whose back she was carried. Not long afterwards Ashpelon set out from Canada to restore her to her father, bringing her by the way of Lake Champlain, in a company of fellow travellers, whose canoes together made a numerous flotilla.

As the party approached the landing where the journey was to be pursued by land, the canoe which bore little Sarah was upset, and she thrown into the water, which was at that spot near the shore, about fifteen feet in depth, and in which she at once sank out of sight.

Ashpelon forthwith plunged in after her and by diving made two ineffectual efforts to rescue her. The second time he came up he was very much exhausted, but after a moment's breathing, declared that he would try once more. The third time he reappeared with the child in his arms, having found her on the very bottom of the lake. She was speedily resuscitated; the journey was completed, and Ashpelon delivered her alive to her father.

Sincerely yours,

J. H. TWICHELL.

Hartford, July 10, 1889.

FIELD MEETING—1872.

FIELD MEETING
OF THE
POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION
AT BELDING'S GROVE, WEST NORTHFIELD,
AND
DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT
TO
NATHANIEL DICKINSON,
AT NORTHFIELD, MASS.,
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1872.

SERVICES OF DEDICATION.

1. ODE, By Mrs. L. W. Eels of Deerfield.
2. PRAYER OF DEDICATION, By Rev. T. J. Clark of Northfield.
3. ADDRESS, By Dea. Phineas Field of Charlemont;
At the close of which, the delegation will proceed to make
4. A VISIT TO BELDING'S ROCK.
5. BASKET COLLATION AT BELDING'S GROVE.
6. ODE, By Miss Carrie S. Catlin of Deerfield
7. ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE ASSOCIATION (from the citizens
of Northfield), By Lorenzo Brown, Esq., of Vernon, Vt.
8. RESPONSE, By Hon. Geo. Sheldon, President of the Association.
9. HISTORICAL ADDRESS, By Rev. J. H. Temple of Framingham.
10. ADDRESSES, interspersed with music, and singing by the North-
field choir.

REPORT.

The third Field Meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held at West Northfield, on Thursday, and was made the occasion for the dedication of a monument erected to the memory of Nathaniel Dickinson, who was killed and scalped by the Indians, April 15, 1747. The members of the Association were conveyed to the east side of the river, where the monument is located. It stands upon a side hill, near a ravine where the Indians lay in ambush, and not far from the spot where Dickinson fell. There have been stones before to mark the place, but boys were allowed to desecrate and mar them and sportsmen found these rude tablets convenient targets on which to test their skill. One stone and then another had become broken and their inscriptions almost illegible. The great-grandchildren of the old frontiersman recently took hold of the matter and have caused to be built and erected the present monument. It is a block or pyramid, standing some five feet high, simple, but solid and substantial. It was made in Fitchburg of the Rollstone granite. The inscription upon it is as follows:

Nathaniel Dickinson
was killed
and scalped
by the Indians
at this place
April 15, 1747,
aged 48.

About five hundred people assembled about the monument at the dedication, including nearly every one in Northfield that could be present. A beautiful wreath of green with white flowers was placed upon the shaft. The President of the Association called the assembly to order, and a choir, under the direction of J. B. Callender of Northfield, sung the following:

ODE BY MRS. L. W. EELS.

Now once again, on hallowed ground,
Our reverent footsteps tread;
And lifts, once more, the storied shaft
Above the slaughtered dead,
To blend the memory of the past,
Its strife, and toils, and woes,
With these fair homes and valleys spread
In calm and sweet repose.
On every wooded hill and plain,
Where bend the loving skies
Above the turf of martyrs slain,
May these memorials rise;

Our country's altars! where the sons
Of those brave sires shall kneel—
Their souls enkindled with a flame
Invading foes would feel.
Nor slave, nor conqueror may tread
Their hallowed burial sod;
Sacred, this blood-bought land must be,
To freedom and to God.

Following the ode was the prayer of dedication by Rev. T. J. Clark of Northfield. Dea. Phinehas Field of Charlemont, a native of Northfield, was then introduced and delivered the following address:

DEA. PHINEHAS FIELD'S ADDRESS.

Fellow-Citizens:—The plat of ground on which we are now assembled and the occasion of our gathering are of no ordinary interest. The tragic death of two citizens, viz.: Nathaniel Dickinson and Asahel Burt, transpired at this place on the 15th of April, 1747. They were shot down and scalped by the Indians, who were concealed by the thick underbrush in this dingle on my right. A plain slab has hitherto marked the spot where this deed was done. That slab is now superseded by a substantial monument, which we this day dedicate.

We have no knowledge of the descendants of Asahel Burt, but the posterity of Nathaniel Dickinson continue to reside among us and have ever been regarded as worthy citizens; and now, they of the fourth generation erect this monument to give expression to their filial affection and to communicate to coming generations the fact that these quiet homes were secured amid perils with which none but heroes could successfully grapple. And your homes and my home are more precious to us to-day for what it cost our ancestors in the perils and privations they manfully endured to secure them for us. The suns of two hundred summers have shone on this beautiful meadow, lying just north of us, which will ever retain its Indian name, Poehaug, and these hills, dells, plains and mountains, that are grouped in exquisite beauty around us, since the first grant of a township was made by the General Court to "Proprietors" at old Squakeague. That grant contained the following conditions, viz.: That not less than twenty families shall settle upon it within eighteen months, and that they take due care to provide and maintain the preaching of the word and ordinance of God among them.

When it is considered that only three years subsequent to this grant the army of Metacomet, or King Philip, had their winter quarters on the plain at the north end of Nallahamcongong, or Bennett's meadow, and that the battle at Swamscot, or Turners Falls, was in the spring next following, we shall not be surprised that the proprietors of this grant did not settle the town within the time stipulated, nor until after the death of that wily chieftain and the destruction of his tribe. Our Pilgrim ancestors came to these shores to secure homes for themselves and for their posterity. Their ideas of home were in advance of what the world had ever known, and the homes we now enjoy as their legacy eclipse all other homes. They sought neither the extermination nor subjugation of the savages they found here, but recognized their ownership of the soil and right of self-government.

In accordance with this principle, the Proprietors of Northfield, through their agents, "William Clark sen'r, and John King sen'r, both of Northampton, in consideration of the sum of forty-five Pound in Trad goods all Redey in hand payed" secured by purchase a deed of the town of Northfield, which was the fourth given by the Indians. This deed was given by Nawelet, Gongequa, Aspiambemett, Haddar-awan-set and Meg-a-nich-cha, and is dated Aug. 13, 1687, and it shows that the founders of Northfield sought to live in friendship with the Indians. Amicable relations were next broken up thro' the influence of the French, who held Canada. France, being at war with England, sought to cripple her colonies and offered the Indians large bounties for prisoners and scalps, exciting their cupidity, and through Jesuitical intrigue they stirred up their zeal against Protestant religion. During the French war, the Indians came stealthily and in small squads, and having been residents among us they knew the localities well, also the names, residences and habits of the settlers in these frontier towns, which gave them special advantages in their mode of warfare. Such was the character of the foe by whose hand our unoffending citizens fell.

In patriarchal days, fair Rachel gave birth to a son, and she called his name Ben-oni—the son of my sorrow; but his father called him Benjamin—the son of my right hand. That mother then and there died and was buried; and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave. The name, Benoni, is not again recorded in the genealogies.

On the east side of Northfield street and a few rods south of the top of Mill brook hill, on the place where Mr. Boucher's house now stands, until within a few years stood an old house, with ends of brick and the sides clapboarded and lined with brick. This house was the old Dickinson fort, once the home of Nathaniel Dickinson. There sat the virtuous wife, with several children around her, joyfully expecting ere long to add to the strength of her husband's right hand. It was that memorable day, April 15, 1747, and heavy tidings came! No; there were no tidings, but with slow and steady tread the faithful family horse, led by kind and sorrowing neighbors, ascended Mill brook hill and halted with his burden in front of the old fort. Weep not for Nathaniel Dickinson. His spirit has gone where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. But for the expectant mother weep. She cannot weep. Her grief is such as dries the fountains and seeks other and deeper expressions than tears can give. On the 11th of December following, Widow Martha Dickinson gave birth to a son, and she called his name Benoni. No father could change that well-chosen name—he had no living father—and besides, God had set his mark indelibly upon him. Benoni Dickinson could never listen to any tale of Indian warfare, or even handle a musket; and when drafted into the Revolutionary army, the officers, knowing his inability to bear arms, assigned him a place in the commissary department. It is hoped the occasion may never again occur in the Dickinson family which shall call for the renewing of this name, but let the name Nathaniel be found in each succeeding generation.

To-day, in behalf of the Dickinson family, and in the name of this Memorial Association, I commit this monument in trust to the town of Northfield. You may well be proud of the assignment. Erected to perpetuate the memory of two of your citizens, who here, in the prime of life, were stealthily shot down by the savage foe, let it stand as a durable witness for the Dickinson family, of their love for the town by what it has cost them in the person of their ancestor; and let it be to us and to our children an enduring pledge of union, affection and fidelity.

Inscription on the old slab: Nathaniel Dickensens was killed by the indians at this place April 15 174 A. E. 48; on the monument: Nathaniel Dickinson was killed and scalped by the Indians at this place Apr. 15, 1747, Aged 48.

Upon closing his remarks he introduced to the assembly Mrs. Polly

Holton, a grand-daughter of Nathaniel Dickinson, now ninety-two years of age. She was evidently as interested in the ceremonies of the day as her grand-daughter. This completed the exercises at the monument, and taking the carriages again, the party rode back about half a mile and halted at Belding's Rock. The historical incidents connected with this land mark had been nearly forgotten. An old lady, however, can remember, when a little girl, that the tragedy of Belding's Rock was a sort of tradition among the school children, and that when they passed the locality they used to run, for it was said that there was still human blood upon it. The rock stands near the road, and the old inscription has recently been re-cut. Mounting upon the solid monument made by the hand of the Creator, Deacon Field read the inscription and told the story. We give it in his own language:

The town records read that Moses and Aaron, twin sons of Stephen and Mindwel Belding, were born Feb. 28, 1726. The following inscription on the rock was cut by Thomas Elgar, a revolutionary veteran:

A. B. ARRON BELDEN
WAS KILLED
HERE JULY
THE 23, 1748.

Thus far the record; all beyond is silent as the grave. Tradition tells further. When Aaron Belding was found, weltering in blood, shot, scalped and tomahawked, he was still able to state the particulars of that awful tragedy. The Indians who shot him came from the east, just above this rock. There was a mutual recognition as old acquaintance, and Belding plead for his life; the Indian answered with curses, and immediately set a foot on Belding's neck and with a knife girdled his crown, then with both hands clenched in his hair jerked off the scalp, and after sinking a hatchet in his head, left him. He was carried to the Fort and soon died. Moses, the surviving twin brother, in after years kept a tavern on North-field street. After peace was restored there came three Indians down the river in a canoe and called at the tavern for what Indians loved too well. And when somewhat mellow, one of them boasted of his exploits in the war, and stated that it was he who killed Aaron Belding, relating the particulars. Moses gave order to his wife to supply the wants of the Indians while he should be absent. In the twilight the three Indians left for the river, and not long after their departure "*a rousing gun*" was heard in that direction; and Moses Belding returned home late in the evening. No ques-

tions were asked, nor any report made of the evening's work by him. Said my informant, (Oliver Wright, who was seven years old at the time and remembered the transaction,) "*Moses was the true avenger of blood!!!*" An Indian canoe was soon after found lodged on the river bank below their place of landing.

The Hinsdale Brass Band was in attendance, playing at frequent intervals. After the collation the party then recrossed the river to Belding's grove where the remaining exercises were held. The assembly was called to order and the exercises of the afternoon commenced with the following address of welcome to the Association from the citizens of Northfield, by Lorenzo Brown, Esq., of Vernon:

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, in behalf of the descendants of the man to whose memory you have this day dedicated a lasting monument and in behalf of the inhabitants of Squeakheag, I extend to you a cordial welcome. We welcome you to this part of the Valley of the Quinnehticut. We thank you for the interest you manifest. We thank you for the notice you have taken in behalf of their departed ancestor, and the interesting dedicatory services which you have this day performed. We thank you for the energy with which you collect and reduce to history incidents connected with the early inhabitants of these hills and valleys, and thus transmit to posterity an invaluable boon. It is peculiarly fit at this time and in this town that a gathering like this should be held, it being two hundred years since Northfield received her charter from the British crown, that this second centennial anniversary should be in this way observed; that the citizens of Northfield should be awakened to lend their aid in gathering facts worthy of record that may be handed down to posterity, so that when two hundred years more shall have rolled away, and all who now people this goodly heritage, this garden of New England, shall slumber in their silent graves, they who then occupy our places will not have to depend upon legend or story, to know something of the races and peoples that have gone before, but may have a collection of facts which have become history, to guide and instruct them. May God bless you in your endeavors and may you receive large measures of satisfaction in the success that may attend your labors.

The following is the response of the President:

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT GEORGE SHIELDON.

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the Committee, Ladies and Gen-

flemen of Northfield: In behalf of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, I thank you for this generous welcome to your ancient town. At your kind invitation we gladly come here to-day, and it seems a very natural thing to do. The tide of immigration in New England, with one early and marked exception, has always set up the valleys of her rivers. The region hereabouts was settled by men from the towns in the valley below; and two hundred years later we follow in their track to gather up and preserve what we can, pertaining to their life in their days of probation and and endurance and triumphs.

In the year 1663, the fertile lands in the lower valley of the Pocumtuck were set apart for the inhabitants of Dedham, by the Gen. Court as a consideration for lands parted with to the Apostle Eliot on which to collect and civilize his converts among the Indians. The thrifty settlers at Hatfield, Hadley and Northampton beheld these proceedings with envious eyes. Considering themselves the rightful owners of the valley by right of possession, if not of discovery, they could ill brook the idea that Colonies from the Bay should cut them off from the broad fields lying on the river above them, and as soon as the bounds of the Pocumtuck grant to Dedham had been defined, they petitioned the General Court for the rich meadows next north of this grant, and sent their agent to purchase them of the Indians. In the year 1671, Joseph Parsons of Northampton, bought of six Indians a large tract of land at Squakheag; two years later this purchase was enlarged and confirmed. Were not the orator of the day so close behind me in the programme I should give many facts of interest in regard to the Indian owners of the land upon which we now stand. The names of many are known, and we hope soon to be able to make a map of this valley, from Connecticut to Vermont, showing the owners of the land in the different localities. I will here note one fact for fear our orator may forget it, the fact that woman's rights were so far acknowledged among the savages, that their wives and daughters were sharers in the ownership of the land. Among those who signed the deed conveying to the whites Nal-la-ham-com-gon, a large tract of land on the west side of the rivers were Aogoa, daughter of So-wan-a-ett, and Pom-pat-e-ke-mo, daughter of Mash-a-pe-tott, and a few years later Ne-ne-pow-nam, the squaw of Pammook, also sold her real estate in Northfield to Joseph Parsons.

Again I say we come gladly to engage with you in the dedication of a monument to perpetuate the memory of Nathaniel Dickinson,

who fell under the murderous tomahawk a century and a quarter ago. We gladly recognize the reverent spirit which has prompted this noble work, a work peculiarly in our province. Every occasion of this kind draws public attention to the subject, and awakens a new interest in the history of the times to which the commemoration relates, and can hardly fail to draw from the aged men and women among us important facts and traditions, which otherwise would soon be swallowed up by time, facts which if now stated will make a lasting impression on the minds of the young. There is a sad lack of knowledge, in the present generation, concerning our local history. There are middle-aged men, who grew up in this grand old historical town of Northfield, who never heard of the murder of Aaron Belden in 1748. The everlasting rock which rears itself in her principal street bearing record of his fate, and marking the spot where he fell, was to them a sealed book until pointed out a month ago by an Antiquary from a neighboring town.

At the risk of trenching on ground to be occupied by our orator, I will relate an incident of our early history pertinent to this occasion, and if he do repeat it, the charm and grace which he will throw around it, will add a new interest to the story: A little before sundown on the 13th of July, 1698, a band of Indians made an attack on a party of men and boys at work in Hatfield meadows; firing from an ambuscade they killed John Billings and a lad of thirteen years, shot a horse from under a man who escaped, and captured one Charley, and another lad eleven years of age. The news of this affair was received at Deerfield "early in the night," from a messenger who believed the Indians had taken their captives up the river in canoes. At this time the country along the west bank of the Connecticut river was an unbroken wilderness; no settler's ax had invaded the solitude of the forest, and no settler's cabin stood north of Deerfield. But nothing daunted the men of those times; a party was at once organized for the pursuit of the savages. From an old manuscript petition found in the archives of the State, we have the names of this brave band: Corporal Benjamin Wright, Benjamin Stebbins and Jona Taylor, troopers just in from a two days' scout in the woods; Thomas Wells, Benoni Moore, Ebenezer Stebbins and Nathaniel Pomroy, dragoons, Corporal Gillet, Benjamin King, Jona Brooks, Samuel Root, Joseph Petty, Joseph Clesson and Henry Burt, garrison soldiers and citizens of Deerfield. Pushing on through pathless forests, through swamps and thickets, in the darkness of the night, these determin-

ed men reached about daylight the bend in the river at Vernon, a few miles above this spot, where they hoped to intercept the fugitives. The sagacity and wisdom of this course was soon apparent, for the Indians were shortly after discovered just at the foot of the bend, in two canoes paddling up the river near the eastern bank. Taking careful aim our men fired upon them; one Indian was mortally wounded, and all jumped into the water and made for the woods. One of the lads remained in the canoe, and the other quickly attempted to join him; seeing this, an Indian snapped his gun at him, which missed fire; he then rushed upon the boy with uplifted hatchet, and so exposed himself that he received a mortal shot from the western bank. The boys then brought the canoe over to their deliverers and were saved.

The rest of this story shall be told in the quaint, but touching language of Cotton Mather:

"These good men seeing their exploit performed thus far, two Indians destroyed, and two children delivered, they fell to praising of God; and one young man particularly, kept thus expressing himself: 'Surely 'tis God and not we who have wrought this deliverance!' But as we have sometimes been told that even in the beating of a pulse, the dilating of the heart, by a diastole of delight, may be turned into a contracting of it with a Systole of sorrow. In the beating of a few pulse, after this, they sent five or six men with the canoe, to fetch the other which was lodged at an island not far off, that they might pursue the other Indians, when those two Indians having hid themselves in the high grass, unhappily shot a quick death unto the young man, whose expressions were but now recited. This hopeful young man's brother-in-law was intending to have gone out upon this action, but the young man himself importuned his mother to let him go, which, because he was her only son she denied, but then fearing she did not well to withhold her son from the service of the public, she gave him leave, saying, 'See that you do now, and as you go along, resign, and give up yourself unto the Lord; and I desire to resign you to him!' So he goes, and so he dies."

This brave and pious young man was Nathaniel Pomroy of Deerfield. His lonely grave was made on the west bank of the river, but his monument is the spot where he fell, which is called Pomroy's Island, a name which shall evermore bear this tale down to posterity.

There is an intimate connection between the story of Nathaniel

Pomroy and Nathaniel Dickinson to perpetuate whose memory we have this day dedicated vonder monument. The man whose horse was killed under him in Hattifield meadow was Nathaniel Dickinson, senior, his father; the thirteen year old lad killed was Nathaniel Dickinson, Jr., his brother, and one of the lads rescued at Pomroy's Island was Samuel Dickinson, another brother. Nathaniel Dickinson, who fell at Pauchaug Hill, was born about four months after the occurrence of the events narrated, and received the name of his slain brother, and succeeded to his fate forty-nine years later. The lives of Nathaniel Pomroy and Nathaniel Dickinson came nowhere in contact, but their deaths bring them into intimate relationship. The granite shaft on Pauchaug Hill must look lovingly towards Pomroy's Island, almost within view, while the swift Connecticut, fresh from fond embraces of Pomroy's Island, will constantly bring tender messages in return.

But what of other young men, equally pious and brave, who fell in the northern woods in defence of their friends and our institutions? Their flesh has fattened the wild beasts, and their bones have mingled with the mould of many a dark morass; and the soil of many a meadow on the shores of Champlain, and Sacrament, and on the banks of the Connecticut, the Merrimac, and the St. Lawrence, has drank their blood. The places where they fell can never be identified by us; their names even, are rapidly passing into oblivion, but their deeds are becoming better appreciated, and shine brighter and brighter on the pages of each succeeding historian. We the descendants of these men owe them a debt of gratitude we can never repay, but it should be our pleasure, as it is our duty, to do all in our power to preserve their names, recall their deeds, and keep their memory green. This is the mission in a large degree of our Association. Much has already been done in this direction; enough to show the rich field that lies beyond, where the harvest is abundant, but rapidly passing into decay. We need to be up and doing; our venerable friend here,* is, indeed, yet with us, but her crown is waiting—every month witnesses the departure of the aged with whom are forever lost, rich stores of knowledge; and the destruction of papers, with records of ancient lore, which no power on earth can recall or replace. In the great work we have undertaken, we ask your countenance and your co-operation; we ask your personal assistance, and your material aid.

*Mrs. Polly Holton, granddaughter of the murdered Nathaniel Dickinson, aged ninety-two years, was on the platform.

Rev. J. H. Temple of Framingham, who has made our early history the study of years, was introduced as the principal speaker of the day.

REV. J. H. TEMPLE'S ADDRESS.

We are assembled on historic ground. Every hill about us, every shaded ravine, every smiling meadow, the great river and its lesser tributaries—all have some tradition, some memory more or less distinctly defined, expressive of acts and events that have transpired in the two hundred years which have passed since Micalh Mudge, William Janes, George Alexander, Samuel Wright and Joseph Dickinson first set foot here. Fact—more startling than fiction—could fix its appropriate legend upon every prominent locality. Here a Holton or a Stratton, there a Janes or a Davis was scalped or taken; yonder the last Indian camp-fire was built, and near by were the underground *barns where they stored their last corn crops; there Capt. Beers sold his life so dearly; there the Alexanders' homestead was fired; there Mrs. Rowlandson encamped for the night March 7, 1676, and here the captives from Deerfield left their bloody trail in the snow on the first of March, 1704.

As far as the eye can take in the view, there is scarcely a homestead, mill or meadow, but has had its tragedy, on which hung the fate of precious lives—memorable in its day as the fate of him whose monument has now been fitly dedicated. You might dot this town over with like mementos of affection and historic interest. And if some Walter Scott shall be born among these hills before these facts and traditions have too nearly faded away, he will find abundant material for graphic pen-pictures which shall rival the best Tales of the Scottish wizard.

The memory of Nathaniel Dickinson is not more fruitful of incident and interest, than is that of many of those brave souls who erected here their domestic altars, and fell in their defence. They were heroes all—those several bands of pioneers. Having selected their homes and graves, and their children's homes and graves here—peaceful homes and graves, as they hoped—they looked up to God for his protection and guidance, took their lives in their hands

*The location of several of these underground barns could till quite recently be seen on the easterly side of Beer's plain. They were five or six feet in diameter and about five feet deep. On a bluff on the west side of the river, a short distance above the South Vernon railroad station, the remains of about thirty of these granaries are now distinctly visible.

and struck through the thirty miles of forest lying northward of Hadley. We might call it temerity, thus to follow the path of duty into danger; to them it was faith in an over-ruling Providence—as beautiful in its filial trust as it was sublime in its fiery trial.

In 1672, the frontier settlements of Massachusetts were widely scattered. Deerfield—settled only two years before—the nearest plantation to Squakheag, was sixteen miles distant; Hadley was thirty miles, Brookfield was forty-five miles, Lancaster was sixty and Groton was sixty-five miles away. And there was no travelled path or well-defined trail leading hither from either of these towns. It is doubtful if before this date any party of whites had passed over the route between Deerfield and this place; and it is likely that the first party from Northampton hither came up on the east side of the river.

Foot travel, and even the passage of men on horseback, was not difficult in the valley even at this early day. The Indians were accustomed to burn over the meadows and adjacent uplands every autumn after the leaves had fallen, which kept them clear from underbrush. But the distance, and especially the brooks and sloughs and steep bluffs were great hindrances to travel, and served to effectually isolate the new plantation.

The tract known as Squakheag was explored by some Northampton men as early as 1669 or 70. They found here no considerable Indian settlement. There were some scattered families, or clusters of families, who claimed ownership of tracts of land abutting on the Great River and extending indefinitely west or east. Careful examination showed that the adjacent country had not been burnt over for several years, and a rank growth of underwood had sprung up. This fact is of itself evidence of the waning fortunes of the natives, and their partial desertion of the place before the date last named. The explorers also ascertained that the Indians were ready and desirous to sell their lands to the whites.

The place was in all respects a favorable one for a new town. And as intervale lands were a main reliance of a new settler and were becoming scarce, from the fact that agents from the older towns were securing grants in this section, the necessary steps were promptly taken by these men to purchase this tract and commence a settlement. And we find that May 31, 1671, a petition was sent to the General Court of the following purport:

“Right Honor’bl and much Honor’d, your humble petitioners are unfeignedly desirous (if it may please the Lord to incline your

spirit to look towards us with a favorable aspect) to continue under your government. We conceive there is a great duty incumbent upon all that fear God, to consider, project and endeavor how they may promote Christ's kingdom in order to posterity; but finding ourselves in a great measure straitened and not in a capacity to attend that great work and duty, unless we remove to some other place, which doth occasion us to make our humble address to this Honorable Assembly for help and supply. The places that our eyes are upon (though it be uncouth, remote, and as we conceive attended with many difficulties) yet seeing God in His Providence has caused the Indians to desert those places called by the Indians Squawqueque and Wissquawqueque: and it is reported that they are resolved to sell the same either to English or French, we conceive it would be uncomfortable if that such a people (the French) should have any interest there. And those that went upon discovery affirmed that the want of inhabitants to burn the meadows and woods, whereupon the underwoods increase, which will be very prejudicial to those that shall come to inhabit, and the longer the worse. We therefore signify our humble desires to your Worships, that we may have liberty and encouragement to purchase a plantation: Which is the earnest prayer of your humble suppliants. John Lyman, William Hulberd, Richard Lyman, George Alexander, Samuel Wright, Joseph Dickinson, Isaac Sheldon, Richard Weller, Ralph Hutchinson, Robert Lyman, William Jeanes, William Smeade, John Hannum, John Allin, William Hannum, John Searle, Judah Wright, Joshua Pomeroy, William Miller, Matthew Clesson, Thomas Webster, Joseph Kellogg, Thomas Root, Sen., Samuel Allen, John Root, Joseph Jeanes, John Stebbins, Alex Alvard, Micah Mudge, Abel Jeanes, Richard Montague, Thomas Bascom, George Langton."—33.

This petition was referred to a committee who reported June 8, 1671: "The Committee conceive ye Petitioners may have a tract of land for a Plantation where they move for it, and liberty to purchase ye same of ye Indians; provided yt if ye Lands there be sufficient to make two Plantations, as we understand it is probable they may, they be then apportioned accordingly; and ye petitioners who first appear, to have liberty to choose on which to settle themselves; where they shall have a tract of land to ye contents of seven miles square for a Township. Provided, twenty families be settled on ye place within four years' time, and yt they procure them a godly and orthodox minister; and that one mile square within

said tract be laid out for the General Court or country use, by ye Committee aforesaid. And ye affairs of this plantation, receiving inhabitants, granting lands, and ordering all ye prudentials of ye same to be arranged by Lieut. William Clarke, Lieut. Samuel Smith and Cornet William Allys, or any two of them, who are hereby impowered a Committee for yt purpose till this Court shall otherwise order; and ye charge of ye Committee to be defrayed by ye Petitioners.

JOHN PYNCHON,
HENRY BARTHOLOMEW,
JOSHUA HOBART.

The Deputys approve of the return of the Committee in answer hereunto.

WM. TORREY, Clerk.

The Magistrate's consent not hereto.

EDW. RAWSON, Secretary."

At or near the same time the petition was presented to the General Court, and—as it would appear—before the action thereupon was known, Joseph Parsons, Sen., of Northampton, was sent up to purchase the tract in question. The price paid is unknown. The purchase is thus described: "A tract of Land Lying on both sides of the Great River, which is thus bounded—the Northerly end at *Coasack, the southerly end on the est side of the Great River down to Quanaotock, at Southerly end on the West side of the Great River butting against Massapetot's Land, and so running six miles into the woods on both sides of the River."

This deed was signed by

MASSEMET,
PANOOT.

The refusal of the Magistrates to grant the Petition frustrated the plans for a settlement of Squakheag that year. The next spring (1672) the petitioners renewed their application to the Court, and with better success. At the session May 15, the Court declared their "readiness to grant a convenient quantity of land at Squakheag for a village—provided there be 20 able and honest householders do appear, that shall give their names to Maj. Pynchon, that they will settle upon the place within eighteen months after the grant, and provided that they engage to take due care to provide for and maintain the preaching of the Word and ordinances of God amongst them."

The requisite number of engagers was readily found; and at the

*The same as *Cowas* in the deed dated May 24, 1686.

session of the Court Oct. 11, the formal grant was made of "a tract of land at Squakheag of the contents of six miles square, to be laid out not above eight miles in length by the river side." A farm of three hundred acres was reserved "for the use of the country." "Lieut. Wm. Clarke, William Holton, Lieut. Samuel Smith, Cornet William Allys and Isaac Graves, or any three of them," were appointed a committee "to lay out the plantation, admit inhabitants, grant lands, and order the prudentials of the village."

Three of the committee—Clark, Allis and Graves—laid out the plantation with the following bounds: "On the west of the Great River beginning south at a little brook called Natanis, at the lower end of a meadow called Nallahamcomgon or Natanis, [now Bennett's meadow] and running up the River eight miles to a little river, and extending three-fourths of a mile from the Great River on the west. On the east side of the Great River, the south bound to be the lower end of the three little meadows, and so up the river eight miles, and eastward three and three-fourths miles."

It appears to be an open question whether the settlers took possession in 1672 or '73. It was common for the pioneers of a colony to move on to a new plantation, and commence a clearing, and plant corn and flax, and put up shelters as soon as—if not a little before—the legal right to do so was secured. As has already been stated, a considerable portion of the land was purchased of the Indians in 1671; and the favorable action of the Legislature in May, (1672) may have warranted some preparatory work that spring, so that families could safely come on in the fall. This establishes a presumption in favor of '72. On the other hand, the committee to lay out the plantation was not appointed till Oct. 11, '72—too late for any work that year. And the statement of Rev. Mr. Hubbard, the second pastor of the church, in his published letter is—"In 1673 settlers came on, planted down near one to another, built small huts, covered them with thatch, and near their centre made one for public worship and employed Elder William Janes as their preacher; also ran a stockade and fort around a number of what they called houses, to which they might repair in case they were attacked by the enemy."

The second purchase of lands from the Indians was made Sept. 9, 1673, by Joseph Parsons, Sen., and William Clarke. The sum paid was two hundred fathoms of wampunpeag. The deed is signed by Mashepetot, Kisquando, Aogoa, ["daughter of Souanett, who was the true and proper owner of the tract"] and Pampatekemo

[Mashepetof's daughter]. The land is thus described: "That parcel of land lying at Squakheag, called by the Indians Nallahamcongou, and is bounded with the Great River easterly, on the westerly side a great ledge of hills six miles from the Great River, on the southerly to a brook called by the Indians Nallahamecongo and so straight into the woods, on the north to [—] that land that was Massemett's land."

This tract lay wholly on the west of the river and adjoined on the North the tract purchased in 1671. It was assigned to the inhabitants of Squakheag, June 15, 1675. And these two purchases comprised all the land held in fee from the Indians during the first occupancy.

Thus were the foundations laid here. Thus was justice dealt to the native owners, by a fair purchase of their lands. Thus the fostering care of the State Government was secured by the orderly organization of civil and religious institutions. And thus this little handful of brave men and women in their rude thatched huts, made them a home in the wilderness, where their affections might take root, and where industry and frugality might insure prosperity and plenty. But they had hardly got established when the fierce storm of war suddenly burst upon them!

The early planters of this valley passed through two struggles, on the issue of both of which their civil existence depended. The two were closely consecutive in time and nearly allied in their ultimate purpose, though different in their moving cause. The first was a conflict with the Indians, the original owners of the soil. As a final issue, it was *a struggle for life and possession*. Shall the red man who received his rights from the Great Spirit, or the white man that came from over the sea, live here, and plant here, and reap here, and have an inheritance here? Directly, it was the antagonism of civilization and barbarism. For the two can never coalesce. One must yield to the other. One must pass away and the other remain. If it were ever an open question which should remain, it was answered by the death of King Philip.

The second conflict was with the French, who claimed a right to the territory adjacent to the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, by virtue of prior discovery. Ultimately, it was *a struggle for possession*. Directly, it was the antagonism of race and religion. The Franks and the Saxons have always been hostile races. Originating in different climates, they inherit diverse temperaments. The Saxon, coming from the North of Europe, is rugged and stern as his na-

tive hills; the Frank, from the South, is susceptible and polished. And from very cast of character, the Reformed faith took a firm hold of, and brought forth its legitimate fruits in the one, while the Catholic church has always had its hearty devotee and fierce defender in the other.

After the burning of Brookfield the first week in August, 1675, the Indians appear to have formed two bands, one passing to the north near Wachusett, and the other concentrating at the fort between Northampton and Hatfield. The latter was composed of River Indians. They left the fort on the night of August 24, and the next morning were in the Swamp Fight, just south of Sugar Loaf. Nothing was known of their exact position from this date till the first of September, when they suddenly fell upon Deerfield, shot one soldier of the garrison and burnt most of the houses and barns. On the same day a war party from the other band appear to have been approaching the River from the East. Very likely they were acting in concert with the Pocumtucks.

Squakheag at this date contained about sixteen families. They had a single garrison house, or as Mr. Hubbard states it, "a stockade and fort which extended around a number of houses." The guard stationed here consisted of twenty men—"too few to fight and too many to be killed." Ignorant of what had happened to their neighbors at Deerfield the day before, the people went about their work as usual on the morning of the 2nd. Part of the soldiers were with the laborers in the meadows when the Indians made an assault upon the village. Killed, Benjamin Dunwich and Thomas Scott, residence unknown, John Peck of Hadley, Sergt. Samuel Wright, Ebenezer Janes, Jonathan Janes, Ebenezer Parsons of Squakheag, and Nathaniel Curtis of Northampton. "Some were killed in their houses, and others as they were coming out of the meadows; the rest, men, women and children, fled to their fort. The soldiers did not venture to sally out and repel the enemy, who killed many of the cattle, destroyed the grain, burnt up the houses that were outside the stockade, and laid all waste." [*Hubbard's Letter.*]

The news of the attack on Deerfield would naturally reach Hadley, then the headquarters of military operation, the same day, (Sept. 1). And knowing the exposed condition of the little colony at Squakheag, they would meditate prompt relief. And Capt. Beers set out the next morning (the 3d) with thirty-six mounted men and some carts, to fetch off the garrison and families from this

place. Knowing nothing of the disaster and distress of this people, it appears that the march of Capt. Beers was a leisurely one—retarded, perhaps, by his wagons; and he halted for the night several miles [Stoddard says “three miles,”] south of the village. It is probable that his camp was pitched to the southward of Beers’ mountain near Pine Meadow, as this will account for the fact that his horses were left there with a small guard the next morning, while the main body went forward on foot—a fact which is otherwise inexplicable in the conduct of an officer as experienced in Indian warfare as was Capt. Beers.

Coming to a little brook, known as Sawmill brook, the banks of which, and the ravine through which it ran, being then covered with a rank growth of grass, it being before the annual burning, they fell into an ambuscade. The Indians from the front and right opened a murderous fire upon the carelessly advancing whites. Taken completely at unawares—as it is evident—the soldiers were at first thrown into confusion. But a part of the men quickly rallied, and with their commander fought bravely, “hotly disputing the ground,” as Stoddard has it—slowly retreated across the plain to a spur of the mountain.* Here in a narrow ravine which afforded a slight cover. Capt. Beers made his final stand, and here he fell; when the remnant took horse and fled back to Hadley. It is a current tradition that one of Beers’ men, armed with a blunderbuss, loaded with slugs, being closely pursued by a horde of savages, turned upon them, and letting down the rest to his arm, and dropping on his knees, exclaiming, “Now hell open your gates!” fired, “mowing a swath through them,” and then sped on his way. [*See Phinches Field.*]

It is not easy to determine the number of the slain and the number of the escaped in this action. According to Hubbard, “Capt. Beers and about twenty of his men were slain.” The remnant of his company, probably fifteen or sixteen, returned to Hadley, most of them on the evening of the fatal day; “next morning another came in, and at night another, and six days after another soldier came in so nearly famished that he could not tell on what day the fight was.” [*Stoddard.*]

From authentic records it is known that three of the whites were captured, one of whom was hung to the limb of a tree by a chain hooked into his lower jaw, in which position he was found dead by the relief party; one was bound, and at night was let loose by a

*Beers’ mountain, three-fourths of a mile from where the fight began.

friendly Natick Indian, and escaped; and Robert Pepper was retained, and was seen with the Indians by Mrs. Rowlandson the next spring. And tradition has it that there were three more captives, who were burned to death at the stake. I am told that the spot has been identified, and three little heaps of cinders found, corresponding with the old tradition.* Barbarities—shocking to the thought—and how much more shocking to the sight—were inflicted upon the dying and the dead. Their heads were cut off and stuck upon poles, which were standing in ghastly array beside the travelled path, as Maj. Treat came up two days after. The only Northfield man whose name appears among the slain in this fight was Joseph Dickinson, great uncle of Nathaniel Dickinson.

And all this while—from Thursday until Monday—the families and the remnant of the garrison were shut up here in this fort. They must have known of the fight at Beers' plain, and might reasonably infer that it was with a party of their friends. If so, it only added another terror to their forlorn situation. That the Indians continued to hover around and threaten them, is evident from the fact stated by Mr. Stoddard, that "fourteen of the savages fired upon Maj. Treat and his force as he came up to the village." God "restrained their wrath" that they did not utterly destroy the devoted band. But the distress of those five days and nights of weary watching and almost hopeless waiting, can never be told. The sufferers made no record; it was one of those experiences too terrible to be put upon paper; but relief was at hand. On the Sabbath, Sept. 5, Maj. Treat, with above one hundred men, set out from Hadley. He camped for the night, probably below Four mile brook; and the next day (Monday) reached Squakheag. The brief record of this visit is—"Coming to the fort he concluded forthwith to bring off the garrison; so they came away the same night, leaving the cattle there,† and the dead bodies unburied." [*Stoddard.*]

This last statement probably refers to the bodies of the eight men slain on the 2nd. As they had been dead five days and may

*My brother, Sharon Field, late of Northfield, led by the tradition to make search, found what he regarded as the place where three men perished by fire. There were three spots of dark earth mingled with fine bits of charcoal, near each other, and in one of them, while stirring up the ground, he found what appeared to be a melted pewter button. The location and number of places of burnt earth agreed with the tradition. It was on the plain east of where Jonathan Lyman now lives, and north of the old road that led up the mountain. [*Dec. Pinchas Field, 1871.*]

†"Seventeen of the cattle followed of their own accord, and reached Hadley."

have been in an advanced state of decomposition, there is some excuse for neglecting the rite of sepulture. But no such reason existed in the case of Capt. Beers and his men; and the supposition is scarcely credible that the Major passed them in the morning without giving them a decent burial. And the tradition in regard to Capt. Beers' grave, and the discovery of head and foot stones at the place, confirms the inference that he and his men were committed to the earth.* The published statement about "the bones" found lying upon the mound in the vicinity of the battle field is true; but inference drawn by some recent writers that they were the bones of Beers' men seems to be gratuitous. It is not more than sixty-five or seventy years since these bones were first plowed up, and it is the opinion of those best informed that the knoll where they are found was an Indian burial place from which the soil had been washed by rains, and blown by winds, until the bones came within reach of the plow-share.

After Maj. Treat left, the Indians burnt the fort and the remaining houses, and this little village passed out of existence.

The English did not visit Squakheag for nearly a year, and it became a sort of headquarters of the Indians. In the middle of October they were reported by a squaw "to keep themselves at Cowasset." The term Cowasset appears to mean Pine Woods, from "Cawas" a pine tree. There were several Cowassets in this neighborhood; one, perhaps, on the east side of the river now known as Pine meadow; one, certainly, on the west side just north of North-field bounds, though within the limits of the town as it was first laid out. Perhaps "Philip's Hill"† was sometime called Cowasset.

*The location of "Beers' grave" has a most important historical bearing; and the tradition has all the marks of authenticity. The two stones—like head and foot stones—standing near the house of Capt. Sam'l Merriman, had been known from the earliest times. They were near the commonly accepted line of retreat of Capt. B.'s party. Capt. Ira Coy has often heard his father speak of them as marking Capt. Beers' grave. Mr. Timothy Swan, born in 1758, stated that "Capt. Beers was buried in a little ravine close to the head spring of the brook that empties into the Connecticut at Munn's Ferry!" To still further settle the question, Capt. Coy and Mr. Merriman, (while the stones were in place) dug into the grave. They found the well defined sides and bottom, where the spade had left the clay solid, and at a depth of about twenty inches (the shallowness indicating haste) was a layer of dark colored mould, some of it in small lumps.

†This was at the neck of land jutting out from the plain at the north end of Bennett's meadow, on the west side of the Connecticut river, about twenty rods from the ferry, and near the traveled road. This point of land rises abruptly from the meadow, some twenty feet, and contains one-half an acre of level land on the top, and is connected with the plain by a narrow neck, which was fortified by a ditch and bank, on which until within a few years stood a large white pine tree.

A letter written Jan. 4, 1676, states that the Indians "had winter quarters at Squakheag." King Philip's retreat during the last part of that winter, appears to have been the Cowasset near the Vernon line, and the bluff known as "Philip's Hill." He was at one or the other of these places from the last of February to near the middle of April. Mrs. Rowlandson visited him here March 9.*

The captors of Mrs. Rowlandson reached this place March 7. She says: "That day, a little after noon, we came to Squakheag, where the Indians quickly spread themselves over the deserted English fields, gleaning what they could find: some picked up ears of wheat, crinkled down, some found ears of Indian corn, some found ground nuts, and others sheaves of wheat that were frozen together in the shock, and went to threshing of them out. Myself got two ears of Indian corn, and whilst I did but turn my back, one of them was stolen from me, which much troubled me."

As soon as the Spring opened, the Indian squaws planted these "deserted fields" of the Squakheag settlers with corn, beans and squashes, and tended them at their leisure. The tillage of the two previous years made it an easy task.

But the Indians were not destined to reap these crops. The severe fight and double disaster at the Falls, May 19th, the repulse at Hatfield, May 30, and at Hadley, June 12, broke the power of the River tribes, so that when Capt. Swain came up to destroy the corn the first of August, he saw no Indians.

RE-SETTLEMENT OF NORTHFIELD.

Of the second settlement and brief occupation of this place very little is known. The records left of that period are so meagre that an air of romance pervades the scene, and the tragedy which led to its second abandonment seems more like a myth than a reality. The Rev. Mr. Hubbard, writing in 1682—before the authentic traditions had become confused—could give but an indefinite outline of events and is not reliable even in his dates. Sylvester Judd of Northampton and your worthy President have discovered and brought to light a few papers which contain items of value.

The town "laid waste" seven years, and in this time two members of the Committee in charge of the plantation, William Allis and Isaac Graves, had died. And as a preliminary movement, May 24, 1682, the original proprietors petition the General Court

*He appears to have been directly opposite Squakheag, March 8, and about five miles to the north March 9.

to fill the vacancies. Ensign John Lyman, Sergt. John King and Sergt. Preserved Clapp were appointed in place of the deceased, and given "the full power of the former Committee."

In the course of the next two years—perhaps in 1684—the village was laid out on the original location and probably in nearly the same form as it exists at the present day. The number of "Home lots" assigned at this time was forty; and in accordance with the custom of the day, they appear to have been of equal size, viz., twenty rods in width and containing eight acres. They were upon both sides of the Main street, which was ten rods wide. Reserved lots ten rods wide were marked off for cross streets. The intervalles and wood lands were divided to each proprietor in proportion to his taxable estate. Those who received sixty acres of outlands were required to settle two inhabitants. All the land grants were made on condition that the grantee, by himself or a substitute, should come to inhabit on or before the 10th of May, 1686, and should remain in occupancy four years, except prevented by death, or some other inevitable providence. The names of the grantees, with the number of acres of intervalle land which each received has been preserved: Joseph Parsons, ninety; John Lyman, sixty; Wm. Jones, sixty; Wm. Miller, fifty-five; Sam'l Dickinson, fifty; Samuel Davis, fifty; John Clary, fifty; Wm. Clarke, forty-five; Nath'l Alexander, forty; Robert Lyman, forty; Ralph Hutchinson, forty; John Webster, thirty-five; John Alexander, thirty-five; Richard Francis, thirty-five; John Woodard, thirty-five; Benj. Wright, thirty; Eben'r Wright, thirty; Micah Mudge, thirty; Cornelius Merry, thirty; John Hilyard, thirty; Sam'l Boltwood, thirty; John Holmes, thirty; Isaac Warner, thirty; Joseph Warriner, thirty; Benj. Palmer, thirty; John Hutchinson, twenty-five; Joseph Root, twenty-five; Zachary Lawrence, twenty-five; Samuel King, twenty-five; George Alexander, twenty; Wm. Weeks, twenty; John Lyman, twenty; Daniel Warner, twenty; Judah Hutchinson, twenty; Thomas Root, twenty; Sam'l Hutchinson, fifteen; Sam'l Lyman, fifteen; James Corse, John Kingsley, Joseph Sheldon. John Clary's fifty acres was more than his proportion, and twenty acres of it was granted "on condition of building a mill." A considerable number of the grantees with their families moved on in the spring of 1685, put up dwellings and erected a fort.

May 23, (1685) Wm. Clarke, in behalf of the proprietors, petitioned the Court that the southerly end of the plantation on the east side of the river might be extended "two and a half miles

lower unto a little stony brook which is called Four Mile Brook." "There is no intervale nor meadow in this tract of land that I move for them, but because it lies near the town and may be useful for wood and other ways, and also incourage more inhabitants." At its session, June 4, the Court granted the petition and established the south bounds accordingly. [This tract appears to have no Indian owners.] It seems that some of the Indians (or their relatives) who deeded the land, known as Masemet's land, to Joseph Parsons, Sen., in 1671, were, or professed to be, dissatisfied with the price then received; and to insure peace in that quarter, May 24, 1886, twelve pounds was paid them to their satisfaction, and a new deed was executed to Micah Mudge, Cornelius Merry and John Lyman, for the rest of the inhabitants of Northfield. The only description of the land in this new deed is "all these parcels of land, bounded southerly upon a brook called Squenatock, and so running up to the new fort on the south side of a river called Cowas, which comes into the Great River."

Signed by

MEQUENICHON,
MANNUSQUIS,
MASEMET,
QUANKQUELUP,
COUWAH,
POMPMOHOK,
COLECOPH.

The next year another, and the last purchase of land was made. The deed is dated Aug. 13, 1687, running to Wm. Clark, Sen., and John King, Sen., agents for the proprietors of Northfield. The price paid was forty-five pounds in trade goods. The tract is bounded "Southerly against a River called Cowas, being on the east side of the Great River, and so Running Directly over the Great River, the northerly side Running to a River on the West side of the Great River, called Wanascatok, Lying twelve miles wide, six miles wide on each side of the Great River."

Signed by

Nawelet,
Gongegua,
Aspiambemet,
Haddarawansett,
Meganiccha.

Thus in all, the Northfield proprietors purchased three parcels of land, viz.: Mashepetot's land, lying wholly on the west side of the river, extending from the brook Nallahamcongo or Natunas on

the south to Masemet's land on the north, and running six miles into the woods. Masemet's land, lying on both sides of the river and bounded by Mashepetot's land on the south, north by the brook Cowas, and running back six miles from the river on either side. Nawelet's land, lying on both sides of the river, and bounded south by Masemet's land, north by the brook Wamascatok and running back six miles from the river on either side. In the course of the years 1685 to '87 the number of families in the settlement increased to twenty-five. They built a grist mill and saw mill and put up some convenient frame houses. Some mechanical trades were started in a small way. At this (1688) date, New England was nominally at peace. Her only open enemy was the King, James II., who had annulled her charters and placed the despotic Andros in authority; and the only conflict in which the people were engaged was the attempt to get rid of him. The settlers in the frontier towns were devoting all their energies to retrieve the losses by the previous war and were wholly unapprehensive of danger from the Indians. It is not clear that "watches" were kept up, or guards stationed in the villages. As a part of regular routine duty, Aug. 6, 1688, Col. Pyncheon took twenty-four soldiers from the upper towns to Northfield, which he kept there four or five days, repairing the fortifications; and "having settled things in so good a posture that I judged all was well," left. [There appears to have been two forts at Northfield at this date, one on the Street and one on the north side of the brook Cowas.]

"On the 16th of August, six persons, three men, two women and a girl were killed by the Indians at Northfield." This is all the record. Who they were and the circumstances of the killing are not given by any writer. The only record to shed light on the transaction is the affidavit [Sept. 15, '88,] of Gray Poose, an Indian, who testified that in July he saw a band of eleven Indians, some of them former residents on the River, passing down through Northfield to the southward; and that the leader of this band told him that the Governor of Canada had sent them to take revenge on Christians or Indians, with orders to "kill all which you can, bring no prisoners, but their scalps, and I'll give you ten beavers for every one of them." There is a mystery connected with the whole affair, and the above is at least a probable explanation. The day of the murder, Samuel Janes and Josiah Marshfield carried the news below, and the next day Lt. Colton with sixteen men was sent to Northfield, "to surprise and take the Indians and pursue

them." The soldiers were out six days. "And thirty-four men, under Lt. Taylor were sent from the upper towns, all with horses." All the usual precautions (?) were taken, after the mischief had been done. Half the families then living in Northfield immediately left and returned to the lower towns. This sudden onset of the Indians alarmed the authorities at Boston. Sir Edmund Andros made a journey to Hadley to inquire into the facts, and fearing that the settlers might all desert the place, he [through Hon. Capt. Nicholson] sent the Rev. Warham Mather to Northfield to be their minister, who preached here six months.* But the breaking out of war between England and France, known as King William's War, in the spring of '89, put Massachusetts on the defensive and made the prospects of the frontier towns gloomy enough. The state of things here at this date is best described by the people themselves. In a petition dated June 27, 1689, signed by Samuel Davis and Micah Mudge, "in the name of all y^e are left at Northfield," they say: "The tears, fears, and groans of the broken remnant at Northfield presenting themselves before the Honor'd General Court at Boston,

Shew

* * * Since the first destruction of this place we thought we saw y^e Lord calling us to rebuild those wastes, went up under an expectation of having forty families speedily dwelling there. About twenty-five were come, and we in a hopeful way, when y^e Divine hand smote us again with an amazing stroke. Six persons in a moment slain by Indians last summer, which was astonishment to all y^e rest. Since which half of our small number have deserted us, yet keep the land which by covenant is not theirs till they have dwelt upon it four years. Hereby we are reduced to twelve mean families. Our small number, in a place so remote, exposed us to y^e rage of y^e heathen; as it were inviting them to prey upon us. Our estates are exhaust by maintaining garrison soldiers and being kept from our labor. Our burdens of watching, warding, fencing, highways—we for ourselves and them that are absent—overbearing to us; besides all other hardships unavoidable in a new place. Our wives and children (that we say not ourselves) ready to sink with fears. We have no soul food, nor see any likelihood

There being a garrison there then and the town being in danger of being deserted by the inhabitants, and that the undertakers that has not as yet removed thither might not be discouraged, he desired your petitioner to be their Minister for half a year, which was done accordingly."—[*Mather's Petition, May 18, 1691.*]

of attaining any. * * * If you see meet to order us to throw up all, and leave it wholly to the enemies and their insulting. Tho its hard (we feel it) we would submit. If we stay, we could humbly beg, if your Honors see meet, that those who have lots among us may be caused either to come and dwell on them, or quit them to others that would. And that such as come may be ordered to have the next lots to them that are now inhabited. And that we may have a Committee for our help to order our public occasions in this our weak beginning." * * *

Peter Tilton, Esq., Mr. Samuel Patrigg and Mr. John King were appointed a committee "to act at their discretion." "About seventy souls, of whom only fifteen were men, remained in the place until the spring of 1690, when Northfield was abandoned the second time, and remained desolate twenty-four years."—[*Sylvester Judd.*]

THE THIRD SETTLEMENT OF NORTHFIELD.

After the close of Queen Anne's War, in 1713, the original proprietors and their heirs petitioned the General Court for a revival of the former grant. The action of the Legislature was as follows: "Upon reading the petition of Joseph Parsons, John Lyman and others, praying for a re-settlement of a village or Plantation at Squakheag, formerly called Northfield, the following order passed there upon and concurred by the Representatives:

Ordered, That forasmuch as by reason of the interruption given to the settlement of the within mentioned plantation granted in Oct., 1672, by war and trouble with the Indians; and divers of the original petitioners and grantees and also the Committee for the same are since dead—The said grant for a plantation be and is hereby revived; and Samuel Partridge, John Pyncheon, Samuel Porter, John Stoddard, Esqrs., and Mr. Henry Dwight are appointed and impowered a Committee, to receive the challenges of all persons to the property and right of land in the said plantation, and to enter their names with such others as shall offer to join with them in settling a township there. The names of all to be entered with the Committee within the space of twelve months from this time—giving preference to the descendants of the original petitioners and grantees—and the said committee are further impowered to state the place of the town upon small lots so as it may be made defensible, grant out allotments, and order their prudentials, and what also is necessary for their establishment. *Provided* always, that forty families be settled there within three years next coming:

And that they procure and encourage a Learned Orthodox Minister to settle with them. The town to be named Northfield. The town to lye in the county of Hampshire.

Consented to, J. DUDLEY.

Feb. 22, 1713-14.

On the 14th of April, sixteen persons appeared before the Committee and proved their claims in the right of their ancestors, and three in their own right. Two days after, at a meeting of the Committee, Dea. Eben'r Wright was appointed clerk, and Capt. Benj. Wright, Lieut. John Lyman, Dea. Eben'r Wright, Judah Hutchinson and Sergt. Thomas Taylor, Measurers of land. At first the settlers came on slowly. The heirs of many of the original grantees claimed their rights in the lands, but had no intention of occupying them, at least till the success of the project for re-settlement was assured. A petition from one of the leading settlers in 1715, sets forth the facts, and is worth preserving. "The Committee is enjoined to settle forty families, compact as much as may be; especially to have respect to the former inhabitants and their descendants—upon which we meet difficulty to settle the place, inasmuch as the most and the best part of the land is claimed by former inhabitants or their descendants who neglect to go and inhabit: I humbly propose whether said claimants ought not to supply these lands with inhabitants or quit their lands at least upon easy terms, inasmuch as said place hath been recovered once and again from the enemy at the charge of the public. I am of opinion the place would soon be supplied with inhabitants were the lands at liberty. There is twelve families there now, and some more are going; but the place gets on slowly. As to the garrison that hath been there ten months, it consists of a Sergeant and nine men with him, which keep the place without any defensive fort, only abide there well fixed with arms and ammunition, to man the place and encourage the inhabitants." * * *

In 1717 a large accession was made to the settlers. A grant of fifteen acres at Bennett's meadow was made to Stephen Belding of Hatfield, [father of Aaron, who was killed by the Indians July 23, 1748,] on condition that he would build a grist mill on Mill brook, and maintain it in repair, "fit for the service of the town forever." Jonathan Belding also had a grant of twelve acres of upland, on the back side of Bennett's meadow, on condition that he would build a saw mill, "to be going by Michaelmas next."

At a meeting of the Committee, [for as yet the town had no

corporate existence,] March 25, 1718, it was agreed to build a meeting house of the dimensions of Swampfield (Sunderland) meeting-house, as soon as convenient; and Capt. Wright, Elizur Wright, Peter Evens, Benoni Moore and Zacheriah Field were appointed a committee to take charge of the building. At near the same date, Mr. Benjamin Doolittle of Wallingford, Ct., [graduate of Yale College, 1716,] commenced preaching in Northfield. He received a call to settle, on sixty-five pounds annual salary, and the usual amount of money and land as a "settlement." The Committee approving the choice of the people, Aug. 12, 1718, Mr. Doolittle gave his answer accepting the call, and was probably ordained during the month. The church was probably formed at the same time. There appear to have been thirty-five families in the place at this date. Mr. Doolittle was a surgeon as well as preacher. In 1746, after the fight at "No. 4," [Charlestown, N. H.,] "They sent down a troop of men to guard Mr. Doolittle and Dr. Williams to cut off the arm of one of their men that was sore wounded." At his death, Jan. 9, 1749, the town had grown to near one hundred families, most of whom possessed comfortable houses, and "a good degree of wealth." The following notice of his death was published in the Boston Gazette, Jan. 24, 1749: "We are informed that on the 9th instant, the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, pastor of the church in Northfield, was suddenly seized with pain in his breast, as he was mending a fence in his yard, and died in a few minutes' time, to the inexpressible grief of the town in general, as well as his own family in particular."

March 16, 1720, the inhabitants of Northfield voted to give Samuel Porter, Samuel Partridge and Henry Dwight one hundred and fifty acres of land, and John Stoddard one hundred acres, in consideration of their services as Committee. This land was laid out at the south part of the town, and has since been known as "The Farms."

May 29, 1723, the town was released from the Committee by a special act of the General Court, and permitted to manage its own affairs. This appears to have been the only act of incorporation. And from this date begins the annual choice of town officers. The officers first chosen (July 22, 1723,) were: Joseph Petty, Moderator; Eleazer Holton, Town Clerk; Zachariah Field, Benoni Moore and Joseph Petty, Selectmen; Ebenezer Field, Constable; Benoni Moore, Nathaniel Mattoon, Theophilus Merriman, Stephen Crowfoot, Ebenezer Severance and Ebenezer Field, Fence Viewers;

Eleazer Mattoon and Thomas Holton, Surveyors; Daniel Wright and Eldad Wright, Hay Wards; Benj. Jones, Tithingman.

Northfield was still a frontier town, and Deerfield was its nearest neighbor to the west, and Rutland to the east. Probably it had reached to about fifty families, which would imply a population of two hundred and fifty souls. It had two forts and several garrison houses, [one was the "Minister's garrison,"] but they were all in a dilapidated condition, and the place was poorly prepared for the Indian War, which began in 1722, and lasted till 1726. This war was instigated by the Jesuit, Rasles; and though the French authorities did not openly take part in it, yet they uniformly gave countenance and support to the Indians. The state of things in this town at the opening of this war, is set forth very concisely, but very clearly in a letter from Capt. Joseph Kellogg, who was put in command of the garrison here in the winter of 1722. He says: "The forts in Northfield are in a mean condition, and the people are neither willing nor able to make them good and defensible; and I am apprehensive that the inhabitants will leave the place unless they are allowed more men and better defenses." The number of soldiers in garrison here at this date was ten, who were "billeted" upon the families; and the able-bodied men of the town were liable to be called upon at any time, to watch and ward and scout. The Government promptly ordered that the inhabitants be encouraged to repair the forts, with the promise of suitable remuneration. Some general repairs were made, and the force under Capt. Kellogg was doubled. Col. Partridge, writing May 14, said: "The river is pretty well secured by the forts and men at Northfield." But he adds in the same letter: "The towns can't stand the strain upon them, to watch and ward and scout and fort, *without pay*, while their spring work is pressing to be done; they can't get a living."

The haying season passed and they were in the midst of the grain harvest, when the enemy made the first assault on this town. The 13th of August (1723) the Indians waylaid and killed Thomas Holton and Thomas Merriman, and then passed on to Rutland, where they killed three and took two captives. When the news of this killing reached Boston, an order was despatched to Capt. Adijah Dewey at Westfield, to "rally up his troopers and march to the upper towns, scouting and repairing to the places of most danger for the space of fourteen days; then Capt. Henry Dwight of

Hatfield with his company [these were the only companies of troopers in Hampshire County at this date] to take his place for the same term of time; and so they were to alternate for a campaign of eight weeks.

Oct. 9, a considerable force of Indians made an assault on Northfield, killed Eben'r Severance, and wounded Enoch Hall and Hezekiah Stratton of Northfield and took captive Samuel Dickinson of Hatfield. This occasioned another order to Capt. Dewey to hasten with his troopers to Deerfield and Northfield, "to protect the inhabitants while getting in their corn harvest." As the leaves were now falling, they had little reason to apprehend a renewed attack before the ensuing spring. These repeated incursions of the savages, with, so far as appears, impunity, aroused the spirit of an old scout, Benjamin Wright, (born in Northampton) then living in Northfield. He had suffered from the Indian depredations and was much soured against them. He once said that if he took a papoose, he would dash its brains out; "for," said he, "nits will be lice." Dec. 5, he wrote this characteristic letter to Gov. Dunmer: "After my most humble duty presented—These are humbly to request your Honor to grant me the liberty of commanding five and thirty or forty men, to go on the back of this army which came to Northfield, as far as Otter Creek, and thence round to White River, and so home by the Connecticut River. This I humbly judge to be very serviceable to this part of the country, and probably might be the means of destroying some of the enemy. * * We are desirous that we might go upon the wages which the Province allows, and the encouragement they give to such for scalps, [£100 was paid during this war for each Indian scalp.] We would find ourselves and be allowed for it by the Government." * *

The plan was approved by the Governor, and a commission was sent to Wright; and he appears to have performed the service with fidelity—though with much suffering to the men. Undertaken so long after the departure of the enemy, it is not strange that he did not overtake them. But the expedition was of great advantage in tracing the route of the Indian army and gaining a knowledge of the country. And it showed the daring courage of the Captain and his men. The Government reposed such confidence in Capt. Wright, and he was so much inclined to like enterprises, that on succeeding years he was twice commissioned for a similar service.

To show the exhaustive nature of this war, it may be stated that

out of forty-two effective men in garrison at Northfield at this time, eleven were townsmen, equal to one-seventh of the active productive force of the place.* It was a common thing for not less than forty men, well armed, to go out together, when any field was to be planted or harvested, with several garrison soldiers on a picket.

In the spring of 1724, Col. Partridge "impressed" fifteen men to be added to the garrison at Northfield, for "the people must be protected in their work." "We must improve the means for bread, or die." And yet, strange as it may appear, men become hardened to such imminent danger as this. Col. Stoddard writes, "The people in the towns can't be careful many days together. * * I used all the arguments I was capable of to persuade them to order a watch that might be of some significance, in case of the appearance of an enemy; but to little purpose. They depend on being alarmed in season to escape danger."

A movement of the utmost importance to the safety of Northfield was projected and carried out in 1724. This was the erection of a large, strong fort to the northward of the town. "In the House of Representatives, Dec. 27, 1723, voted, that it will be of great service to all our western frontiers, both in this and the neighboring government of Connecticut, to build a block-house above Northfield, in the most convenient place on the land called the Equivalent Land, and to put in it forty able men, English and western Indians, to be employed in scouting at a good distance up the Connecticut River, West River, Otter Creek, and sometimes eastward above great Monadnock, for the discovery of the enemy coming towards any of the frontier towns."

The work was built of hewn logs, and was put in charge of Captain Timothy Dwight, its builder, and manned by a company of forty picked men. It was named Fort Dummer.

This fort so fully met the expectation of the Government that Col. Stoddard wrote: "Not one party of the enemy has passed the fort without being discovered, and seasonable notice given, which hath undoubtedly been the means of preserving many lives."

The difficulty of procuring suitable and sufficient military stores was a great drawback on the efficiency of the men stationed at this fort. Blankets and warm clothing were scarce; food and forage

*Names of Northfield men on muster roll of Capt. Kellogg's Co., 1724: Benoni Wright, Eldad Wright, Abraham Elgar, Stephen Belden, Jonathan Belden, Hezekiah Stratton, Eleazer Mattoon, Edmund Granger, Hezekiah Elmer, Daniel Shattuck, John Beaman.

were scarce, and transportation was difficult. The people in all the frontier towns had hard work under the alarms and impressments to make crops sufficient for their own use, and the consumption of the garrison constantly billeted upon them. Indeed the want of a well organized *commissary department* was the *weakness* of the valley towns throughout this war. Ammunition, clothing and subsistence had to be manufactured or collected after the order to march was received. And as the draft was usually for only seven or fourteen days, a large portion of the term of service would have expired before the detachment was ready to march.

After the treaty with the Eastern Indians was ratified, Aug. 5, 1726, there was peace in the valley for eighteen years.

During a considerable part of this time, Capt. Joseph Kellogg had command of Fort Dummer, with Ebenezer Hinsdale as Chaplain. Northfield always had her quota of men in this garrison. The following were on duty there at different times: John Sergeant, Daniel Severance, Elias Alexander, Benj. Knight, John Alexander.

In the year 1731, the French quietly took possession of and built a strong fort at Crown Point, which proved "the master key" to all the border towns, and was "the cover" of almost every expedition fitted out during the succeeding wars.

In part as a checkmate to that move, Massachusetts in 1735, granted to some hardy adventurers the township known as No. 4, (Charlestown, N. H.) and soon after built a substantial fort there.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR OF 1744-48.

After eighteen years of peace, came on the French and Indian war of 1744. It took the frontiers by surprise; found them unprepared, but was waged with terrible earnestness on both sides. The French in Canada had intelligence of the declaration of war a month before the news reached Boston, which gave them an important advantage. The authorities of Massachusetts and New Hampshire were just then much divided in sentiment and purpose. The boundary line between these provinces, which had been long in dispute, was settled arbitrarily in 1740 by the King in council. Massachusetts lost a tier of towns which she had planted and defended, and some important forts which she had built and manned. These conflicting opinions and interests greatly weakened the hands of the government. Northfield lost one-third of her territory.

But when the news came of the declaration of war between France and England, which meant the harassing of the frontier

towns by French and Indians, Massachusetts promptly accepted the issue. In 1744, the old defences at Northfield were repaired, and a line of new fortifications was constructed from Fall-town westward towards Albany. She reinforced and maintained a garrison at Fort Dummer, and for a time at "No. 4."

The erection of Fort Massachusetts, a strong work, at East Hoosack (now Adams) so near the old French trail, was a menace which the Canadian authorities were prompt to resent. In rapid succession small spying and skulking parties, as well as well equipped expeditions, were sent out; and surprises and attacks were of almost daily occurrence. In the course of two years, according to French accounts, twenty-eight detachments of Indians with French officers at their head, had been sent out from Canada to make incursions on the enemy's flanks, and not one of them had returned without killing or capturing some persons. The number of prisoners in their hands at this date was about 300.

The capture of Fort Massachusetts, Aug. 20, 1746, and the abandonment of "No. 4," about the same time, left the neighborhood in an exposed condition. But the winter passed away without any event of note.

The opening of spring, however, brought the dreaded invasion. In the hope, probably, of making clean work of the forts and villages in the upper Connecticut Valley, as they had of Fort Massachusetts, the French fitted out an army under Mons. Debeline. He reached this neighborhood the latter part of March. On the 30th he sent a detachment of forty Indians to burn Shattuck's Fort, near the Northfield line, which was partly successful.—April 7 he appeared in force before the fort at "No. 4." Fortunately Capt. Phineas Stevens, a brave and experienced officer, had just before (March 11) taken possession of the fort with about thirty men, and had strengthened the work and made some preparation for successful defense. After a furious assault with "fire, arrows and faggots," in an attempt to set fire to the fort for three days, and trying negotiations for a surrender, and all in vain, Debeline withdrew his forces. He may have gone with his main body to the eastward, though some detachments of Indians remained on the Connecticut River.

There is good reason to believe that Nathaniel Dickinson and Asahel Burt were surprised by a skulking party from this army. (Account of the killing of Nathaniel Dickinson, as given by his grand daughter, Mrs. Polly Holton):

According to the town regulations, the meadows were pastured only in the fall. But owing to the fact that Indians were known to be lurking constantly in the adjacent woods in the autumn of 1746, the owners did not venture to drive their cows upon Pochaug meadow, and it was thought best to feed it for a while in April. On the 15th, near sundown, Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Burt started on horseback to fetch the cows from the meadow. When passing the ravine near where the monument stands, they were fired upon by the Indians. Dickinson's horse was shot and fell, and he came down with it. Instantly the savages sprang upon him, tomahawked and scalped him. As no guns were allowed to be fired, except when Indians were discovered, the report of the fire-arms directly brought the people to the spot. Mr. Dickinson's eldest son, Ebenezer, was the first to reach him. Finding him still alive, he asked, "Father, who shot you?" He answered, "Indians," and soon expired. The first intimation of the murder received by his wife was when the bleeding body was brought to the door. The shock to her nervous system can be readily understood. And as a striking example of ante-natal impressions, it may be stated that the son, who was named Benoni, born shortly after, had the greatest dread of fire-arms, and could not be induced to use them. He was also averse to taking the life of any creature. Also, to old age, he was never known to speak of his father's death.

It appears that Burt's horse was also killed, and that he made an attempt to escape, but was overtaken at the foot of the hill a few rods to the north, where he was scalped. It is said that he fell "in the road," so that a stone could not be placed on the exact spot; but one was erected to his memory near the Dickinson stone. It stood there within the memory of some now living.

ANCESTRY OF NATHANIEL DICKINSON.

(1.) Nathaniel Dickinson was in Wethersfield, Ct., as early as 1637. His "home lot" was the second from the south end of Broad street, on the west side. In 1640, he had an allotment of 100 acres of land, on the east side of the river, which he sold in 1647, to Mr. Parks.* He was deacon of a church in Wethersfield and a leading man in civil affairs; town clerk in 1645; representative to General Court in 1646 to 1656. When on account of ecclesiastical dissension, the pastor (Rev. Mr. Russell) and the majority of the church, resolved to remove within the jurisdiction of

*Chapin's Glastenbury, pp. 174, 160.

Massachusetts, Deacon Dickinson was active in promoting the removal, and became one of the trusted men in the Hadley Plantation. He signed the "engagement to remove" April 18, 1659; was on the committee "chosen by the whole company [59 in number) to go up to the aforesaid plantation and lay out the boundaries and highways." He was also chosen, Nov. 9, 1659, a member of the committee "to order all public occasions that concern the good of the plantation, for the year ensuing." He was one of the first actual settlers of Hadley, and was the first recorder.* His home lot of eight acres was on the east side of the main street, at the corner of the south highway, running back into the woods. He was made a freeman of Massachusetts, 1661.

Mr. Dickinson was a man of good estate. As a basis of land division and taxation, he was put down at £200, which was the maximum of "Estate" of the settlers, though this sum did not represent the real value of his property. In addition to his home lot of eight acres, he received as his proper share in the meadows 50½ acres. To show his high standing, it may be stated that Mr. John Pyncheon, having purchased of the Indians the Hadley tract, on behalf of the planters, opened an account current with William Lewis, Nathaniel Dickinson, and Nathaniel Ward, as representatives of the rest, and the final settlement, October 29, 1663, is acknowledged and attested by Nathaniel Dickinson and Nathaniel Ward. Mr. Dickinson was granted a home lot of six acres on the west or Hatfield side of the river.

In whatever related to religion and education, Dea. Dickinson was equally prominent and active in the financial and civil affairs of the new town. He was on the committee appointed Dec. 12, 1661, to build a meeting house. He was chosen by the town a member of the committee to lay out and bound the two meadows—known as the School Meadows—granted for the perpetual use of the Grammar school in the town. And when in 1669, Hadley received the £308 donated by Edward Hopkins, Esq., for the promotion of literature and learning, the town chose "two able and pious men," viz.: Nathaniel Dickinson and Peter Tilton, who with three others "should have the full dispose and management of the estate given by the trustees of Mr. Hopkins or of any other estate or estates that are or may be given by the town or individual donors, for the benefit and maintenance of a Grammar School in this town of Hadley."

*Judd's Hadley, p. 20.

Probably in 1670, Dea. Dickinson removed to his homestead in Hatfield, where he lived a few years, but he had returned to Hadley previous to his death, which occurred June 16, 1676.

Of the ten children of Nathaniel Dickinson, it appears that four, viz.: John, Thomas, Joseph and Hannah, were born before the family settled in Wethersfield; the remainder were born at Wethersfield.

I. John and II. Thomas, with their families, removed from Wethersfield to Hadley in 1659. John was killed by Indians at Turners Falls, May 19, 1676. Thomas sold his estate in Hadley in 1679, and returned to Wethersfield, where he died in 1716.

III. Joseph removed from Wethersfield to Northampton in 1664, where he resided about nine years. He was a petitioner from Squakheag in 1671, and removed here with his family in '73 or '74. He was in the troop under Capt. Beers, and was killed by the Indians in Sept. 4, 1675.—[See Mass. Rec. T., p. 89.]

IV. Hannah married in 1670, John Clary, Jr., and was for a time an inhabitant of Squakheag. After the death of her husband she married (second) Enos Kingsley of Northampton.

V. Samuel settled in Hatfield, where he died Nov. 30, 1711.

VI. Obadiah settled in Hatfield. His house was burned by the Indians Sept. 19, 1677, his wife wounded, and himself and one child taken and carried to Canada, whence he returned the next year. He removed to Wethersfield, and died June 10, 1698.

VIII. Nehemiah lived and died in Hadley.

IX. Hezekiah settled in Hatfield, but removed to Hadley and thence to Springfield, where he died June 14, 1707.

X. Azariah was slain by the Indians at the Swamp Fight in the present town of Whately, Aug. 25, 1675.

VII. Nathaniel (our hero comes through an unbroken line of Nathaniels), settled in Hatfield; was made freeman in 1690; died Oct. 11, 1710. He had three wives, the third was Elizabeth, the widow of Samuel Wright, an original petitioner for Squakheag. His oldest child was Nathaniel, born May 1, 1663. He lived and died in Hatfield. While he and his two sons, Nathaniel aged thirteen, and Samuel, aged eleven, were hilling corn in Hatfield north meadow, July 14, 1698, they were set upon by a party of Indians, who killed Nathaniel, took Samuel prisoner, and shot the horse on which the father was riding. Samuel was soon after rescued by a scouting party and brought home. He was, however, taken again

by the savages in 1723. A daughter, Hepzibah, married Jonathan Belding, and settled in Northfield. The son that was born Nov. 27, 1690—four months after the death of Nathaniel—was also named Nathaniel, who settled in Northfield, and was killed by the Indians April 15, 1747.

ODE BY MISS CARRIE S. CATLIN.

Come from your peaceful homes,
Where no rude war's alarm
Nor sound of battle comes
To break the tender charm.
Bring flowers fair and sweet,
And vines from hill and vale ;
Ay, come with willing feet
And list the oft-told tale.

Over the tossing wave,
With dauntles hearts they came—
Not for the love of gold,
Not for the hope of fame ;
Matrons and maidens fair,
And men of stalwart form,
Childhood and age were there,
Breasting the wintry storm.

Danger and death they meet,
Famine and flood and foe—
As from the forest trees
Leaves by the wind laid low.
Thickly their graves are strown
Far over hill and vale ;
Only the mossy stone
Standing to tell the tale.

Heirs of a noble race,
Ours be their lofty aim—
Follow "the right" alone,
Heedless of pain or blame ;
So though our life appear
Narrow and poor to view,
Light from on high shall cheer,
Blessings our path pursue.

The president then called upon Rev. Mr. Watson of Leverett, Deacon Barber of Warwick, Rev. Mr. Janes of New York, Deacon Field, and others, who responded briefly.

The following paper by Artemas Washburn of Vernon was read by Miss Wood:

To the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association:

By invitation of your Committee, you will listen to such imperfect, fragmentary memorials as have been presented of the deeds, character and fortunes of the inhabitants of Vernon, and some of the changes and events that have transpired within its precincts during the lapse of two centuries. The following short items are culled from the unpublished History of Vernon, which is now in press, to be issued in a few months, by Miss Hemenway.

Yours respectfully,

A. H. WASHBURN.

A township, including a part of Vernon named Squakheag, Province of Massachusetts Bay, was granted in the year 1672. A deed was given by five Indians of the place—Nawelet Gongegua, Aspiambelet, Addarawanset, Meganichecha—to agents for the proprietors of Northfield, 1687. Fall Town was granted, 1736, by the Provincial Legislature of Massachusetts, on petition of Samuel Hunt, son of Samuel Hunt, who was in the Falls fight, and others of Billerica, Mass., for services rendered at the battle, and sixty years after the battle of Turners Falls. On surveying the north line of Massachusetts, in 1740, it was found about half a mile in width belonged to New Hampshire, taking about three square miles from the owners of the township of Fall Town. Hinsdale, Cheshire Co., N. H., was chartered, 1753, by Benning Wentworth, provincial governor, which included a part of Vernon. Before the month closed this was altered, on account of dissatisfaction of the inhabitants.

The next year, the King re-established the County of Cumberland, by letters patent, again changing its limits. At the first session of the General Assembly of Vermont the Counties were again changed. In 1797, four different States were before Congress presenting claims to the same tract of land (now Vernon), Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and New York. After a violent controversy, in 1764, George the Third decreed the west bank of the Connecticut river to be the western boundary of New Hampshire. So Hinsdale, west part, was Hinsdale, Vt., and so remained till 1802, when by act of Vermont Legislature it was called Vernon, Windham County, Vt. The average width of the town is about three miles and it contains eighteen square miles and 108 acres. It

joins Northfield 900 rods, and Bernardston 792 rods. Richard Hazen's survey, in February and March, 1741, cut it off, after remaining a part of Northfield sixty-nine years (or eighty-one, till chartered by New Hampshire, 1753). It was called Bridgman's Fort twelve years, and Hinsdale forty-nine years, and Vernon seventy years—total, 200 years (or more) since white men began to wander in these forests, fish for salmon in these brooks, and quench their thirst at cooling, gushing fountains.

The first settlers were from Northampton. They suffered all the discouragements and horrors incident to frontier location and Indian wars, and resided principally in Forts Sartwell and Bridgman, and labored in armed companies from farm to farm. With all their care and prudence they suffered by frequent incursions of the Indians, and were several times driven back with the settlers of Hinsdale and Northfield. Sartwell's fort, built in 1737, by Josiah Sartwell, was situated about three miles from the present center of the town and nearly opposite Fort Hinsdale, N. H., and two miles south of Fort Dummer, in Brattleboro. Its walls were of hewn timber, with a hewn plank outside door. The door is still preserved. It was taken down in 1836, having stood ninety-nine years. Some of the timbers, being sound, were used in building a house on the site of the old fort by the late Hon. Ebenezer Howe, a great-great-grandson of Josiah Sartwell and a great-grandson of Caleb How, who was killed by Indians in 1747, and is still occupied by descendants of Mrs. Jemima How. It is now owned by two lads, George E. and Warren M. Howe, being the seventh generation.

Bridgman's Fort, built in the same year, by Orlando Bridgman, situated half of a mile south of Sartwell's Fort, was, with the exception of Fort Dummer, the only place picketed and considered secure in this vicinity. June 24th, 1746, twenty Indians burned the fort, killed two men, wounded two and took two more prisoners. It was soon rebuilt and strongly picketed. In 1755, another attack was made by the Indians, when the fort was plundered and fired, some killed, others captured, and proceeding to Sartwell's Fort, they captured Mrs. How and seven children.

Col. Eleazer Patterson's first wife, Lydia, died of small pox, April 14, 1761, aged forty-seven—hers is the first lettered grave-stone in town. The town records were burned Sunday, June 11th, 1797. The oldest deed recorded, and re-recorded March 16th, 1790, by John Bridgman, first Town Clerk in Vernon, alias Hinsdale, Coun-

ty of Cumberland, Province of New York, was dated May 21st, 1749, to Joseph Stebbins, Jr., by the Merrimans, and acknowledged before Seth Field, Justice of the Peace, whose commission from George the Second is now in the possession of his great nephew, A. H. Washburn. Second deed on record, Mattoon and Field deed to Ensign Samuel Stratton, June 29th 1749 (p. 60). Third oldest deed, Titus Belding to Joseph Stebbins, Feb. 2nd, 1753 (p. 286). June 7, 1756, three Strattons of Northfield sell to Ensign Samuel Stratton of this town for £600, their right to land called Stratton-field, given by will of Hezekiah Stratton, the father of Samuel and his three brothers. Rev. Bunker Gay was ordained over Hinsdale, N. H., part of which is now Vernon, Vt., in 1764, and remained Pastor nearly forty years. He received a liberal education, studied with his uncle (who died 1787, in the ninety-first year of his age and sixty-ninth of his ministry,) Ebenezer Gay, D. D., of Hingham, Mass. He devoted himself to the work of the Gospel Ministry, and was descriptive in his poetical effusions and writings and eccentric in his style of composing epitaphs, many of which are found in the cemeteries in this vicinity. Among his writings are found a narrative of the captivity of Mrs. Howe from Sartwell's Fort by the Indians, also an elegy on the death of Ensign and Samuel Stratton. He preached the funeral sermon of his wife, Abigail, who died July 15, 1792, aged fifty-two, which was afterward published. His text on the next Sabbath after was Psalm 88th, 18th verse. He closed a long life of usefulness, Oct. 20, 1815, and is still remembered with affection by many of our aged townspeople. Of the many ministers who have preached in Vernon since the death of Rev. Bunker Gay, a list of about forty may be found in Miss Hemenway's History of Vermont. The first settled minister of Fall Town (a portion of it now Vernon, Vt.) was Rev. John Norton from Windham, Ct., ordained at Deerfield in 1741, and on account of the unsettled state of the towns, was dismissed in 1745. While afterwards acting as Chaplain at Fort Mass. he was taken captive by the French and Indians and carried into Canada.

Ebenezer Scott was the first white male child born in Bernardston, Mass., (now Vernon,) Sept. 18th, 1742. Taken by the Indians at Fort Massachusetts when three years old, together with his mother and three brothers, one an infant, carried to Montreal, sold to the French, taken from there to Quebec jail, where his mother and three brothers died, prisoners of the French. He returned to his father in Bernardston when eight years old, had lost our language and talked French.

Married Love Fairman from Connecticut, March 12, 1772. Settled, lived and died on the same farm, March 4, 1826. Served in the Revolution, drew a pension. This information is given by his grandson, O. A. Scott, now living on the same farm.

The French War began in 1753, and as the inhabitants resided mostly in Burk's Fort, there was no minister until 1761, when Rev. Job Wright, a great-grandfather of our townsman, A. Whithed, Esq., was settled. In 1762 the town was incorporated as Bernardston. During the Revolutionary War the town furnished their full quota of men, and Mr. Wright's salary was much neglected. A tax was raised, and the collector paid off Mr. Wright in Continental bills, depreciated so as to be akin to nothing. Mr. Wright asked compensation for the depreciation of the currency value of his salary during seven years' hard labor as Pastor and in support of a young and growing family. The town refused and by his own request he was dismissed. In December, 1783, Rev. Amasa Cook was ordained. When the ministers were assembled in session the evening previous to the ordination it was ascertained the minister selected to preach the ordination sermon was absent. This duty was placed upon Rev. Bunker Gay. Said he, "I have made no preparation for this occasion." As it was decided by them not to excuse him, he accepted. From his previous acquaintance with Cook, he selected for his text, "There is death in the pot," found in II Kings, 4th:40. When Mr. Cook had officiated till people were satisfied of his general habits and character, they convened a council for his dismissal. Mr. Wright, still resident here and present at the council, and in company with some of his former brethren of the clergy, not members of the council, but who were acquainted with the circumstances of his separation from this people, inquired if, in their opinion, he ought, with other members of this church and congregation, to clothe himself in sackcloth and sprinkle dust on his head in mourning at the prospect of their being left destitute of a minister, or whether he was not entitled to a song of exultation over his neighbors in remembrance of the circumstances of his separation from them. Rev. Bunker Gay replied, "Sing! Sing!" Mr. Wright observed he was no singer, but only spoke metaphorically, and had no song prepared for the occasion. Said Mr. Gay, "Then sing this, and we will assist you:"

"Reduced to want, with lantern jaws,
My people I forsook;
And to avenge my righteous cause,
God sent them Parson Cook."

Mr. Amasa Wright, one of the early settlers, who lived in the west part of Vernon, was a tall, very spry, athletic man, although his descendants were of rather short stature. The Indians had many times chased him with the hope of getting him alive, to torture according to their custom. While men were picketing Hinsdale Fort in 1755, they were attacked by Indians. One man was captured, two killed and scalped, two reached the fort, and Mr. Wright and his companion were saved by flight. At another time Mr. Wright was surprised by the savages while he was at work in Pochang Meadow. When both were running at full speed, the foremost Indian said, "Me got you this time." Mr. Wright reached the gate of the fort, placed his hand on the top of the gate and cleared it the first time, but the Indian could not do it. Abishai, his son, died in 1860, aged eighty-eight years. Two centuries have gone by since the solitude of our forests was first broken by the ax of our fathers, and within that time what events have successively risen upon the world. The old French War, the war of the Revolution, and the war of the Rebellion have taken place, while our retreat answers with a faint echo to the tumults agitating all the interests of the world. They, and all they loved, hoped, or feared, their intelligence and strength, their warm sympathies and strong hearts, their loud jests and solemn prayers are gone from their old homes. May the blessing of Heaven rest upon the spot where their bones repose.

But now see what, in the Providence of God, two centuries have produced. We have become numerous; our domestic and social enjoyments are great; we sleep in quietness; we hear no midnight cries of distress, or alarms of approaching danger, but rise and attend to the concerns of life, having nothing to disturb our tranquility but our follies. But when a remote generation shall gather to celebrate the arrival of another centennial day, not one of us, or of our children, except as a relic from the past, will be found among the living. So may we live that the inheritance which we have received, of freedom, truth, intelligence, virtue and faith, may be handed down unspotted to those who shall succeed and receive the blessings of God.

ODE BY T. W. DAVIS.

Where erst the Indian war cry
Resounded through the glade,
And Death in every shadow,
A hideous covert made,
Where men of might and valor
Their lives an offering gave,

We bring our slight memorials,
 To place above their graves.
 'Mid hardship and privation
 The early settlers smiled,
 To think how peace and plenty
 Should deck these forests wild
 With all of art and culture,
 The ages held in store,
 And children's children bless them,
 And tell their virtues o'er.

Look now upon the picture,
 High spires and peaceful cot,
 With life and joy are swelling,
 To grace this hallowed spot;
 The rail car for the horse-path,
 For forests—waving grain,
 Tell of our fathers' trial,
 And mark a century's gain.

And so we gladly gather
 From far and near, to pay
 Our tribute to the heroes
 Who rest in Heaven to-day;
 Not ours to share their struggles—
 Our lot has brighter been,—
 With word and deed we labor
 To keep their memory green.

NARRATIVE OF JOHN STEBBINS OF VERNON, VT.

READ BEFORE THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION AT
 NORTHFIELD, SEPT. 12, 1872.

Capt. Joseph Stebbins, my grandfather, was born in Deerfield, Mass., January 13th, 1721, and resided in Hinsdale, N. H., but owned land the west side of the Connecticut river, opposite, in what is now Vernon, Vt.

I have heard my father, Eliakim Stebbins, and his brother Elijah, sons of Joseph, and Elijah's sons, relate the following conflict with two Indians, Aug. 20, 1756. Capt. Joseph and some men were reaping wheat on the large plain east of my house and between that and the river, having his daughter Tabitha, aged twelve or fifteen years, and his son Elijah, aged nine years, with them. There was no house in town away from Bridgman's and Sartwell's Forts. Two Indians had discovered the reaping party, and lay in ambush among the thick alders in the hollow, ten or twelve rods north of my house,

watching them. Zebediah Stebbins (next younger brother to Joseph) and Reuben Wright, came from Northfield, five miles distant, on horseback, and discovered the Indians in ambush. One of the men said, "Are they white men or Indians?" By that both Indians rose, fired, and wounded Wright, (in the arm, I think) who bled profusely at first. The men fled up the path in the hollow, south of the Stebbins' Cemetery. The Indians pursued with vigor on the run, expecting, no doubt, that Wright would fall from his horse and they would obtain his scalp as a trophy of victory. The white men had but one gun, and after crossing Island Brook, one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and thirty rods west of the conflict, Stebbins requested Wright to hold his horse, and he would return, and said he could probably kill one of them as they came up the brook. Accordingly he took his position and as they came up the bank (history states he received another fire from him) he fired, when one of the Indians leaped up in the air and exclaimed "Ugh!" and fell prostrate on the ground.

Stebbins mounted his horse and they two proceeded and crossed the river by swimming their horse, as was the custom in the Indian wars, to Fort Hinsdale, in Hinsdale, N. H., built by Col. Ebenezer Hinsdale, in 1743, which was situated nearly opposite Fort Sartwell in Vernon.* This was the next year after the Indians killed Caleb Howe, took his wife Jemima and fourteen persons captive, and burnt Fort Bridgeman, in Vernon. The fort was built in 1740 by Capt. Orlando Bridgeman, as is supposed. A party of men from the fort the next day went and examined the ground and found blood in the road where the Indian fell.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

August 17, 1869, as Mr. George Lee was digging up stumps and leveling the land on his farm, so that he could use a mowing machine, he plowed in one place two furrows deep, struck a stone, and

*Josiah Startwell built a fort in 1740, about half a mile north of Bridgeman's, or more properly, a Block-house which was named after him. It was made of large, hewed, square timbers laid horizontal, one above another in the shape of an oblong or square, and locked together at the corners. It was roofed and furnished with loop-holes on every side, through which to observe and attack the enemy with small arms only. The upper story projected over the lower and underneath this projection other loop-holes were cut, to enable those within to fire down on the assailants, in case of a close attack. The fort having stood ninety-eight years and been occupied as a fort and dwelling, was taken down in 1838 and on its site a house was built by the Hon. Ebenezer How, Jr., a great-great-grandson of Josiah Startwell, and a great-grandson of Caleb How, who was killed by the Indians in 1755. It is now occupied by the widow of the said Ebenezer.

on taking it up found more under it, when he took his shovel and dug up three or four bushels of flat stones laid around in regular order in a circle about two feet in diameter, and beneath the stones was an Indian grave, and some remains of a skeleton were to be seen, buried four or five feet deep in a sitting posture. The grave on the south side was dug perpendicular, against which the back of the corpse was placed, facing north, as the form was still visible by the remaining marks. On the north side of the grave, which was small at the top, a hole was dug beneath the surface in a horizontal direction into which his feet and legs had been thrust. His bones were principally decayed, the thigh bones appearing like some old roots, but crumbled on being exposed to the air and touch. This grave was on nearly level ground (between Stebbins's and the County road), and forty rods south of Island brook, from where Mr. Stebbins (my great uncle) shot the Indian, in 1756, 113 years previous to this discovery. There can be little doubt but what this was the grave and the remains of the Indian that Mr. Stebbins killed in 1756. When the Indians fired on the two men on horseback, it probably prevented Capt. Joseph Stebbins and his reaping party from being killed or captured by the Indians, for on hearing the report of the guns they knew there was trouble. The father seized Elijah, placed him on his back, ran across my meadow, re-crossed the river and returned to a little fort, or fortified house, on the farm (now, 1872, owned by Edward Stebbins) from whence the party came. My grandfather settled in what is now Vernon, about 1740, and owned a large excellent meadow and plain farm, and had the oldest deed, May 21, 1749, recorded in the Town Clerk's office in Vernon. His son Elijah and Miss Beulah Dickinson of Hatfield, Mass., were married about 1774.

In 1672, the charter of Northfield, Mass., was granted. It was laid out on both sides of Connecticut river, six miles east and west and twelve north and south, extending four and one-half miles into Hinsdale, N. H., and the same distance into what is now Vernon, Vt. West of this, and extending as far north, was Fall Town gore. The charter of Fall Town was granted by Massachusetts, 1735, and altered to Bernardston, 1762. The State line was run, 1740, between Massachusetts and Vermont, and cut off these two tracts of four and one-half miles long, north and south. This was the first land granted in Vermont. North of these two tracts was Hinsdale gore. Vernon constitutes these three tracts, a small township.

Gov. Wentworth chartered Hinsdale, Sept. 5, 1753, which extended across Connecticut river, and Sept. 26, 1753, he issued a new charter to fourteen proprietors (Joseph Stebbins was one of them). The west bank of the river was the eastern boundary, and both towns named Hinsdale. The name of Hinsdale in Vermont was changed to Vernon, partly after Gen. Washington's residence, by the General Assembly, Oct. 21, 1802.

My Mother was Rebekah Hawks Stebbins, daughter of Col. John Hawks of Deerfield, "The Hero of Fort Massachusetts," 1746. Rowland Stebbins, my first ancestor in the United States, was born 1594, in the village of Stebbins, Essex County, England, about thirty-eight miles north-east of London, and sailed from Ipswich, east coast of England, in the ship Francis, with his wife, two sons, two daughters and a servant girl, or relative, and landed at Boston in 1634, when the town was but four years old. They stopped at Roxbury. Mr. James Savage wrote, probably Stebbins went in June, 1635, to Springfield with his friend Maj. Wm. Pynchon, the first Magistrate and founder of that town. Rowland and family were some of the first settlers of Springfield. Probably in 1636, 1657 or '67, John, Rowland's son, moved to Northampton, and his father soon followed him and died there Dec. 14, 1671, aged seventy-seven years. A monument is erected to his memory. I am the seventh, my children the eighth and my grand-children the ninth generation of lineal descent from Rowland Stebbins.

Very Respectfully,

JOHN STEBBINS.

Vernon, Vt., Sept. 12, 1872.

Hoyt in his history of Indian wars, made a mistake in Stebbins' Christian name, and date of the month. Hoyt called it Zebulon; it was Zebadiah. Hoyt's date was June 20th instead Aug. 20, 1759. I was well acquainted with Zebadiah Stebbins. [This note refers to the conflict described on pp. 146-7.—EDITOR.]

Laborers digging a sewer in one of the principal streets of Ticonderoga, N. Y., Thursday, unearthed the tombstone and coffin of Lord George Augustus Howe, who was killed while leading his force against the French in a battle at Ticonderoga, July 8, 1758. The skull of the body was intact, but the rest of the bones were disjointed and considerably decayed. The oak coffin was in a fair state of preservation.

[The above item, from the "*Republican*" of this morning, if true, shows a shameful neglect somewhere. Lord Howe was the idol of both the English and American soldiers under him, and it seems hardly possible that the place of his burial could have been so lost sight of.—EDITOR.]

Oct. 12, 1889.]

THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING,—1873.

REPORT.

The fourth annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held in Deerfield on Tuesday, Feb. 25. The attendance at the afternoon business session was small, in consequence of the difficult traveling.

The Secretary's report showed that the Association had a membership of one hundred and eight; that one member, Humphrey Stevens of Greenfield, had died within the year, and one person, Henry Hitchcock of Galesburg, Ill., had become a life member. The Treasurer's report showed a balance in the treasury from last year of \$987.21, besides \$87.83 in the hands of the Trustees of the Old Indian House Door, which would be paid over to the Association when a Memorial Hall is built. The President, who is also Librarian and cabinet keeper, reported a steady increase in donations, and a more urgent demand for a public place of deposit and exhibition. Since the last annual meeting, contributions of books, papers, Indian relics and curiosities of various kinds had been made by the following persons: S. R. Phillips, Springfield; Warren Bardwell, Montague; J. B. Callender, Northfield; E. J. Everett, Deerfield; E. Wells & Co., Shelburne Falls; W. T. Davis, F. M. Thompson, Lyman Frink, Greenfield; Mrs. David Rice, Leverett; Chas. Stebbins, Moses Ward, Geo. H. Williams, Edward Barney, Alfred M. Kingman, Henry C. Haskell, Mrs. Andrew Andrews, Jas. Stebbins, Charlie and Cliffy Hawks, Mrs. Consider Dickinson, Deerfield; W. H. Fuller, Whately; Miss Susan A. Smith, Pembroke; Sam'l Willard, Hingham; Mrs. David Kimball, Leverett; Mrs. Dexter Atkins, Buckland; Col. T. W. Ripley, Mrs. Ellen J. Palmer, Boston; Warren Albee, Charlemont. J. D. Arms, Monmouth, Ill.; S. N. Brooks, Chicago; Jesse L. Delano, Sunderland; Miss Mary Stratton, Northfield; Hon. Wm. Hyde, Ware; N. Vickery, Lynn; O. E. Huntington, Cleveland.

Among the interesting relics contributed to the Society the past year, which were exhibited at the place of meeting, Dr. Crawford's church, was a well preserved commission, dated 1724, making Ebenezer Alexander, whose descendants now live in Northfield, an Ensign in Thos. Wells' company. The Alexanders were a military family, and this Eb-

enezer was commissioned Captain for meritorious conduct at the siege of Louisburgh; this commission, bearing date 1745, was also presented to the Association. A muster roll of his company is also preserved and a return, signed by him, giving a list of the wounded, killed and missing of His Majesty's forces at the action at Ticonderoga. The total loss, according to his report, was 1942, including Lord Howe. A copy of the will of John Sheldon, who built the Old Indian House, dated April 3, 1726, was exhibited; also a picture frame molding, made from the old oak under which Elder Wm. Janes preached the first sermon in Northfield, in 1672. The tree was hollow with a hole near the bottom where a fire was set by some boys on a 4th of July, a few years ago and the tree so burned that it became unsafe and was cut down. The moulding was presented by Miss Mary T. Stratton of Northfield. A vote of thanks was passed to those who had contributed to the store of relics.

The choice of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Hon. George Sheldon of Deerfield; Vice-Presidents, James M. Crafts, Whately, Hon. S. O. Lamb, Greenfield; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Dr. Crawford, Deerfield; Secretary and Treasurer, Nath'l Hitchcock; Councillors, Rev. Edgar Buckingham, Dr. R. N. Porter, Dexter Childs, O. S. Arms, Robert Childs, Deerfield; Mrs. Harriett Clapp Rice, Leverett; J. Johnson, Austin De Wolf, E. A. Hall, Greenfield; Col. R. H. Leavitt, Charlemont; J. B. Bardwell, Shelburne; Miss C. A. Baker, Cambridge; E. L. Holton, Northfield; Lorenzo Brown, Vernon, Vt.

The President stated that the great need of the Association was more funds; that his house was filled with articles that had been sent in from different sources, where it was impossible to exhibit them; that this rich store of antiquarian relics, of valuable papers, books and manuscripts was in danger of destruction from fire; and that many who desired to contribute to the cabinets did not do so, preferring to wait until a permanent building was constructed for the reception of their much prized antiquities. In short, that some means must be devised to raise sufficient funds to erect the proposed Memorial Hall; with that end accomplished, the object of the Association would be carried out with the most gratifying results. It was decided that there should be more urgent effort to increase the membership and consequently the annual income of the Association. The committee to arrange for the Field Meeting consisted of James M. Crafts of Whately, J. Johnson of Greenfield and S. F. Wells of Deerfield. At a subsequent meeting of the Council, Geo. Sheldon was appointed Librarian and Cabinet Keeper, and Dr. Robert Crawford, Dr. R. N. Porter and Dexter Childs, Finance Committee for the coming year.

The meeting at the church was adjourned, and about six o'clock the people gathered at the Town Hall and partook of a collation prepared by the ladies under the guidance of the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Justin B. Hitchcock. The Hall, considering the difficulty in reaching it through the snow, was well filled. The walls of the room were honored by the presence in portraits of many of the venerable fathers and mothers of the town. The collection was made by Nathaniel Hitchcock, and was an interesting feature of the occasion. Among them were paintings of Dr. Goodhue, who was in Deerfield forty or fifty years ago, and who made a donation of \$2000 to Dr. Crawford's church; Dr. Wm. Stoddard Williams, and his wife who was Polly, daughter of Lãndlord Hoyt, and born in the Old Indian House; Dr. Stephen W. Williams, son of the "old Doctor," and his wife; Maj. Dennis Stebbins and his wife, who are remembered by many of the present day; Edward Russell and wife; Dea. Thomas Greenough of Newton, in powdered wig and velvet coat of one hundred years ago, grandfather of the present Thomas Greenough; Henry Childs of Wapping; Col. Elihu Hoyt, who was born and died in the old Indian House, was a member of Council, or of the Legislature for upwards of twenty years, and discharged many other high and responsible duties; Augustus Wells, father of S. F. Wells; Jonathan R. Childs, who was much respected; Mrs. Catherine Alexander of Charlestown, who afterwards became Mrs. Stearns and mother of Mrs. Geo. Sheldon, a beautiful portrait by a celebrated Boston artist of her day, retaining its coloring with remarkable freshness; Mr. Quartus Hawks and wife, the latter arrayed in an immense lace cap and cape. The exercises were inaugurated by the singing of a grand old-fashioned hymn by a choir composed of Mrs. Laura B. Wells, Miss Mattie Severance, Mrs. H. S. Childs, Mrs. C. A. Stebbins, Miss Nellie Crawford, Messrs. H. S. Childs, B. Z. Stebbins, Edward Wells, John A. Grout; while Miss Nettie Amidon presided at the organ.

Rev. H. H. Barber of Somerville, a native of Warwick, whose wife was a Deerfield lady, was then introduced to the audience, and read the following paper, by Miss Eliza A. Starr of Chicago:

A LEAF.

On the very brow of the table-land over-looking the Bars' Meadows of Old Deerfield from their southern side, stands a homestead, which, on the 25th of August, 1746, over-looked the same meadows and the same river flowing over its pebble bed. No clearer than now could that stream have flowed through the flowery meadows;

but the elms on its banks, and the overhanging elder bushes, white with blossoms on the calm, June morning, stood closer then and cast deeper shadows on the rapid river. The steep hills, too, whose curves threw the meadows into the form of an amphitheatre, were wooded from base to summit, and the sumacs, already bearing their ruddy spikes of ripe fruit, made hedges at their foot, through which the sky quail trooped with her young ones, while tufts of asters and golden rod, just beginning to flower, caught the full sunlight. A few patches of corn and wheat brightened the fertile meadows; but their almost entire length and breadth was covered with the rich grass of their unbroken alluvial sods. With the early morning of the day I have mentioned, a small troop of pioneers from the homestead, and its neighbor on the south, came down to the meadows—fathers, sons and daughters—to gather in the grass, already cut and cured, standing in low haycocks on the flat. In the faces of all could be seen the marks of Saxon blood, and though the cheeks of all had been browned by the sun and exposure, the blue eyes and brown hair told of ancestors who had dwelt on the shores and among the hedge-rows of merry England.

There was no merriment, however, among that little band of hay-makers, no dallying with the morning hours, but a terrible earnestness entered into the movements of the little girls even, under their sun-bonnets; and had we been there, we would have seen not only the rake and pitching-fork, but the musket and the rifle, for it was not the swift summer shower which those pioneer farmers watched under their anxious eye-brows, but a more silent enemy and a swifter one, giving no warning growl of distant thunder, but, like the near lightning, giving its report even as it struck, for, no sooner would the war-whoop sound than the tomahawk would be ready for its work. There was no murmur among the hazel bushes or the sumacs, excepting the low murmur of the summer morning wind; but for all that, the eye of Samuel Allen never turned fully from the clump of bushes at the foot of the hill, unless turning an instant to those on the river bank; and all the while his swift and anxious diligence hastened the hay-makers. "It must not lie over another day;" yet the hay, precious as it was to the pioneer and his family, was not the loss he most feared. The undefined premonition of coming woe quickened his step, nerved his arm, kept his eye sharper than an eagle's. Before one hour the bolt fell from the clear sky. One unearthly yell and a band of Indians—the aboriginal Americans, the *native Americans*, whose name we arro-

gate to ourselves—broke from the very thicket upon which the eye of Samuel Allen had fixed itself so many times that morning. "To the fort! To the fort!" he called hoarsely to his companions; and still once more, to the children who looked to their father for protection and guidance: "Run as fast as you can to the fort, children; I will keep off the Indians!" and while he spoke, his true pioneer eye had taken aim and the bullet had sped from his rifle. There were shots from all the farmers as they backed away from the hay-field, thus covering the flight of the children; and, their shots fired, some dropped into dense thickets on their way, while some outstripped even their pursuers. But there was one who knew that for him there was no flight, no escape, unless at the sacrifice of what was dearer than life—honor and his children. His rifle kept more than one agile Indian at bay, and he knew the light feet of the young hay-makers were already speeding towards the fort—that they had, at least, the start of their pursuers—when the fatal ball struck his breast. The rampart, which his body had made between the Indians and their victims, fell, and the same blood which had run in the veins of an old Saxon, hundreds of years before, while bearing the Crusader's cross and sword to the very walls of Jerusalem, now oozed out on the virgin turf of a meadow in New England, close by a brook whose ripple was scarcely more audible than the gurgle of the life-blood of the dying pioneer and father. How well his rifle did its work, how unflinchingly he stood his ground, not even tempting the foe onward by his flight, you can tell by counting the paces between a small, flat slate-stone which lies just west of the brook still winding gently across the meadow to the river, on the very spot where Samuel Allen fell—fell, pierced through, at last, not only with the bullets, but the knives of his foes, though "without one wound in the back"—and the two black cherry trees still standing at the south end of the village at the Mills, where his little daughter Eunice, then thirteen years of age, was afterwards overtaken by an Indian and fell under a blow from his hatchet.

Thanks to a noble spirit of veneration for a brave ancestry, the records of Old Deerfield still keep the names of all those engaged in the tragical battle on the meadows at the Bars; and I have no duty, therefore, but to tell the story which I have proposed to myself, of Samuel Allen and his family. When those who had escaped to tell the tale, reached the Fort in the village, (you all know the site of this fort,) and the reinforcements, already on their way to

the threatened township, had arrived, the party detailed to rescue the wounded and to gather up the mangled remains of the dead, came across the body of little Eunice, the blood still gushing from the wound, and even carrying with it pieces of the brain. They bent pityingly over the pale child, dead, as they thought she must be, until some one felt the warm breath coming feebly from the pallid lips, and then raising her gently, prepared to carry her to her mother at the Fort. Going still further, what horrible traces had not that short, sharp conflict left on the meadow on which the morning sun had shone in such splendor! Soon they came to the spot—which the blue slate-stone still marks so unobtrusively amid the rich meadow grass—where Samuel Allen lay in the deep sleep from which only the Archangel's trumpet shall wake him. The noble heart, capable of a self-sacrifice which I pray may have been bequeathed to the last and the least of his descendants, was cold and still; and they laid him in silence on the same litter with his little daughter, whose life he had tried so hard to save. But where was little Sammy, the bold, bright boy of eight years, who had begged the privilege of going with the hay-makers that morning, and whose hardy little pioneer hands did such deft work among the haycocks for one hour? The field and the hazel copses and the sumach hedges were all searched, but no traces of Sammy! To have found him dead, or ever so cruelly wounded, would have been a relief; for the pioneers dreaded, more than a swift death, the chances of a captivity among the Indians. With heavy litters, but still heavier hearts, they turned at last towards the Fort, there to make known to the bereaved wife and mother the full stint of her loss. I have never heard that Hannah Hawks, the wife of Samuel Allen, was a strong-minded woman; indeed I have quite another idea of her. Like the willow she bent before the terrible storm that had swept over her household and her town. Her husband's body was draped in clean linen and laid in the (now) "Old Burying-ground," which still overlooks the river and the meadows, and purple mountains beyond; while the shirt of coarse homespun linen, its buttons wrought by the skillful hand and needle of the pioneer housewife, pierced through and through, as it were, by the pitiless bullets and knives, was kept, with its blood stains, as her most precious earthly treasure. The little Eunice, strange to say, revived when laid in her mother's arms, and before midwinter showed that none of her mind had oozed out with her brains under the hazel bushes. With the revival of this child, revived also, and utter-

ly mastered the mother's heart, a sense of the loss of her boy, Sammy. His brother, Caleb, grew daily before her eyes in the likeness of his dead father, and her other little ones were around her to be cared for, but her nights were haunted by the thought of this one absent boy. For a year and a half she endured, with all her other anguish, the slow torture of hope deferred; for she could never give him up. At length the declaration of peace gave a ray of hope; and her brother, Col. John Hawks, (worthy to be held up as the model of a chivalrous soldier as well as of a devoted brother,) mounting his snow-shoes set off for Canada in midwinter with a single companion. With "Fort No. 4" they left behind them the last traces of civilization until they entered Canada, then the home of the French Colonists, and made their way to the headquarters of the French Governor. Col. Hawks was received, not only with military courtesy, but with sympathizing kindness. The attack of the Indians upon the unoffending pioneers at the Bars was explained by their savage disappointment at not having secured, through a motive of mercy on the part of the French officers, their fancied share of the prisoners taken a few days before; and the story of Col. Hawks, though soon told, fell upon an ear which ached at the simple recital of a widowed sister's woes. Not only was a ransom offered for Sammy, but a French officer in exchange, by Col. Hawks; yet in vain did the Governor, urged on by compassion for the mother and the desire to release an officer, use every means for the recovery of the boy. Neither diplomacy nor bribes could unravel the mystery, although it was well known that a boy had been brought to Canada in safety, adopted by an Indian in good faith and out of love for the child, which happened on this wise: Unable to keep pace with his brother and sister, Sammy caught the eye of an Indian who had lost his only son in the wars, and the strong hand of the hunter captured the child as he would have seized a rabbit on the jump. But Sammy was no timid hare, to faint or tremble even in the hands of the dreaded Indian. Not contented to writhe and struggle in the arms of his captor, he used his feet, hands, nails and even teeth, to effect his escape. The fiercer he fought for his liberty the dearer he became to the heart of the Indian, who smiled upon him in his rude way of expressing admiration. Finding him, at last, too much for his flight, with a white re-inforcement perhaps at his back, he compelled the boy to follow him on foot, dragging him through briars and tangled bushes until he saw that his strength was exhausted, and then took him in his

arms and carried him until he fell asleep on his swarthy shoulder. Love took the place of fear in the heart of the white boy and he lived happy in the wigwam of his adopted father, learning to fish and to use the bow and arrow of the tribe with a skill which made him the apple of the Indian's eye. The French Governor might get back his officer as he could; the Indian cared not. And what did *he* want of the white man's gold in exchange for the little rogue whom he never wanted to remember was only a captive.

The summer sun of Canada lay warm on the threshold of the Governor's house, where Col. Hawks was gloomily revolving in his mind the possibilities of delaying any longer his return to Deerfield; balancing these possibilities, too, with the dread of meeting his sister without Sammy, when an Indian woman's blanketed head was put inside the door and as quickly withdrawn. This shy action, so characteristic of her race, was hardly noticed by the despondent Colonel until it was twice repeated. Then a ray of light darted across his mind. That face—he had certainly seen it somewhere—and when it again appeared at the door he motioned to the woman to come in. She looked cautiously round, laid her finger on her lip and then said in that whisper of the red man, which refuses to follow the ordinary laws of sound: "You come for Sammy Allen; Indian woman know his father, Indian woman know his mother, Indian woman bring Sammy to his white uncle." Then telling him by signs the awful consequences of a whisper even, she left him, bringing with her on her return, the wild little fellow, who, with true Indian taciturnity, turned a cold shoulder to his white uncle. It needed something more than persuasion to take him from his Indian friends; and the strong guard of the French Governor covered the flight of the Colonel with his recovered treasure.

The story of the Indian woman's kindness to Sammy's mother, is too touching to be omitted here. It is one of those flowers which sprang up amid the horrors of savage warfare and of civilized hate, to show us how tenaciously the human heart guards the seeds of its Eden-planted virtues.

Amid all the roughness of pioneer life, Samuel Allen and his wife and his unmarried sister, Chloe, who lived with them, kept the graces of a gentle lineage and a gentler home. An Indian woman, whose wigwam was on the brow of the same tableland as their homestead, was allowed to keep her best blanket, moccasins and strings of wampum in the garret of their unfinished

house; and, later on, as her only son sickened and died of consumption, her simples and herbs, and broth of frog's legs, were assisted by the more nourishing dainties of civilized housewifery. When rumors of a coming war between England and France were first whispered with white lips among the colonists, the Indian woman had already taken up the bones of her dead son, carefully washed and dried them, and, one morning her wigwam was found deserted. The terrors of a war with the tribes, as well as with the French, soon explained her flight; but with the bones of her dead, her best blanket, moccasins and wampum, she had taken a faithful remembrance of the kindness of her white neighbors, and you already know how richly it was repaid. If the descendants of Samuel Allen have treasured the blood-stained garments in which he was killed by the red man in trying to defend his children, they have no less faithfully preserved in their traditions the memory of the Indian woman's gratitude and compassion.

It will not, I must believe, take anything from the verity or interest of this paper to the minds of my friends, kinspeople and neighbors, in Old Deerfield, to be told that my narrative has been drawn not from any history or written record whatsoever; but, from the family traditions, as told to my brothers and sister as well as myself, by our mother, uncles and aunts, who had received it from their father, mother, uncles and aunts, and especially from their aunt, Miss Eunice Allen, and came from their uncle, Samuel Allen, both of whom lived to a good old age, in full possession of their faculties, and both of them, remarkable for vigor of mind, accuracy of memory, and for the pleasure they took in communicating all the circumstances connected with the history of their generation. And I have confined myself to this oral tradition, not only because the Chicago fire of October 9, 1871, took from me library, manuscripts and family dates, but because there is an aroma, a charm, about a tradition, handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth, which no history, however faithful or however eloquent, can ever hope to preserve.

I have tried to give you, as accurately as possible, the story of the tragedy of August 25th, 1746, on the Bars meadow, as I heard it when a child, over and over again, beside the blazing hickory in the large open fire-places of the beloved "Meadow homestead" at the Mills in Deerfield, not more than half a mile from the spot where Samuel Allen fell; and the tall, well-proportioned "dip-candle," duly bleached at the south window of the large garret, would

burn low to the socket of the brass candlestick before our mother's thrilling story was ended; as I heard it also, again and again, at the large family gatherings, when Aunt Chloe Cooley, from "Bloody Brook," (a name dearer to me from old associations than any *South Deerfield* can ever be,) and uncle Eliah Allen from "Wapping," and Aunt Judith Bardwell from "the street," and Uncle Asaph Allen from the veritable "Bars," with a score and more of merry cousins, gathered at brother Oliver's and sister Lovina's, in the home where the joint hospitality of the Starrs and the Allens made long afternoons and pleasant evenings; or, as still again, when cousins from the far off Grand Isle in Lake Champlain, or from Burlington on the beautiful shore of the same lake, who had heard the tradition from Uncle Samuel Allen, came to see the very spots made sacred to them by the blood of our ancestors, we children were allowed to join the party, to ride about, to see and to hear what could never be erased from or crowded out of the retentive memory of childhood. Thus too, the story, repeated over and over again, and all its points of interest graven deep on our minds, was still further dilated upon in our little home circle, where the quiet visits of Aunt Judith gave her and our mother an opportunity to dwell upon all the details of these transactions in such a way as to invest them with that tender interest, that charm, that poetical beauty—that very "stuff" which the *ballads* of a nation "are made of." As if nothing should be lacking to the preparation I was to make for this communication to your honorable society, during the last visit which my sister, Mrs. Eunice Allen Starr Wellington, made with me to our brother, Caleb Allen Starr at Laona, Illinois, we compared notes on the least details of family history. It was from such domestic conversations that I heard of the visit paid by Col. Ethan Allen of Vermont to my grandfather, Caleb Allen, at the Bars. The gentlemen then and there settled the fact of their inheritance of the same blood and bone. The Samuel C. Allen family of Northfield is a branch from the same root. To Dr. — Allen of Northampton, the present generation of Allens are indebted for some very handsome additions to their store of family knowledge, as well as to George Allen, Esq., LL. D., Greek Professor in the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, and son of Hon. Heman Allen of Burlington, Vt., who stood with Ex-President John Quincy Adams in the noble minority of *seven* in the House of Representatives on the Right of Petition. The story of the "Beautiful Grey Nun of Montreal," which I heard as a child, has graced more than one story in Amer-

ican Magazines; and this "Gray Nun of Montreal" was the youngest daughter of Col. Ethan Allen. The blood of the old crusader ancestor, who won for his descendants such precious armorial bearings, came out very strong, you may think, in the "Grey Nun," who lived and died most devoted and religious and an ornament to the Order whose gray habit she wore.

The coat of arms of the Allen family, which has come down to us in the most accredited manner, and which was borne with pride by an ancient English Cardinal, is a crusader's cross in gold on a sable field, the crest a lion rampant holding a rudar. Beside this cross of a Crusader, who was ready to do battle for the *Tomb of Christ*, I envy not the brightest coronet that ever shone on ducal field; and I only ask for myself and for those most dear to me by blood, that we may so live as not to shame its grand motto—grand with a courage which might well have nerved Samuel Allen for the defense of his children on the meadows of Old Deerfield, on the morning of the 25th of August, 1746, for that motto is, "*Fortiter gerit Crucem*,"

"BRAVELY HE BEARS HIS CROSS."

Deacon Nathaniel Hitchcock then introduced his portraits to the audience, after which Miss Snow of Belchertown, whose mother was a Deerfield woman, read the following poem:

THE OLD GRAVEYARD AT DEERFIELD.

Upon the hills the golden haze
Of waning summer lies;
Pearl-tinted clouds in shimmering rays
Softens the dream-like skies,—

The skies that from this quiet hight
And depth of calm profound,
By day and night shed holy light
O'er this old burial ground.

I hear the shallow's mellow plash,
And hoof-beats ringing fleet;
A horseman seen like meteor flash,
Riding toward Deerfield street.

And then no sound of life to break
The stillness of the scene,
No hand so rude in place to shake
The veil withdrawn between

The present and the mystic past,
With all its wondrous lands;
For here, from out the ages vast,
Three centuries clasp hands.

Two like discrowned and aged kings,
With pallid cheeks and brows,
The other to them homage brings
And joins to theirs his vows.

They wave their sceptres, and behold,
In long procession come
The dead from out the darksome mould,
So many years their home.

They live and move; their voices ring
Through forest solitudes;
A grand old hymn of praise they sing,
With solemn interludes.

Their dwelling lights burn redly bright;
Heaven's white lights burn above,
Like challenged sentinels by night;
Their countersign, "God's love."

By day, the wave-like shadows sweep
O'er fields of ripening grain,
Or like dim troops of warriors creep
From mountain-top to plain;

And watching mothers kneel in prayer
Fair cradled forms beside,
In morning's breath of scented air,
Or calm of eventide.

The Indian war-whoop echoes shrill
Throughout the peaceful vale;
On woman's heart falls terror's chill,
And manly cheeks are pale.

The savage battle death and doom
Mingled with wild dismay;
A burning village and each home
Ruthlessly swept away.

Like blinded wraiths the maddened years
Grove through the darkened vale;
While over dead hearts, hopes and fears,
Sounds their despairing wail.

But, phoenix-like, to life once more
The pleasant village springs,
And from its chimneys, as of yore,
Rise misty, curling rings.

Clear on the frosty morning air
Is borne o'er hill and dell
The voice that calls to praise and prayer—
The music of the bell.

Ah, listen! 'Tis a prophet's voice.
If ye its meaning knew,

Whose hearts its solemn tones rejoice,
Those hearts, though brave and true,
With sudden fear would faster throb,
Or deadly purpose own
'Gainst those who came your homes to rob,
Your dearest hopes strike down.

Where far St. Regis' shadowy aisles
Enfold their single fane,
A dark-robed priest with bitter smiles,
And lips compressed with pain,
Is standing at the sacred shrine.
He views a dusky band
Who round him kneel, as though Divine
Gifts rested in his hand;

He marks the dread, revengeful scowl
Resting on each dark brow,
Telling of purpose deep and foul,
Of meditated blow

Against the hated heretics,
Who hold their sacred bell.
Fearful the cup such wrath will mix
For them, he knows full well.

And for one moment even he
Feels pity for their fate;
The next but gives the victory
To thoughts of Church and State.

Then with his subtle, wily tongue,
He speaks in solemn tone;
He tells them of the bitter wrong
Their enemies have done;

How, in their village belfry hung,
The pleasant-toned bell
Breathes forth, by their hands daily swung,
Joy's tones or sorrow's knell;

He tells them how St. Regis' shades
Would back the echoes fling;
How through the wild and leafy glades
Its silver voice would ring;

How the Great Spirit bends from Heaven
To see if they, His sons,
Guard as they ought the blessings given
To these, His chosen ones;

Till to his feet each savage brave
Springs, eager for the fray,

And on their councils stern and grave
Goes down the affrighted day.

What mean those piercing shrieks of woe,
Resounding through the night?
Those lurid flames that heavenward go,
In quivering spires of light?

Alas! the pure, white snow is stained
With deeper, darker dye
Than that where glittering fires are rained,
Burns on the midnight sky.

For where so lately Deerfield stood,
Fire and dark death bear sway,
While savage demons, fierce and rude,
Their captives lead away.

The shifting panorama fades;
The ages melt away;
While the dim twilight's gathering shades
Forbid our longer stay.

So from the azure depths of even
The pale, sweet stars look down,
As *they* perchance look down from Heaven
Upon the dear old town

Who suffered, in the days of old,
Captivity and death,
Yet now with clearer sight behold
Reward for all their faith.

Oh, Thou, whose love must ever charm
Our world-worn, weary hearts,
Whose passing shadow, holy calm,
And joy and peace imparts,

We question, in our blind unrest,
Why thus life's channels run;—
The ages prove Thy wisdom best
In that Thy will is done.

This was followed by a paper from James M. Crafts, Esq., of Whately, upon the Wells family, after which Rev. Mr. Barber took the stand again and recited a fine poem. J. Johnson of Greenfield traced the probable route of the Indians after the Deerfield massacre, in their retreat to Canada. Miss Mattie Severance then read the following poem written by Fisher Ames Foster of Washington, who frequently spends his summers in Deerfield, and has become much interested in her history.

POCUMTUCK VALLEY.

Amid these pleasant, fruitful vales,
Scooped out by ancient waters,
The Poet makes his bow and hails
Pocumtuck's sons and daughters.
His theme imparts all needed arts
Pocumtuck hearts to rally,
Since every string is tuned to sing
Of Old Pocumtuck Valley.

When Nature planned our Yankee land,
Apprentices began it,
And built the most of it with sand,
And topped it off with granite.
Her chosen bands of journey-hands
Then had commands to rally,
With whom, we're told, herself took hold,
To make Pocumtuck Valley.

She brought with zeal her rarest skill
To this alluring duty;
She wrought each tree and wooded hill
In forms of wondrous beauty;
She spread a scene of shadowed green
A fairy queen might covet,
And, tenderer hue of heavenly blue,
Bent lovingly above it.

She trained great elms with stately grace,
To shield from heat that parches,
Whose towering branches interlace
Like grand cathedral arches;
Whose foliage weaves a wreath of leaves
That drop their grateful shadows,
While underneath, cool zephyrs breathe
From broad and fragrant meadows.

When Summer comes, with all her train,
So famed in song and story,
To drape the fields in green again,
And crown the trees with glory—
No wonder then that city men
Quit books and pen to sally
From toil and trade, to seek the shade
Of Old Pocumtuck Valley.

No wonder that the stranger seems
To gaze on fields Elysian,
When first the view in splendor beams
On his enraptured vision.
In all his round o'er pleasant ground
He has not found—nor shall he—
A place that vies with Paradise
Like Old Pocumtuck Valley.

And ye who broil in cities hot,
While blistering suns are blazing,
And sigh for some o'ershadowed spot
To pass these sultry days in,
If you would meet a cool retreat
From glowing street and alley,
Come seek the shade the elms have made
In Old Pocumtuck Valley.

Ye men of trade, who so adore
The hard, almighty dollar,
Whose souls and bodies to the store
Are chained as by a collar,
Break from the care that binds you there,
Like convicts to a galley,
And hie away for a holiday,
To Old Pocumtuck Valley.

Ye youngsters who have vainly sought
Some spot resembling Eden,
And dreamed sweet dreams in secret thought
O'er some ideal maiden,
To really sup this nectar cup,
Come straightway up and dally
With cool, sweet shades, and sweeter maids,
In Old Pocumtuck Valley.

The banks and brags of Bonnie Doon
Are doubtless full of posies;
The banks of Ayr, in leafy June,
May bloom with countless roses;
But, lovers true, as a place to woo
Some sweet-lipped Sue or Sally,
The Doon and Ayr cannot compare
With Old Pocumtuck Valley.

A vote of thanks was passed for the tasteful and bountiful entertainment furnished, and after singing the Doxology, which was "deaconed off" with grand effect, the pleasant party broke up.

THE FOURTH FIELD-MEETING—1873.

FIELD-MEETING AND BASKET PICNIC

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

AT SUNDERLAND, MASS., ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1873,

WHICH ALL MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION ARE REQUESTED TO ATTEND, AND
TO WHICH CITIZENS, FORMER RESIDENTS AND NATIVES OF SUNDER-
LAND, MONTAGUE AND LEVERETT, AND THE PUBLIC
GENERALLY ARE INVITED.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. SINGING. By a select choir.
2. ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE ASSOCIATION. By James B. Whitmore.
3. RESPONSE. By Vice-President Samuel O. Lamb.
4. SINGING. By a select choir.
5. READING OF SCRIPTURES. By Rev. E. B. Fairchild.
6. PRAYER. By Rev. J. P. Watson.
7. ORIGINAL ODE. By David Rice, M. D.
8. HISTORICAL ADDRESS. By H. W. Taft, Esq.
9. COLLATION.
10. SELECT SINGING.
11. HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES. By a descendant of natives of Sunderland.
12. SELECT SINGING.
13. PAPER ON INDIAN NAME-WORDS. By Rev. J. H. Temple.
14. SHORT ADDRESSES, interspersed with select singing.

REPORT.

Tuesday, August 26, 1873, was a memorable day for the good people of Sunderland, carrying them back as it did through the two hundred years of their history. The day dawned pleasantly for the annual Field-Meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, which had this year selected "Swampfield" and its two hundredth anniversary as the befitting place and time for their gathering. The site of the first meeting-house, erected in 1717, and which stood in the road in front of the present church edifice, was marked by sign boards for the benefit of the antiquarians; a flag floated from the tall staff near by, while other indications were apparent of the day's importance. Soon after ten o'clock, parties of people, with lunch baskets in hand, assembled beneath the spreading branches of the apple trees in the rear of John M. Smith's residence, the place selected for the picnic and exercises of the day. The committee of the town, appointed to make the necessary preparations and provide for the numerous guests, were John M. Smith, Jesse L. Delano, Whitney L. Warner, Fred Whitmore, Fred Pomroy, Rufus Smith, E. E. Robinson; and the committee on music, W. L. Warner and E. E. Robinson of Sunderland, and Samuel F. Wells of Deerfield. Settees and temporary seats were arranged beneath the trees around the speakers' stand. The assembly received constant additions until about noon, when it was estimated that there were present some seven or eight hundred people, mainly from Sunderland and Leverett, but a few coming from nearly every town in the County. Conspicuous among those present were many old people, anxious to revive the traditions of their childhood. Seated together were three sisters—the mother of John M. Smith, Mrs. Mary Taft, Mrs. Ames—all over eighty years of age.

The assembly was called to order by Vice-President James M. Crafts, and the exercises commenced by a song of welcome by a choir of singers from Leverett, consisting of Chas. H. Field (leader), F. W. Field, Edward Field, Chas. M. Field, Mrs. S. K. Field, Mrs. W. H. Lyman, Miss Sarah Field, Miss Emma Field. J. B. Whitmore of Greenfield, a native of Sunderland, was called upon in behalf of the town to welcome the visitors present. She was proud, he said, to claim her sons and daughters as her own. They came back with feelings of love and respect to the scenes of their childhood, where they could gather inspiration for the future. We speak with reverence and love of those who lived here in the past, so tried and true in peace and in war. The speaker held up to the audience a rusty sword, simple and awkward, he said, but treasured because it was carried by his great-grand sire, who commanded in the Revolutionary War. He also showed to the audience a small copy of the New Testament, given to him by

the Sabbath school in Sunderland, when he went out with a score of comrades from these homes to join their companies in the field in defense of their country. He never left the testament behind, and worn and soiled though it was, money could not represent its value. He would put the two side by side and say, as did our fathers, "The sword and the Bible—while we are ready to use the one in defense of liberty, we believe all the precious truths of the other." Again he would extend a hearty and cordial welcome, believing the Association was doing an important work that might otherwise be left undone, a work that was leading to a nobler and better life.

S. O. Lamb, Esq., of Greenfield, another vice-president of the Association, was now introduced as the presiding officer of the day. He said when his friend commenced he thought the rusty sword was a singular implement of welcome, but he acknowledged its appropriate introduction. But now we will let it rest, and hope that in our lives there will be no further use for it. Our object is to collect and preserve all that will perpetuate the history of this region—not only the things written but the things done, the deeds performed two hundred years ago. It was not for him to allude to all that transpired. The men who broke ground here were of no ordinary character. They were of a strong faith and of positive beliefs. It was well for us to cherish all we can discover of their lives. This is a work that cannot be delayed. These leaves of the past are scattered and are fast disappearing. Time destroys them every year. This Association feels that it is a work of importance which cannot be put off. It is one thing to collect and another to preserve these relics of the past, and the speaker alluded to the Memorial Hall proposed and the purpose it would serve.

A song by the choir was followed by the reading of selections from the Scriptures by Rev. E. B. Fairchild of Stoneham, a former resident of Sunderland. Prayer was then offered by Rev. J. P. Watson of Leverett, when Mrs. W. H. Lyman of the choir sang with expression and sweetness the following original ode, written for the occasion by her father, Dr. David Rice of Leverett.

Where the red man trod this vale,
Where his light barque kissed the wave,
Now tradition tells the tale,
Only of his lonely grave;
But his spirit doth abide
In the pleasant hunting-grounds,
And he roameth with his bride,
Where the war-whoop never sounds.
Where his lonely wigwam stood,
By the river's pebbly shore,

Or beneath the silent wood,
In the far-off days of yore,
Now behold the verdant meads,
Rich with fields of golden corn;
Hear the music of the bells,
In the silent Sabbath morn.

While we gather here to-day,
Busy memories come and go,
And we seem to see the fray,
And to hear the savage foe,
As our fathers did of old,
When they nobly bled and died,
And their lives so dearly sold,
To protect their own fireside.

And we gather here to-day,
To commemorate their deeds,
And a grateful tribute pay
To their worth, and not their creeds;
From their home in heaven above,
May their blessings on us fall,
From their open palms of love,
Richly, richly on us all !

Henry W. Taft, Esq., of Pittsfield, a native of Sunderland, was now introduced as the orator of the day, and delivered the following address, which occupied an hour and a quarter and was listened to with closest attention throughout:

ADDRESS OF HENRY W. TAFT, ESQ.

There is no one, I think, whose early years were free from any special disaster or sorrow, who is not conscious of a peculiar tenderness of feeling toward the home of his childhood and youth. If it continues to be the home of his maturer years, it is identified with himself and becomes a part of his own personality. If his later years are passed elsewhere, he finds that this feeling never attaches itself to any other object. Whether his future be prosperous or adverse, however strong may be his attachment to his later home, his thoughts go back often to the earlier time, and there is a subtle charm in the landscape which continually presents itself, the mingled fruit of memory and imagination, which has no parallel in all his after life. The mountain, the river, the little brook with its waterfall, the rocky pasture, the fair meadow, the village houses with their orchards and gardens, the broad highway and the wood-

land path—how vividly do they come up before him; there was nothing like them before, and they will never be produced again. The family surnames which were best known to his childhood have always a familiar sound, their bearers stand to him in a fraternal relation and he never ceases to feel that he has a right of inheritance in all that pertains to the welfare of his native town. We are fortunate that this feeling in us can attach itself to a region which God has made so fair. There is no more beautiful territory than this valley of the Connecticut; and there are portions of the world's surface which have been made famous in song and story, where the materials of romantic and heroic history were more slender than our own. It should be a pleasure, as it is a duty, in our humblest towns to recall the past, to gather and preserve the details of their foundation, to acquaint ourselves with the names, the characters, the labors and sacrifices of the fathers who have long since passed away. It has been the fashion in later years to scoff at the bigotry, pride and intolerance of the founders of New England, but the impartial verdict of history will be that the achievement of liberty in the War of the Revolution and its preservation in the War of the Rebellion, were only possible because of the existence of New England principles and New England institutions, among which the township organization holds a most important place.

In response to your invitation, I propose, not because I feel that I can contribute materially to your entertainment, but from my interest in the occasion and from a strong sympathy with the purposes and labors of the Association who are the guests of the town to-day, to present to you a sketch of the earliest years in the history of Sunderland, giving somewhat in detail the successive steps in the planting of the town, because they are fairly preserved in the records and afford a good example of the mode of operations in our earlier settlements. It will be by no means exhaustive, because there are, I am persuaded, abundant materials, which I have had no time to search for, and I especially regret that I am almost wholly unprovided in respect to the settlements of Montague and Leverett while they were portions of the town, and if this paper be found to be somewhat long, you will remember that in those early days it was customary for the preacher always to turn the hour-glass once, and sometimes twice.

The ancestors of the first settlers of this town for the most part emigrated to New England between 1630 and 1636, and settled at

Roxbury, Dorchester, Cambridge and Watertown. The story has been often told, how about the year 1636 they passed through the wilderness and settled the towns of Springfield, Windsor, Hartford and Weathersfield; how after the lapse of years bitter theological controversies grew up in the churches of the two latter towns, the exact nature of which it is now difficult to determine, which gave rise to a new emigration in the year 1659, when a large number of families from these two towns, with a few from Windsor, removed within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts and founded the town of Hadley, then extending across the river and embracing a portion of the present town of Hatfield. Among these first settlers of Hadley were several of the original emigrants from England, and with them came Rev. John Russell and, it is supposed, a majority of the members of his church in Weathersfield.

The emigrants to New England, for the first twenty or thirty years, were some of them men of ample means and high social position, but the greater part were of the middle class, yeomen and artisans, but possessed of some estate. They were earnest, hardy, devout men, whose object in emigrating was not merely to increase their worldly prosperity, but to be free to worship God in their own way and to escape the enforced religious conformity of the mother-land. They depended upon agriculture for their subsistence and at first naturally sought out the valleys and the banks of the rivers, where the land was the most fertile and most easy of cultivation. They were obliged to live compactly, for the purpose of mutual protection, and when they had fully occupied their limited intervals, they began to look for and colonize new lands, while they possessed large tracts of upland still uncultivated and unsubdued. It is a peculiar feature in New England history, that the new were ever the children of the older towns or plantations—colonies going out together from the mother country, neighbors and relatives with like purposes, habits and character, pursuing the old labors and maintaining the old relations in the new home.

Hatfield was separated from Hadley in 1670, and in 1672 we find the inhabitants of Hadley, then embracing a territory of forty square miles, applying to the General Court for more land, alleging in their petition that "our interval land by reason of the high situation of it being seldom flooded, and of not continuing to yield grass as in the plantations down the river, and as here formerly." And in 1729, our town of Sunderland, which contained probably not more than three hundred inhabitants, asked, for similar

reasons, an addition to its territory, then containing about thirty-six square miles.

The petition of Hadley was granted in 1673, by an addition of a strip two miles wide on the eastern border of the town; but some of the inhabitants had other views than the enlargement of their boundaries. They had found that there was good land upon the river, to the northward and beyond their bounds, and they presented another petition to the General Court at the May session, 1673, for the grant of a new plantation, which was acceded to by the Court in the following enactment, and thus the first step was taken in the settlement of the town of Sunderland:

“At a General Court for election held at Boston, 7th May, 1673. In answer to the petition of sundry inhabitants of Hadley, the Court judgeth it mete to grant the peticoners request, i. e., the quantity of six miles square in the place desired, i. e., lying nere to the northward bounds of Hadley, i. e., provided that within seven years or sooner if may be, there be a competent number of familys settled there, and provide themselves of an able & orthodox minister; & for their encouragement in so goode a work, this Court orders & appoints & impowers Major John Pynchon, Left. Wm. Clarke & Mr. Wm. Holton, to be a Committee to order in the meantime their prudential affairs, granting of lotts, & otherwise reserving in some convenient place, two hundred & fifty acres of land for a farme for the country’s use & disposall.”

At the time this grant was made, Springfield, Westfield, Northampton, Hadley, Hatfield and Deerfield were the only incorporated towns in the valley; Deerfield was the most northern settlement on the west side of the river; the plantation at Northfield had but just commenced, having been granted in October, 1672, and there were only three or four settlements in the present County of Worcester; to the north and west the wilderness was unbroken.

Of the committee appointed to oversee the new plantation, Maj. Pynchon was of Springfield and the most important and influential man in the County of Hampshire. Messrs. Clarke and Holton were prominent citizens of Northampton.

If this grant of 1673 was followed by a *settlement* of the plantation, this town may be classed with Deerfield and Northfield among the oldest of the valley towns, and this gathering to-day may be fairly considered to be held in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of such settlement. And while historians have neglected us, and the records of the proprietors are lost, and

tradition is almost silent, the little information which has come down to us shows conclusively, I think, that Sunderland was *settled* and *inhabited* before the breaking out of King Philip's War in 1675.

The first step taken by the proprietors was to procure through the agency of Major Pynchon, who was the principal negotiator with the Indians in this valley, an extinguishment of the Indian title. This is contained in two deeds, each dated April 10, 1674. In one of these deeds, "Mishalisk, an old woman, the mother of Wattawehinksin, deceased, doth hereby bargain, sell and alienate a Tract of Land to John Pynchon of Springfield, acting for and in behalf of Robert Boltwood, Joseph Kellogg, John Hubbard & Thos. Dickinson of Hadley & their associates, * * which land begins at y^e Southerly end of it, at y^e Brook Nepesoneag, * * taking in all y^e land on y^e Northerly side of it. It runs up by Quinnetticut River to y^e brook called Sawwatapskechuwas and Mattamooash where others Indians have sold, * * the whole tract of land from Nepesoneag on y^e South, next Hadley Bounds to Sawwatapskechuwas on y^e North, & beyond at Mattamooash & from Quinnetticut River out into the woods Eastward six miles from the said River Quinnetticut." The consideration for this purchase was a "debt or dues from her son Wattawehinksin to John Pynchon of Springfield, as also for and in consideration of one Large Indian Coat and several other small things."

In the other deed, "Mettawampe, alias Natawasawet y^e Indian for himself and in the behalf of other Indians, viz.: Wadanummin, Squiskheag & Sunkkamachue, and for and in consideration of eighty fathom of wampum and several other small things," conveys to said parties "a certain tract of land lying on y^e East side of Quinnetticut River about seven or eight miles above Hadley, adjoining to a parcell of land which the said Boltwood & Company bought of Mishalisk, from that parcell of land and Brook called Sawwatapskechuwas up by y^e Grt River Quinnetticut Northerly to a little Brook called Papacontuckquash & Corroheagan, lying over against y^e mouth of Pacomptuck River, Mantehalas, * * resigning to them all the right, title and interest in the forementioned lands called Mattampash from Sawwatapskechuwas, Anquepinich, Sankrohoncum, Lemuckquash & Papacontuckquash, Corroheagan, & to Mantehalas, & out into y^e woods six miles from y^e Great River Quinnetticut." From all which we learn that the Indian title covered a tract of land extending northward from Nepeasoneag, which

we know is Mohawk Brook, to the Brook Sawwatapskechuwas, and thence to the Brook Papacontuckquash over against the mouth of the Deerfield River, and eastward six miles from the river, and containing, supposing the river to run in a straight line, fifty-four square miles. I must leave it to the topographers of the Association thoroughly to identify all the localities mentioned in the deeds. These deeds were recorded on the town records in 1714.

At the May session of the General Court in 1674, a petition was presented by the Committee having the plantation in charge, upon which action was taken as follows:

"This honored Court having in May, 1673, granted a tract of land to some of Hadley, reserving two hundred and fifty acres of land for a farm for the country, we, the subscribers, being the committee for that plantation, do offer to this honored court the consideration of the small tract of land there, which is of any worth for improvement, being in all but nine hundred and thirty acres of plowing land, swampe land for meadow and upland for their home lotts. The whole having been measured, we find but so much, the rest being barren pine land as farr as yet we can learn or understand; so that if two hundred and fivety acres be taken out of it for the country farm, it must unavoidably spoyle the place for a plantation, and to lay out the farm on the barren pyne land will be to deceive the country, wherefore we lay the case before this honoured court, hoping they will see cause to allow the whole land to the plantation and release the country farne, or allow to be layd out on the outbounds of the plantation, or in some other place which may be better for the country.

Subscribed,

JOHN PYNCHON.

WILLIAM CLARKE.

June 3, 1674.

"In ans'r to the motion here presented, it is ordered that the com'ittee above named lay out fivety acres of the better sort of the nine hundred and thirty acres, above exprest, in a convenient place for the countrys farne, adding two hundred acres more thereto, out of the remote lands as they shall see best for the country, who are also impowered to lease out the same for years, to the inhabitants, at such rates, as they can, so as the country may have some acknowledgment annually for the said farne."

And at the October session of the same year 1674 it was ordered:

"In answer to the petition of the inhabitants of Swampfield, the Court judgeth it meet to order Capt. Elizur Holyoke, Left. Wm. Clarke and Left. Wm. Allice to be a committee who are hereby desired to repair to the places and to view the same what either doo desire and make report to the Court what may be meet to be granted; provided also, that a farme of two hundred and fivety acres of the best be reserved and layd out for the country where the grant shall be."

This was evidently an application for an enlargement of the grant, but there is no further reference to the plantation in the records of the General Court. In a written statement of losses in the County of Hampshire in the Indian war which so speedily followed, it is said, "of ten towns in the county of Hampshire five were wholly dissipated." This of necessity includes Swampfield. In another statement made in 1685 it is said that "there was an old ditch for a fence four miles long on the outside of the swamp, and that above one hundred acres of plowland was formerly broken up. In 1690, Maj. Pyncheon reports that Hadley scouts espied an Indian and discovered the tracks of others *"about Swampfield mill."* In the agreement signed by the proprietors under the grant of 1713 hereafter referred to, it was determined that the house lots should be laid from "near a ——above the place where the chimneys are." Sixty or seventy years ago, and perhaps at a later period, stone and brick constituting the foundations of the chimneys of three or four dwellings were plainly to be seen on the east side of the street above and below the dwelling house of Mr. Dean; and these were then understood, on perfectly reliable evidence, to be the remains of the dwellings of the settlement of 1673.

These details, meagre as they are, seem conclusive of these facts, that during the year 1674 and the early part of 1675 considerable progress had been made in the settlement; that the lands had been measured and to some extent allotted; buildings had been erected and inhabited, substantially on the site of the present village, and labor had been expended in reclaiming the land and fitting it for cultivation. The ditch which has been referred to and which the swamp extending through the East Home lots and the meadow and giving the name of Swampfield to the plantation, rendered necessary, commences in the home lot now owned by Mr. Myron C. Brown and extending through the meadow empties into the Connecticut river. That it was dug two hundred years ago, there is no doubt. It was a work involving much time and labor and

would have been impossible for laborers who were several miles from home. At the beginning of hostilities, their contiguity to Hadley afforded to the few inhabitants a comparatively safe retreat in their old home and among their kindred; there was here no actual conflict, none of the horrors of Indian warfare, and there were no striking local incidents as at Deerfield and Northfield, to keep alive the memory of the settlement and its failure.

It would be interesting to know who were the original proprietors and first settlers of the town, but we have no clue save the names of the grantees in the Indian deeds. Of these Robert Boltwood was of Hartford in 1648, removed to Hadley in 1659 and died there January 26, 1683. Lieut. Jos. Kellogg was at Farmington in 1651, removed to Boston about 1659 and to Hadley in 1662, and died there in 1707 or 1708, aged about eighty. Thomas Dickinson was son of Nathaniel Dickinson, senior, was one of the founders of Hadley, in 1659, returned to Wethersfield in 1679 and died there in 1716. The descendants of John Hubbard continue with us to this day.

This settlement, as has been already indicated, was broken up by the Indian war of 1675, commonly called "King Phillip's war." To speak of the horrors of this conflict, its heroism and its sacrifices, is foreign to our purpose. It continued through 1677; two hundred and twenty-five persons were slain in the county of Hampshire, one hundred dwelling houses were burned, and a large amount of property destroyed.

During the interval of peace which followed, Deerfield and Northfield were re-settled, but a second Indian war commenced in 1688 and continued for ten years, commonly called "King William's War," in which Northfield was again abandoned. The third Indian war, sometimes called "Queen Anne's War," commenced in 1703, and closed in 1713.

RESETTLEMENT OF 1714.

Forty years had now elapsed since the original grant of a plantation at Swampfield, and during this period there seems to have been no attempt to revive the settlement. The original proprietors and first settlers were dead, or too far advanced in years to undertake the labor and undergo the privations incident to a new settlement. But the desire and the necessity for enlarged accommodations remained among their descendants at Hadley and Hatfield, and in 1713 their application to the General Court resulted in the following enactment:

"Anno Regni Annæ Regine Duodecimo.

At a session of the Great and Generall Court or Assembly for her Majesties Province of Massachusetts Bay, held at Boston, upon Monday, February 10, 1713.

Feb'y y^e 17, 1713. In Council

Upon Reading the Petition of John Kellogg, Isaac Hubbard and others, Praying for a Resettlem't of a village or Plantation granted in May, 1673, Northerly of Hadley, formerly called Swampfield:

Ordered, that forasmuch by reason of the interruption given to the settlem't of the within mentioned Plantation granted in May, 1673, by the War and Troubles with the Indians, and divers of y^e Original Petitioners and Grantes, and also the Committee for Directing the same since Dead.

The said grant for a Plantation be and hereby is Revived, and Sam'l Partridge, John Pyncheon and Sam'l Porter Esqs., are Appointed and impowered a comite to receive y^e challenges of all persons to the Property and Right of Land in y^e said Plantation, and to enter their names with such others as shall offer to joyn with them in settling of a Township there. The names of all to be entered with the Com'tee within the space of twelve months from this time, giving preference to y^e Descendants of y^e Original Petitioners and Grantes.

And the said Com'tee are further Impowered to state the place of y^e town upon small lots so as it may be made Defensible, Grant out allotments, order their prudentials and what else is necessary for establishment, Reserving and Setting forth Two hundred and fifty acres of land in some convenient place, to be in y^e Disposition of the Government.

Provided alwaies, That forty ffamilies be settled there within Three years next coming, and that they procure and encourage a learned Orthodox minister to settle with them.

The town to be called Swampfield, concurred by the Representatives.

Copy examined by Isaac Addington, Secretary."

It will be observed that this is not a new grant, but an affirmation of existing *rights*, in which the proprietors or their descendants are to be protected, in the settlement of the town, with provisions for a method by which such rights might be asserted and determined. Of the "Committee," Samuel Partridge was of Hatfield, Col. and Judge of Probate, a wealthy and influential man.

He died in 1740, aged ninety-five. John Pynchon was of Springfield and son of Major John Pynchon who had died in 1703. Samuel Porter was of Hadley, an extensive trader, a judge and sheriff, who died in 1722.

The first recorded action of the Proprietors was an agreement for the management and division of lands in the Plantation, is dated April 13, 1714, and signed by thirty-nine persons, nearly all of whom were inhabitants of Hadley and Hatfield. After making provisions for an equitable division of lands and apportionment of expenses it provides further:

4. "All common fences to be layed out by Lot and in due proportion to the land Each Inhabitant Injoys and so to be made and maintained according to law forever, *Allowing for ye old Ditch what is Equal.*

5. That y^e Town platt be started from or near a sd Brook near a — above the place where the chimneys are, Running southward in two Roes of Houses with a street of eight rod wide betwixt said two Roes and the Home Lots to be fourteen rods at front and Reer and in Length as the Platt will allow it: and forty House Lotts to be cast and Layed, the Minister's Lot to be one.

6. That each inhabitant fence, build and actually inhabit there within three years and as much sooner as they can."

The site selected for their village by the settlers of 1674 and their successors in 1714, we may confidently claim is not exceeded in natural beauty by that of any other town in the Connecticut Valley. At the north end of the village Street, Mt. Toby, loftier than any eminence standing between it and the Sound, sends out its spurs and lower elevations almost to the river, and the picturesque Sugar Loaf, with the unpoetical name, rises opposite and close upon the river brink. As you pass down the Village Street the eastern hills recede and the landscape broadens into a meadow of rich lands, which doubtless constituted the chief charm of the location in the eyes of its first proprietors. We must admit, however, that it was marred by the swamp before referred to, which made itself manifest in the Village Street and caused the proprietors to make some change in their original plans, near the centre and at the lower end of the village.

The Home Lots, forty in number, were drawn by lot on the same 13th of April, 1714, by the thirty-nine proprietors and one was allotted to the Minister. When subsequently laid out they commenced at the north, on the south side of what was formerly

known as Ballard's Lane, on the east side of the Street, and of a point opposite, on the west side, and were numbered from one to twenty on each side of the street, commencing at the north end. They were of the uniform width of fourteen rods. The original south line of these lots is now supposed to be indicated by the division line between lands of H. G. Sanderson and the late Capt. Timothy Graves on the west side, and the north line of "Lower Lane" on the east side. The "Middle Lane" shows the southern and northern boundaries respectively of Lots ten and eleven on the east side and Bridge Lane the southern and northern boundaries of Lots nine and ten west side. Although the original lines are very generally changed by grants and sub-divisions, it would be easy by measurement to define the boundaries of the lots.

On the same 13th of April the committee appointed "John Montague, Dr. Thos. Hastings, Sergt. Samuel Smith, Sergt. Isaac Hubbard and Saml. Gun or any three of them to be Surveyors and Measurers to lay out the above and such other lands as they may have ord's for from y^e Committee," to whom the proprietors, on the 29th of April, added Luke Smith and Samuel Graves, and these measurers, or some of them, during the spring and summer of 1714, laid out the street, the Home Lots, and five other divisions of land to the forty proprietors.

At a meeting of the Committee, held April 24, it was ordered, among other things:

1. "That the West Home Lots should run to the river and the East Lots should be 40 rods long if there should be so much of land between the street and the swamp. * * *

4. That Highways be laid Eastward to the Common from the middle and South end of the Town street, and from the middle of the street to the River, four rods wide."

The Proprietors met at Hatfield, April 29, and very sensibly voted that the foregoing order respecting the East Home Lots was by them "esteemed greatly to indamage and marr said East Home Lotts," and that said Lots should "run through y^e swamp to y^e edge of the Hill East," with a provision respecting any excess of quantity either in the East or West Lots, to which the Committee assented. The result of these provisions was to fix the size of the lots primarily at three and one-half acres, but there was in fact, as laid out, an excess of quantity in all the lots except five.

At the same meeting, it was voted to make three divisions of plowing land, the first to be next the Home Lots (first excepting a

strip five rods wide on the west side of the street next to Lot 20, which run thro' to the river, and on the west end of which the graveyard was subsequently located) and to run from the river "to an highway by flagg swamp;" the second and third divisions to run from the river "through the swamp to the Meadow fence east," and to enclose the whole of the three divisions with a fence, which was subsequently made to include the swamp or mowing lands. This fence was necessary to protect their crops, as the cattle were depastured upon the common unenclosed and undivided lands.

The Home Lots and the three divisions of plowing land, still known as first, second and third divisions, were laid out, to each proprietor his share, in the month of May, 1714, and were followed by a like allotment and division in two tracts now familiarly known as Flag Swamp and Great Swamp, in August following, and about the same time the Meadow fence was allotted and required to be built by the last day of October then next. Highways were also laid out through the lands divided, which exist most of them to the present day. The meadow road seems to have been laid nearer to the river than it now is.

The quantity of land allotted to each proprietor in these divisions was thirty-nine acres and twenty rods, making the entire quantity of land divided 1565 acres.

On the 14th of September, 1714, the measurers made report of their doings at a meeting held at Hadley, and presented a rough draft of the lands divided and the highways laid out. It is probably the oldest paper now in existence relating to the settlement of the town, and is in the hand-writing of Dr. Thomas Hastings of Hatfield, who was Clerk of the proprietors until August, 1717. It was approved by the Committee with some slight alterations. The town street was laid "eight rods wide till it comes toward the Lower End, there to hold something wider by Reason of a swamp that lies in the Street."

The Proprietors were at this time and afterwards, troubled by trespassers, who cut timber and collected turpentine and tar within the limits of the plantation. The boundaries were not defined and the trespasses were perhaps in part involuntary.

At a meeting held March 9, 1715, the proprietors, alleging that they had authority so to do, besought the Committee to lay out the Township in length in accordance with their deed from the natives. To this the Committee assented, and measurers were appointed, who on the 11th of March run the north line of

the plantation. It commenced at the mouth of the Brook Papacontuckquash and ran due east across the northerly end of "Will's Hills" and the highest peak of "Mineral Hill," "four miles or thereabouts." The southern boundary being at the mouth of Mohawk Brook, their grant from the General Court of a tract six miles square was thus comprehended in a tract nine miles in length by four in breadth, while they had purchased the Indian title to a still larger territory.

There were probably no actual settlers in the town during the year 1714, but with the year 1715 they came in considerable numbers, so that at a meeting held Nov. 8, 1715, it was voted that they "will be at the cost of hiring a Minister this winter to dispense the word to those that are removed thither, if one can be conveniently procured on Reasonable terms," and a committee was appointed "to seek after and procure a Minister." During the year 1716 apparently the larger part of the thirty-nine proprietors had taken up their residence in Swampfield, and at a meeting held Nov. 12, 1716, it was "Voted that Goodman Arms and Sergt. Isaac Hubbard do take a Journey to y^e President of y^e College in Cambridge with letters to him to advise where and whom they may obtain to be a Minister in Swampfield att Lest for this Winter half year, our s^d Messengers to proceed accordingly, and if no success there, then to come home by way of Norwich, to Mr. Willard or any other likely man in Connecticut and if possible to bring him home with them." And at the same meeting it was "Voted to build a meeting-house thirty foot wide and forty-five foot long and in height eighteen foot betwixt joints," and a committee was appointed to proceed with the work.

At a meeting on March 12, 1717, it was voted to reserve all the land north of the Home Lots then laid out "as far as the small brook next adjunct," for the accommodating the posterity of the present proprietors with Home Lots," but to reserve one lot fourteen rods wide, next north of No. 1, west side, for a blacksmith, and to give him an equal share in all their undivided lands, an offer which was carried out the next year by a specific grant to Saml. Billings, the first blacksmith in the town. Also to lay out the Little Meadow in Lots forty-two in number, and to change the road originally laid out to the river on the south side of the Minister Lot, because the front of said lot being low "is very inconvenient for building," to its present location.

At the same meeting it was voted to build a house for the Min-

ister this summer "in length 41 foot, width 21 foot and 15 foot between Joints," and to raise and cover it before winter.

At a meeting held June 13, 1717, it was agreed "that all the Proprietors of Swampfield shall appear Early in the morning the next Tuesday to assist in raising the Meeting House, or else each man that absents himself to pay the sum of four shillings per day." If the work was carried out as contemplated, the first meeting house in Sunderland was raised on the 18th of June, 1717, old style. In the course of the summer, Rev. Joseph Willard accepted proposals for settlement and was ordained January 1, 1718.

At a meeting of the Proprietors held March 17, 1718, the first regular town officers were chosen and were Saml. Gunn, town clerk; Lieut. Jos. Field, Ensign Billings, Sergt. Hubbard, Nathl. Smith and Samuel Gunn, selectmen; Nathl. Dickinson and Daniel Warner, constables; Richard Scott and Joseph Root, surveyors of highways; Saml. Harvy and Danl. Russell, fence viewers; Isaac Graves and Manoah Bodman, "Howards."

At the May session of the General Court, 1718, the inhabitants, claiming to have fulfilled the condition of their grant, presented their petition through their committee, in which they ask for more land, and that the reservation of 250 acres may be given to them to promote a school; they may be exempted from taxes for five years and may be incorporated as a town.

This petition does not seem to be acted upon until Nov. 12, when it was "ordered that the prayer of this petition be so far granted that the inhabitants be invested with the same powers, privileges, authorities to order, direct and manage all the affairs of their Township that other towns are or ought to be invested with, and that the Committee be dismissed from the care of them with the Thanks of the Court for the good and faithful service * * * and that the name of the town be henceforth called SUNDERLAND, and lies to the county of Hampshire."

The name was doubtless given by the Governor and Council in compliment to Chas. Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, then a member of the British Cabinet, and in that year appointed First Lord of the Treasury.

We have thus followed the history of the town from its beginning, in 1673, to its full settlement and incorporation, the facts being drawn almost entirely from its own records. The home lots were probably at this time fully occupied; the petition of the May previous asserts that they have "settled about forty families upon

said Place, being most of them supplied with new built Houses & Barnes & have built a very good meeting House, settled a Church and ordained a Learned & Orthodox minister." Some of these were doubtless log houses, and the meeting house would perhaps compare unfavorably with the present one, in the minds of the people of to-day. Each proprietor was established upon his own home lot, and each had a lot for tillage in each of the three divisions of the lower meadow, and a mowing lot in Flag swamp and in Great swamp, the whole enclosed in a common fence; he had also a lot in the Little meadow. The remainder of the territory lay in common, and upon this his cattle were depastured, and he cut his timber and firewood wherever he chose.

Thirteen of the original thirty-nine proprietors who signed the agreement and participated in the early stages of the settlement, for various reasons did not become inhabitants of the town, but gave up their rights and others were admitted in their room. The actual settlers were as follows, commencing at the north end of the street:

WEST SIDE.	EAST SIDE.
NO.	NO.
1. Samuel Graves.	1. Ebenezer Kellogg.
2. Jonathan Graves.	2. Stephen Crofoot.
3. Eleazer Warner, Jr.	3. Isaac Graves.
4. Samuel Harvey.	4. William Allis.
5. Luke Smith.	5. Samuel Smith.
6. Philip Panton.	6. Richard Scott.
7. William Scott.	7. Nathaniel Dickinson.
8. Isaac Hubbard.	8. Nathaniel Gunn.
9. Benjamin Barrett.	9. Ebenezer Marsh.
10. Minister lot.	10. Nathaniel Smith.
11. Joseph Root.	11. Ebenezer Billings.
12. Joseph Smith.	12. Joseph Field.
13. Daniel Smith.	13. Joseph Clary.
14. Samuel Montague.	14. Isaac Hubbard, Jr.
15. Daniel Warner, Jr.	15. Samuel Gunn.
16. Benjamin Graves.	16. Ebenezer Billings, Jr.
17. Thomas Hovey, Jr.	17. Manoah Bodman.
18. Samuel Billings.	18. Daniel Russell.
19. William Arms.	19. James Bridgman.
20. Simon Cooley.	20. Stephen Belden, Jr.

Of these settlers, Ebenezer Kellogg, Stephen Crofoot and Joseph

Smith from Hadley sold out and returned as early as 1722; William Arms from Deerfield, but originally from Hatfield and the ancestor of all known to us having his surname, returned to Deerfield about the same time; Nathaniel Dickinson died in 1719; Luke Smith returned to Hadley and Daniel Warner to Hatfield and Samuel Billings removed to Hardwick, all previous to 1740; they left no descendants here, and are not further identified with the history of the town.

Samuel Graves, who drew lot No 1, on the west side, was son of John Graves, who, with his brother Isaac, was slain in the attack on Hatfield, Sept. 19, 1677, and grandson of Thomas Graves, ancestor of most of the name in this valley. He was advanced in years at the time of his removal, and his older children did not come with him. Their descendants are to be found in Whately and Deerfield. He was the ancestor of Elijah Graves and of Horatio and Marvin Graves, lately deceased. He died March 11, 1731. Jonathan Graves was son of Samuel. His son Ebenezer, who was born Sept. 10, 1717, and died May 15, 1813, is supposed to have been the first child born in this town.

Eleazer Warner, Jr., of Hadley, settled on the lot on which are now the dwellings of James B. Prouty and Wallace R. Warner. The latter is believed to be the only person in the town living on the original homestead, holding his land by regular descent from father to son since the days of Metawampe and Mishalisk. Eleazer Warner was the grandson of John Warner, who came to Hadley from Ipswich at an early period. He died about 1777, aged 83.

The next lot was drawn by Samuel Harvey, who came to Hatfield from Taunton about 1706. He removed at an early date to Hunting Hills.

No. 6 was drawn by Philip Panton of Hadley, who had made some improvement of his land when, in the year 1715, he was killed by the fall of a tree. If this happened in Sunderland, it was the first death in the town. He was succeeded by Joseph Field, Jr.

The settler on No. 7 was William Scott, Jr., of Hatfield. He died Nov. 20, 1759, in his 84th year.

No. 8, now owned by Albert Montague, belonged to Isaac Hubbard, who was one of the first deacons and one of the first selectmen. He was son of John Hubbard of Hadley, one of the petitioners of 1673, and grandson of Geo. Hubbard, the emigrant, who was one of the first settlers of Wethersfield, removed to

Guilford and died there in 1705. All of the name in Sunderland and Leverett, except perhaps the late David and Solomon Hubbard, have been descendants of Dea. Isaac Hubbard. He died Aug. 7, 1750, aged 83.

Benjamin Barrett was son of Benj. Barrett, who settled in Hatfield in 1676, removed to Deerfield and died there in 1690. He died June 15, 1729. His sons probably removed to Hunting Hills.

Joseph Root, who had the lot next south of the Minister lot, came from Hatfield. He was son of Joseph Root of Northampton, who is said to have participated in the second settlement of Northfield, and died at an early age. He was the ancestor of the Roots of Montague, Greenfield, Conway, &c. He died Feb. 9, 1728, aged 42.

Daniel Smith removed to Hunting Hills, and, together with Samuel Taylor, was killed by an accident while engaged in building a bridge near the grist-mill, on Sawmill river, April 25, 1740.

Samuel Montague, who settled on No. 14, was son of John and grandson of Richard Montague, who was one of the founders both of Wetherfield and Hadley, and is supposed to be the ancestor of all of the name in New England. The dwellings of Mrs. Dickinson and Mrs. Taft are upon this lot. He was one of the early deacons, and died July 31, 1779, aged 84.

Benjamin Graves was from Hatfield, and grandson of the Isaac Graves before mentioned. He was the ancestor of the Benj. and Cotton Graves families and of the Graveses of Leverett. He died Oct. 1, 1756. The site of his dwelling-house is now occupied very nearly by the dwelling of N. A. Smith.

Thos. Hovey, Jr., from Hadley, had the lot now owned by Mr. Hobart. He died in 1728, leaving no son, and his family is believed to be now extinct.

Simon Cooley drew No. 20, the last lot on the west side. He was grandson of Benjamin Cooley, one of the first settlers of Springfield, but came here from Hatfield. He was the ancestor of all who have borne the name in Sunderland. He died Sept. 21, 1746, at the age of 60.

On the east side of the street, Isaac Graves, brother of Benjamin and the ancestor of a numerous race, settled on the lot now owned by Erastus Pomeroy. The late Phineas, Erastus and Cephas Graves were his descendants. He died May 30, 1781, in his 94th year.

William Allis was from Hatfield. He removed at an early period to Hunting Hills, and died there, Feb. 20, 1763.

Samuel Smith was from Hadley; his descendants may perhaps be found in Montague and Leverett; he died March 30, 1750. Nathaniel Gunn, who was son of Samuel, went early to Hunting Hills, where he died, Nov. 29, 1779, aged 86.

Ebenezer Marsh of Hadley, after a few years, sold his homestead to Dea. Isaac Hubbard, in whose family it remained for a hundred years. He probably removed to Hunting Hills, as his sons certainly did. He died Sept. 9, 1747, in his 61st year.

Among the first settlers of the town, it will be observed, were five who bore the name of Smith. The ancestor of all these, except Daniel, was Lieut. Samuel Smith, who sailed for New England in the bark *Elizabeth* of Ipswich, April 30, 1634. He was one of the most important settlers of Wethersfield and Hadley. Nathaniel Smith, who settled on No. 10, on the north side of Middle Lane, was from Hatfield, grandson of Lieut. Samuel and son of that Lieut. Philip who was supposed to have perished through the incantations of Mary Webster, and of whom Cotton Mather thus writes: "Mr. Philip Smith, aged about 50 years, a son of eminently virtuous parents, a deacon of the church in Hadley, a member of the General Court, a justice in the County Court, a selectman for the affairs of the town, a lieutenant of the troop, and, which crowns all, a man for devotion, sanctity and gravity, and all that was honest exceeding exemplary. Such a man was, in the winter of the year 1684, murdered with an hideous witchcraft that filled all those parts of New England with astonishment." He was one of the first selectmen, but returned to Hatfield very soon, and his son Nathaniel was the real permanent settler, and perhaps has more descendants in the town and its immediate vicinity than any other of the early settlers. He left one son and many daughters, and while his direct descendant in the male line is among us, bearing his name, he is also the ancestor of all the Russells of Sunderland and Hadley, of a large part of the Hubbard, Montague and Graves families, and of the Leonards and Stebbins once so numerous here and across the river. He was a deacon of the church, and died at about the age of 90, Dec. 13, 1789.

No. 11 was the homestead of Capt. Ebenezer Billings from Hatfield, a leading, influential man. He died Nov. 14, 1745, in his 76th year. Capt. Joseph Field had No. 12. He was the son of Zachariah Field of Hartford, Northampton and Hatfield, and was

among the most prominent of the settlers; his descendants are numerous and widely scattered. He died February 15, 1736, in his 78th year. Lieut. Joseph Clary had No. 13. His title is evidence of his standing with his townsmen. In those days military and ecclesiastical offices were commonly bestowed only upon men of approved piety and valor. His descendants are to be found in the surrounding towns, although the name has passed from among us here. He was son of John Clary of Hatfield, and died June 8, 1768. Isaac Hubbard, Jr., drew No. 14. The dwelling house erected by him, probably not the first one, was taken down within a few years. He died July 5, 1763, aged 68. The residence of John M. Smith stands on the site of the dwelling of Dea. Samuel Gunn, a much respected citizen whose name is found in connection with all the public affairs of the town for its first twenty or thirty years. He was one of the first Deacons, and the first Town Clerk, was grandson of Jasper Gunn of Hartford and Milford, and son of Nathaniel Gunn of Branford, Ct., where he was born in 1663. His father soon died and his mother married Samuel Kellogg of Hatfield and brought her son to that place. He died August 1, 1755, in his 93d year. Ebenezer Billings, Jr., had the lot on which Dr. Trow's residence is situated. He died October 3, 1745, following his wife and brother, and preceding his father but a few weeks in each case. The records indicate the existence of some fatal, prevailing sickness in the town during that year. Manoah Bodman from Hatfield, had the lot now owned by Mr. Lincoln. He died in 1759, leaving no children. Daniel Russell had the lot now occupied by Hollis D. Graves. He was son of Philip Russell of Hatfield, who was son of John and brother of Rev. John Russell, the first minister of Hadley. Philip was the ancestor of all the Russells of Hadley and Sunderland. Daniel died June 28, 1737. James Bridgman, a native of Northampton, had lot 19. He came to Sunderland from Hatfield and died June 25, 1728.

Five lots were laid out on each side of the street above the original forty lots, each fourteen rods wide. Those on the west side, beginning next to No. 1, were granted to Samuel Billings, the blacksmith, son of Ebenezer Billings; Noah Graves, son of Samuel, now owned by John R. Smith; Samuel Taylor, the shoemaker from Northampton, who removed to Montague, settled on "Taylor Hill," and as before mentioned, died by accident in 1740; Daniel Hubbard, son of Isaac, and John Billings, son of Ebenezer. On

the east side were Samuel Gunn, Jr., Jonathan Field, son of Capt. Joseph, William Scott, Jr., Samuel Scott, son of William, and John Graves of Westfield, to which place he soon returned.

Many of these names have vanished entirely from among us, and those who departed early have left no trace, but upon close inquiry, I think it would be found that most of the earliest settlers have left descendants in some portion of the original town. And so quiet and unchangeable have been our ways until within a few years past, the names which appeared later among us, such as Whitmore, Hunt, Clark, Crocker and Delano, and Sanderson, after two generations have been engrafted on the original stock and may fairly claim to be descended from the "first families." They were a homogeneous people, living on the same plane, of like purposes and pursuits, all bound together by the ties of marriage or of blood. They did not seek notoriety; there were here no patrician families like the Pynchons, Stoddards, Partridges and Williamuses, who ruled the county of Hampshire in its early days, and ruled it well, and their modest characteristics have descended to later times so that the sons of Sunderland to be found in Congress or in the House of Correction have been extremely rare. They had great physical difficulties to encounter. The slow progress of civilization is hard to realize in these fast days. In 1720, when Plymouth was one hundred years old and Hatfield had been settled sixty years, the selectmen of the latter town presented a petition to the General Court, praying that some way might be provided to pay the bounty for killing wolves other than by a discount on the Province tax, "there being more due for killing wolves in the said town than the tax amounts to." But some of the settlers with all their difficulties found the means to give their sons the advantage of a liberal education. Jonathan Hubbard, son of Deacon Isaac, graduated at Yale college in 1724, and became the first minister of Sheffield; Edward, son of Capt. Ebenezer Billings, graduated at Harvard college in 1731, and was the first minister of Cold Spring, now Belchertown, and afterwards of Greenfield.

But time is passing, and what remains of this sketch must be given by subjects and not in the form of continuous history, and will afford some particulars of the condition and circumstances of the town in its earliest years.

BOUNDARIES AND DIVISION OF LANDS.

The original boundaries of the town have been stated as run-

ning from Mohawk brook to the brook over against the mouth of Deerfield river, the limit fixed by the Indian deed, but from some expression in the record it would seem as if the nine miles, to which they were entitled under the grant of the General Court, were exhausted before reaching the northern boundary of the purchase. A grant made to the town in 1729, added a strip two miles wide the entire length of the town, on the eastern border, making the entire territory nine miles by six. It embraced the present towns of Sunderland and Leverett, the larger part of Montague and a smaller portion of the town of Wendell.

The proprietors proceeded to divide lands from time to time, the method being particularly detailed in the record, sometimes of specific territory and sometimes of a specific number of acres to be taken up by the proprietor where he chose in unappropriated lands. Two divisions were laid out at "Hunting Hill" in 1719 of three and one-half and ten acres each along the river, and in the same year a general field was laid out at the "Hop Yard," since known as Long Plain, in Leverett, which was not divided until 1744. In 1720 pasture lots fourteen rods by forty were laid out on the road which passes in the rear of the East Home lots. The two mile addition was divided in 1730. Some sales and some small grants of land were made. After the incorporation of Montague, at a joint meeting the inhabitants of the two towns released each to the other all claims to the undivided lands within their respective limits. There is nothing to show what became of the land "reserved for a farm for the country's use," and no record of its allotment or location.

MILLS.

It was a matter of great importance to New England settlers to secure the erection of grist mills and saw mills at as early a period as possible. The territory now constituting the town of Sunderland is deficient in water power; Montague and Leverett are more abundantly supplied.

There is nothing in the records by which the location of the mill referred to by Maj. Pyncheon in 1690 can be identified. Perhaps it is indicated in the following grant: In 1715, the committee for Swampfield granted to Daniel Beaman and others of Deerfield "the privilege of a stream in Swampfield upon which there is a saw mill erected, called 'Saw Mill Brook,' with a right to cut timber north of the brook and a grant of thirty acres of land on condition that they should sell to the inhabitants of Swampfield their

boards at a fixed price, giving them the first choice. This mill must have been in Montague, and was probably on the site of the present grist mill, upon Sawmill river. The town did not like this grant or had some difficulty with the owners and proposed to buy their mill in 1716. It appears to have changed proprietors at an early period. In 1724, the settlers were drawing boards from Hadley saw mill. In 1721, Philip Smith of Hadley set up a grist mill, the first in the town, on the stream at the upper end of Little Meadow. He sold out and left town in two or three years after.

In the following year mills of various kinds were authorized on West Dry Brook, Clay Brook and the stream east of Bearsden Hill, but it does not appear whether any of these were put in operation. The first mill on Slatestone brook was a saw mill erected by Manoah Bodman and others, in 1725.

SCHOOLS.

While the support of schools was imperatively required in Massachusetts from an early period, absolutely free schools were rare for more than a hundred years, and the contribution of board and fuel may yet linger as relics of the past in a few localities.

The first reference on the records, to a school, is under date of December 7, 1719, when it was voted to hire a school master for the winter on condition that writers should pay four pence a week, readers three pence, "the rest to be paid by the town." Joseph Root taught the school for three winters, commencing with 1721-2. The school was irregularly sustained until (Dec. 6, 1731) the town voted "to build a school house next summer, said house to be one story in height and twenty foot square," and to set it "as near as is convenient to the middle of the street near about the south side of Capt. Scott's home lot." It was removed a little south of the bridge lane in 1753 or '54. It is probable that a winter school was kept quite regularly after the erection of the school house. The first allusion to a summer school is in 1749. The school house was burned in 1762.

INDIAN WARS.

The settlers of Sunderland had hardly completed their habitations and set in order their civic and religious institutions when they were startled and imperiled by the fourth Indian war which commenced in 1722 and terminated in 1726. During this war, garrisons were maintained at Deerfield and Northfield; there was no attack on Sunderland, but men were slain or taken captive at Northampton, Hatfield, Deerfield and Northfield. The town voted July

30, 1722, that "we will divide the town into three squadrons, that each squadron may make a fort for their own defense against the enemy." These forts appear to have been constructed, and there was provision made in subsequent years for "wards" and "scouts." The forts provided for use were not block houses or separate buildings specially constructed for the purpose, but some dwelling house was selected and fortified by the united labors of that section of the village engaged in it. The ordinary fortifications of the time were stockades or palisades made by splitting a stick of timber twelve or fifteen feet long and setting the parts close together like posts, inserted two or three feet in the ground and so surrounding the place to be fortified. There is apparently a well founded tradition that the house of Dea. Samuel Gunn and that of his son-in-law, Isaac Hubbard, Jr., which was situated a little north of it, were fortified, and that there was a passage way from one to the other. This passage used to be understood to be a subterranean one, and when the Gunn house was taken down in 1828-30, evidence of its existence was sought for without success. But the matter may be easily explained in entire harmony with the tradition. The houses stood so near together that both might be inclosed without extraordinary labor in one fence of palisades, or they might be protected by separate enclosures, and connected by a fortified passage. The town suffered frequent alarms, and in 1724 endeavored unsuccessfully to procure a garrison.

The fifth Indian war commenced in 1744 and terminated in 1748. At this time there were numerous settlers at Hunting Hills, but no casualties are recorded within our borders. Jonathan Bridgman, son of James Bridgman, was one of the captives at the surrender of Fort Massachusetts, Aug. 20, 1746. He was wounded and died in captivity, July 21, 1747. Stephen Scott, mother of the captives who ultimately returned, and William Scott, who was a prisoner at Quebec in 1747, may have been from Sunderland. On the 26th of June, 1748, Captain Humphrey Hobbs and his party of forty men had a desperate fight with a superior force of Indians near Vernon. Samuel Graves, who was one of his men and a grandson of Samuel Graves before mentioned, was desperately wounded in the head. He never recovered and died in 1753. Eli Scott and Samuel Gunn, who were slain, probably belonged in this town.

The sixth Indian war commenced in 1757, and terminated substantially with the capture of Quebec and reduction of Canada in

1759-60. During this war Massachusetts sent great numbers of troops who participated in several successive campaigns to the North by way of Lake George. Sunderland must have furnished its proportion of soldiers, but I have the names of but few. Stephen Ashley, Matthew Scott, Jonathan Field and Jonathan Warner were in Col. Israel Williams' regiment in 1759. The latter died in Albany on his return. Nathaniel Montague, son of Dea. Samuel, the town record says, "died in battle at Lake George, August 7, 1757, in the 19th year of his age." We shall never lose our interest in the relics of the patriotic dead. Alas! in how many of our homes is some memento all that remains of one who, a few short years ago, was full of lusty life and laid it down at his country's call.

MEETING HOUSE.

The first Meeting House was raised June 18, 1717. Its internal arrangements and general appearance can only be inferentially determined from the records, which seem to lead to the following conclusion:

The house stood in the street a little northeast of the present house, measuring forty-five feet by thirty feet, with doors probably on the east, north and south sides. It was unfinished and had no pulpit or permanent seats at the time of the ordination of Mr. Willard. In 1719 it was plastered and permanent seats and a pulpit were erected about the same time. The pulpit was apparently on the west side and the seats were at first benches only, with two or more pews against the walls, one of which was near the pulpit, larger than the others and called the "Great Pew." In 1723 or 1724 a gallery was erected, probably across one side of the house, which may afterwards have been extended. It was at first supported by rough posts, which gave place to "pillars" in 1736, and was accessible by means of stairs from the audience room. More pews were erected from time to time, encroaching finally upon the body of the house. The windows were the old-fashioned diamond panes set in lead, and the house was not originally clapboarded with sawn boards; these were supplied and modern sash windows put in about 1736. The sexes sat apart from each other until 1737, when they were allowed to sit together "in the pews." There is nothing in the record to show that the house was ever painted or that it had any vestibule, cupola or steeple.

The "seating of the meeting-house" was a troublesome matter in Sunderland, as in many New England towns in the last century.

It does not seem to have occurred to our fathers that this was a matter best regulated by being let alone, and was a source of much jealousy and strife. In 1722, it was voted that the meeting-house be seated forthwith, and "that the pews shall be esteemed in Dignity to be equall with the third seate in the body of the house and that the Rule which the scatters shall goe by in seating shall goe by age, estate and Qualifications." The seats had to be readjusted every few years for a long period.

The arrival of the hour for public worship was announced at various periods by raising a flag, beating a drum and blowing the conch shell, but, in 1751, a new departure was taken, which is thus quaintly expressed in the record: "Voted to sell the Little Boggie Meadow and improve the money to buy a Meeting House Bell for the use of the first precinct in Sunderland, and sell as much land at Hunting Hills as the Little Boggie Meadow fetcheth, to be improved either to building a Meeting House or settling a Minister there." The bell was procured and set up as early as 1754. This meeting house was taken down in 1794, and its successor gave place to the present church in 1836.

CHURCH AND MINISTERS.

The early proprietors of the town regarded the support of public worship and the offices of a settled minister of the gospel as not the least important of their duties and privileges. The earnestness with which they sought for their first minister has been already noticed, and it is interesting to observe from their records that whenever the ministerial office among them was vacant there was no matter of town concern in which they were occupied more faithfully and persistently than in their efforts to fill the vacancy.

The Rev. Joseph Willard, the first minister of Sunderland, ordained Jan. 1, 1718, was the son of Samuel and Sarah Willard, born at Saybrook, Ct., and graduated at Yale College, in 1714. By the terms of his settlement, he received a gift in full of the Minister Lot for a homestead and the sum of £170 for the purpose of building him a house. He was to receive an annual salary of £65, to be increased in five years to £70, and his firewood. The town subsequently gave him the use of a tract of land at the mouth of Clay Brook, and he seems to have shared in the subsequent division of the Pasture Lots and Hunting Hill Field. He erected on his home lot No. 10, west side, the house now standing, owned and occupied by Mr. A. C. Delano. His house was probably commenced by the town in 1717. Whether any other dwelling now remaining in the

village was one of the original dwellings is uncertain, but there are a few which must have been standing more than a century.

There is no record of any difficulty with Mr. Willard, but it appears that on the 6th of April, 1721, he had left town. He removed to Rutland, Mass., where he had inherited lands, preached there for some time and had accepted a call to settle and a day was set apart for his ordination. But on the 23d of August, 1723, the Indians made a sudden attack upon the town and encountered Mr. Willard, who was absent from his home. He was armed and it is said fought manfully and wounded one of his assailants, but was overpowered and slain. The sermon at his ordination in Sunderland was by Rev. Solomon Stoddard of Northampton and was printed.

Rev. William Rand, the second pastor of the church, came to Sunderland to preach about Aug. 1, 1723, and was ordained May 20, 1724. The ordination sermon was by Rev. Isaac Chauncey of Hadley, from II Cor. xii, 15, and was printed. Mr. Rand was born in Charlestown, about 1700, graduated at Harvard college in 1721, and married Bridget, daughter of Westwood Cooke of Hadley. After he left Sunderland, in 1746, he was settled as pastor of the church in Kingston, Mass., where he died, in 1779. He was a man of very considerable ability. Five of his printed sermons are extant, two of which were delivered during his residence in Sunderland. The following is said to be the inscription upon his tombstone:

"In memory of the Rev. Mr. William Rand, died March y^e 14, 1779, aged 79 years wanting 7 days.

Here, one who long had run the Christian race,
Kindly relieved reclines his weary head,
And sweetly slumb'ring in this dark embrace
Listens the welcome sound, 'Arise ye dead.' "

The terms of Mr. Rand's settlement were quite liberal. He was to have a salary of seventy pounds per annum, the homestead lately Mr. Willard's which had been purchased by the town, a lot of four and one-half acres in first division, a lot of ten acres in second division, a lot of four acres in flag swamp, two lots in Hunting Hill Meadow, containing fourteen acres, twenty acres at the "Plum-trees," ten acres in the sequestered mile and Pasture Lot, number seventeen, all these in fee, and the use of the Clay Brook Lot and twenty acres in the commons. His salary was increased from time to time until it reached two hundred pounds in 1743. The increase

was owing in great part, doubtless, to the constant and rapid depreciation of the currency.

The record shows no cause for the dismissal of Mr. Rand, but in the absence of all knowledge of any personal reason, the true cause may readily be surmised. The period between 1740 and 1750 was one of great religious excitement in New England. Rev. Geo. Whitefield was in the country in 1740 and again in 1744 and for two or three years. His course of proceeding and style of preaching were warmly welcomed and as warmly denounced by pastors and people of differing sentiments, and much division in the churches arose from his presence and that of other preachers of like character. There were divisions in the Sunderland church dating from this period. The people probably sympathized to some extent with the new movement and Mr. Rand did not. The town voted Dec. 6, 1742, "that we are inclined to allow traveling preachers to preach among us." Rev. Thaddeus Maccarty, Mr. Rand's predecessor at Kingston, who was dismissed about the time Mr. Rand left Sunderland, was a warm admirer of Whitefield, while his people appointed a committee to prevent itinerant preachers from disturbing the peace of the town. These facts show a cause for Mr. Rand's dismissal and for his acceptability to the people of Kingston.

Rev. Joseph Ashley, the third Pastor, was born at Westfield, Oct. 11, 1709, graduated at Yale college in 1730, and was the first Pastor of the church in Winchester, N. H., which place was abandoned in the war which commenced in 1744. He was installed here about Nov. 1, 1747. The terms of his settlement show the depreciated and fluctuating currency of the times. He was to have a salary of £240 old tenor, as wheat at 16s. a bushel, rye at 12s., Indian corn at 8s., and pork at 1s., the standard to be calculated the second week in January." He was also to receive a settlement of seven hundred pounds, and his annual supply of firewood. His homestead was the original Minister Lot, which the town had purchased of Mr. Rand, and which he received toward his settlement. The later years of Mr. Ashley were embittered by controversies with his people concerning his salary, caused by the change in values and the depressed condition of the people induced by the Revolutionary War. These difficulties were finally adjusted by a mutual council, by whose advice he retired from the active duties of his office in 1784, but continued his relation to the church until his death, Feb. 8, 1797.

The records of the church, which are extant, are all in the handwriting of Dea. John Montague, Sr., down to the time of Mr. Taylor's settlement in 1807. They commenced in 1749, and the larger part must have been made up from memoranda furnished by Mr. Ashley. There is no confession of faith or covenant recorded previous to one adopted after Mr. Taylor's ordination. The half-way covenant was no doubt in operation here as in all the churches of this region. A list of the members of the church in the handwriting of Dea. Samuel Montague, without date but made probably in 1738, contains one hundred and forty-nine names; and another list made in 1744, one hundred and seventy-four names; a few of these, however, may have been added at a later period. Of the members in 1744 five were fourteen years of age or less, and three others less than sixteen.

EARLY HIGHWAYS.

In addition to the roads before mentioned, as lands were from time to time divided, highways were provided for, which were some of them probably never constructed. The ways in the early days of the settlement existed in fact, before the legal "laying out," as the necessities of travel required. There must have been a road of some kind through Sunderland from Hadley to Northfield at an early period. The earliest mention on the record of a road in that direction is in 1721, when it was voted to lay out a highway to Hunting Hills and build a bridge over the Mill brook below the mill. The highway is recorded in 1725, in the following rather indefinite terms: "The Highway up to Hunting Hill brook from the corn mill along near the ould road till we come to Slatestone brook and then to gow over above the old road where the bridge is now made, and then along the ould road till we come over the next *slow*, and then along the ould road till we come to Hunting Hill brook." This road went over the hill above the mill, and not on the river bank as it now does.

In 1725 it was voted to have a highway out of the south field into the commons in some convenient place in the lower division and to have it go out at the place commonly called the "horse-path." There was a gate on this road. Forty years ago, and perhaps later, a gate was maintained at the lower end of the street, on the road leading into the meadow, another near the house of Mr. Wiley, and "Lower Lane," at the Flag Swamp and Great Swamp roads.

A highway was laid out very early on the hill east of the town, between the Home Lots and the Pasture Lots, and at one time it

extended from Dry Brook to Stony Hill. The road from Hadley to Northfield, if there was one, would be likely to pass over this ground.

In 1726 a road is laid "from the country road at Dry Brook across Hatchet brook to Bull Hill, near where the path now is."

There are indications in the record that a ferry was in existence across the Connecticut River in 1719.

SETTLEMENTS IN LEVERETT AND MONTAGUE.

There were probably no settlements in Hunting Hill, as the Montague portion of the territory was called, until after the close of the Indian War in 1726. In that year Samuel Taylor, apparently the first settler, had a grant of a home lot there, and the year following Home Lots were granted there to Samuel Harvey and Richard Scott. After this settlers came in quite rapidly. Besides Harvey and Taylor (I am not sure that Scott removed thither), Wm. Allis, Danl. Smith, Nathl. Gunn and Eben'r Marsh of the original proprietors removed and very many of the younger men, especially the Gunns, Roots, Barretts and Scotts and some of the Graves family. Other early settlers were Josiah Alvord, Samuel and Enoch Bardwell, Samuel Smead, Judah Wright, David Ballard, Nathan Tuttle, Thos. Newton and Simeon King. The territory was erected into a parish in 1750 and incorporated as the District of Montague, with some additional territory, Dec. 22, 1753.

The settlement of Leverett commenced much later. None of the original settlers of Sunderland removed here, but their sons did, though probably not until about 1750. Among them were Joseph Hubbard, Joseph and Elisha Clary, Jonathan Field, Jonathan Field, 2d, Moses Graves, Moses Smith, Richard Montague and Absalom Scott. There were also Stephen and Joel Smith from Amherst, Jereniah Woodbury, Isaac Marshall and Solomon Gould. In a few years the Field family was found almost entirely in Leverett. At the March meeting in 1773, twenty-two persons then living on the Leverett side of the town, presented a petition asking the town to consent to an act to set them off into a new town. Besides the names enumerated and their sons, the petition contains the names of Nathan Adams, John Keet, Stephen Ashley, Josiah Cowles, Jona. Hubbard, Jona. Graves and Danl. Smith. The Fields, Ashleys and Cowles were settled at Long Plain. The others, for the most part, farther north and east. The town appointed a committee from other towns to report the terms on which the separation should take place, and their report was subsequently ac-

cepted. We are unable to give the particulars of the arrangement. The town of Leverett was incorporated May 5, 1774.

Montague became at an early period the most populous of the three towns into which the original territory was divided. By the first U. S. Census in 1790, Montague contained one hundred and fifty houses and nine hundred and six inhabitants; Leverett, eighty-six houses, five hundred and twenty-four inhabitants; Sunderland, seventy-three houses, four hundred and sixty-two inhabitants. In 1756 a draft of sixty-one men was ordered in the County of Hampshire. Deerfield was to furnish four, Hatfield six, Hadley eleven, Northfield, Montague and Sunderland each three.

SPECIAL REGULATIONS AND MINOR DETAILS.

The town was probably less heavily wooded at the time of its settlement than at a later period. There was very early a vote taken prohibiting the cutting of pine trees "for tar or candle wood," and, in 1734, no person was allowed to cut any oak or walnut less than "eight inches in diameter at the stub." This prohibition was repeated several years.

In 1736, the following "Dog Law" was enacted: "Voted that if any man can find a Dog forty rod from his master and kills him, The Town will pay the damage and bear the man out in said act if it can be recovered by Law."

Dr. Joseph Lord settled in town as a physician in 1728. If he remained until 1732, in which year he was appointed a Justice of the Peace, he was the first magistrate in the town, but he had probably then removed to Brookfield. If so, Sunderland had no Justice of the Peace until 1772, when Wm. Billings was appointed, as was also Joseph Root of Montague at the same time. Later physicians were Saml. Blodgett, Saml. Ware and Benj. Dickinson, all before 1780. The first licensed tavern in town, apparently, was opened by Simon Cooley, on the Nathl. Gunn home lot, which he had purchased, and where a tavern was afterward kept for so many years by the Leonard family. This was in 1732, and he continued two or three years, perhaps longer. Capt. Fellows Billings kept a public house from 1737 to the time of the Revolution, on the homestead of his father, Capt. Eben'r Billings, on the south side of Middle Lane. Noahdiah Leonard probably succeeded him at the Gunn place before mentioned. Richard Montague began to keep a public house in 1765, and continued until 1773 and probably longer. This was at his house in North Leverett. Capt.

Israel Hubbard was licensed an innholder at the Plumtrees in 1755, and the business must have been continued in the family and on the same spot for seventy or eighty years. Early traders and retailers of liquors in Sunderland were David Hubbard, Fellows Billings, Samuel Blodgett, John Clary and Moses Billings.

I feel that I ought not to detain you longer with details which may prove tedious even to the sons of the original settlers, or those who occupy in their stead; but for them there is a moral in the story of the past days. Our fathers have long slept peacefully in their quiet resting place by the side of our beautiful river. Their warfare is accomplished; their work is done. Transmitted to us through successive generations, we have entered into their possessions and their labors. They were for the most part plain, unlettered men, but they were full of courage and faith, patient of toil, resolute of purpose. They saw not the future greatness of the empire which they and their compeers established as they toiled. They only knew that it was theirs to labor in patience and in hope, to convert the wilderness into homes for themselves and their children, to lay the foundations of Christian institutions, to leave the world better than they found it. Let us reverence their memory. They have made possible for us a broader culture and a larger sphere. If we can walk erect under a burden of duties and responsibilities which they could not have borne, it is because they faithfully fulfilled their trust and smoothed the way before us. We need their patience and courage and faith in the discharge of the now manifold and complicated duties of the Christian citizen. We have our work to do, as they had theirs, and may not weakly neglect it and leave it as a burden to our successors. And we may be sustained under all discouragements, and there is much to cause us uneasiness and doubt, by the sure faith that the cause of good government and true Christian civilization will prevail.

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty;
To falter would be sin."

Assembling after the collation, the venerable Deacon Phinehas Field of East Charlemont was introduced as a man whose two grandmothers were Sunderland girls. One of these, he said, was Eunice Graves, who married Capt. Seth Lyman of Northfield, and died seventy-two years ago, and the other Martha Root, who married Moses Field.

The President called on John M. Smith of Sunderland, and Jonathan Johnson, who read a letter from Rev. J. H. Temple.

Hon. Levi Stockbridge spoke substantially as follows: He was a man of the modern times, not of the past. He had never heard the war-whoop, never wielded the scalping knife nor been scalped. He concluded that the committee in inviting him had taken him to be a descendant of the tribe known as the Stockbridge Indians, a specimen of the kind of monster they had conquered and subdued. But he believed the society was doing a good work for the past and present and for which the future will be thankful. He hoped they would have the meeting next year in some of the down-river towns, and that they would be compelled to take in the whole valley. It was a fact that with our dense population we were more isolated than were the early settlers. Deerfield knew less of Hadley than it did one hundred years ago, when between was a wilderness. They were bound together then by common ties, a band of brothers. But we feel now that we can go it alone, but there is nothing better than to show to men the pit from which they were digged. We want to be told that it was our ancestors that made us what we are. We are simply message bearers, and it is our duty to transmit the trust untarnished to our children. We are in duty bound to transmit this inheritance unimpaired. We should make this a sort of revival meeting, bringing up the things which we have forgotten. His mother was a Montague and married a Hatfield man, and he told how she used to make him uncover his head when he passed the old Montague homestead, a fact that he had forgotten until it was this day brought to his mind. And the speaker wound up with an anecdote of Charlemont, saying that her records showed what the town paid, at a raising of a new church, for boards, shingles and rum.

The choir here sang a song entitled "A Thousand Years." The next speaker called upon was Rev. E. B. Fairchild of Stoneham. The speaking was interrupted to vote thanks to the singers, to the people of Sunderland, to the orator and to Dr. Rice. The latter was called out and responded by reading a poem, which he called the "Song of the Century." Following him was Deacon Barber of Warwick, who congratulated the Association that they had done so much. Speaking was continued by Col. R. H. Leavitt, Dr. Josiah Trow of Buckland, Rev. J. H. Waterbury of Greenfield, Rev. J. P. Watson, and others.

Among the old people present from Leverett were Levi Boutwell, over eighty, who was in spirits the youngest of the throng, and Moses Field, father of Capt. Putnam Field of Greenfield, whose hair had been whitened by eighty-two winters and who walked in nearly the whole distance, so eager was he to participate in the awakening of old memories.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING 1874.

REPORT.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held in Deerfield, Tuesday, February 24. The attendance at the afternoon session in Dr. Crawford's church was not large, but there was a sufficient number of the earnest workers in the organization present to show that the interest in the purpose of its formation is still unabated. The president, Geo. Sheldon, Esq., being in ill health, Col. R. H. Leavitt of Charlemont was called upon to preside.

After reading the records of the last meeting, the secretary reported that the number of members was 116, eleven having joined during the year and four having died. S. R. Phillips of Springfield, H. W. Taft of Pittsfield and Rodolphus Childs of Dover, Ill., had become life members during the year. In the report of the treasurer it appeared that the balance in the treasury now was \$1,262.46. The cabinet keeper, Mr. Sheldon, stated that since the last annual meeting donations to the cabinet and library have been received from Susan S. Smith, Pembroke; A. D. Welch, Turners Falls; Alfred Wells, Geo. Pierce, Jr., Jona. Johnson, S. C. Wells, L. W. Rice, S. O. Lamb, Whiting Griswold, Levi Stiles, C. H. Tyler, F. L. Nash, W. T. Davis, L. A. Nash, Frank J. Pratt, Greenfield; Mrs. Anna Upham, Mrs. Hannah W. Goodenough, John and Mary Mason Luey, Shelburne; Mrs. Parsons Warner, Dwight D. Whitmore, John M. Smith, Mrs. Mary Taft, Mrs. Electa Squires, John Robinson, Eli Barrus, R. A. Graves, Fred Z. Beaman, Sunderland; Mrs. D. Nims, Osmond Hutchins, Mrs. Chas. E. Williams, Martha Munn, Mabel A. Cowles, Mary Hawkes, Chas. D. Billings, Mrs. Antis Eaton, Chas. E. Williams, Joseph A. Baldwin, John Fitzgerald, Mrs. Lucretia Eels, Deerfield; F. G. Lord, Athol; F. W. Johnson, A. Stebbins, Vernon, Vt.; Chas. Barber, Winchester, N. H.; Mary Belcher, Mrs. Caroline Cowles, Mrs. Nelson Purple, Northfield; Saml. Willard, Hingham; Mrs. E. L. Burke, — Frizzell, Misses Hinsdale, Wm. E. Ryther, Ezekiel C. Hale, Bernardston; R. H. Leavitt, Phinehas Field, Charlemont; Alden Adams, Dr. David Rice, Leverett; Hervey Barber, Warwick; Zebina Taylor, Montague; Rev. A. W. Field, Blandford. A vote of thanks was passed by the Association to the donors.

President Sheldon made some remarks upon schools, in which he stated that Deerfield had long ago set the example of putting women on school committees; for Miss Sarah Jenks Barnard was elected and served in that capacity eleven years before.

Deacon Field read a narrative dictated by Mrs. Lucretia White of Northfield, an octogenarian, which gave the details of a journey from Heath to Bennington, Vt., when the party was overtaken by a snow storm and spent the night in the wilds, with an old hut for shelter and no food but what they happened to have in their lunch baskets.

An election of officers of the Association for the year resulted as follows. President, Geo. Sheldon of Deerfield; vice-presidents, Col. R. H. Leavitt of Charlemont, Mrs. Harriet Clapp Rice of Leverett; corresponding secretary, Rev. R. Crawford, D. D., of Deerfield; recording secretary and treasurer, Nathl. Hitchcock of Deerfield; councillors, Rev. E. Buckingham, Dr. R. N. Porter, Zeri Smith, O. S. Arms, Mrs. Julia A. Cowing of Deerfield, J. Johnson, A. DeWolf, S. O. Lamb, E. A. Hall of Greenfield, Smith R. Phillips of Springfield, John M. Smith of Sunderland, C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, E. L. Holton of Northfield, Lorenzo Brown of Vernon, Vt. Subsequently, the following committee was appointed to arrange for the annual field-meeting: Geo. Sheldon, Dr. R. N. Porter, Mrs. Harriet Clapp Rice, John M. Smith and Jona. Johnson; and at a meeting of the council, Rev. Dr. Crawford, Dr. Porter and Mrs. Lydia C. Stebbins of Deerfield were appointed a finance committee, and Geo. Sheldon, cabinet keeper.

At the evening meeting, Col. Leavitt presided. President Sheldon was introduced and read the following paper:

THE TRADITIONARY STORY OF THE ATTACK UPON
HADLEY AND THE APPEARANCE OF GEN-
ERAL GOFFE, SEPTEMBER 1, 1675.

HAS IT ANY FOUNDATION IN FACT?

There is probably not one before me who has not heard the thrilling story of the regicides, Edward Whalley and William Goffe, two of the English judges who sent King Charles I. to the executioner's block in 1649; of their flight to New England on the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne in 1660; of their successful concealment at New Haven and other places, while the minions of Charles II. hunted them through every town in the colonies; of their final haven of refuge in the house of the Rev. John Russell, in Hadley; and more especially of the angel who appeared Sept. 1,

1675, in the person of General Goffe, to deliver Hadley from the power of the enemy; for this story has been repeated in one form or another all over the civilized world.

The alleged appearance of Goffe at Hadley, whether considered in connection with the supposed miracle, or as the heroic act of a brave man, has been a fruitful theme for historians and an inspiration for poets. Divines have seen in it a special interposition of Providence; the champions of liberty have pointed to it as new evidence of the valor of that strong defender of the rights of man; and the mighty "Wizard of the North" has woven it into the pages of delightful romance. Notwithstanding all this, I make bold to ask your attention while the story of the guardian angel of Hadley is examined from a new point of view, which, it is but fair to say in the beginning, has become that of a sceptic. The origin of the story, with its growth and development under the hands of the leading historians, will be shown, and such conclusions drawn as the premises may seem to warrant.

The Rev. Increase Mather, in his history of the war with the Indians, published at the close of Philip's war, in 1677, makes this statement: "On the 1st of September, 1675, one of the churches in Boston was seeking the face of God, by fasting and prayer before him; also, that very day, the church in Hadley was before the Lord in the same way, but were driven from the holy service they were attending by a most sudden and violent alarm, which routed them the whole day after."

Nothing more is heard of this affair for eighty-seven years, when, in 1764, Gov. Hutchinson published his valuable history of Massachusetts. In the text of this work, he says: "Sept. the first, 1675, Hadley was attacked upon a fast day, while the people were at church, which broke up the service and obliged them to spend the day in a very different exercise." The story here has advanced one step: Mather having spoken only of an *alarm*, which with Hutchinson has become an *attack*.

When Hutchinson wrote, he was in possession of a diary kept by Goffe for many years, from which he gives an account of the wanderings and concealments of the regicides. In a marginal note he adds: "I am loth to omit an anecdote handed down through Gov. Leverett's family." Then follows this anecdote: "The town of Hadley was alarmed by Indians, in 1675, in the time of public worship. The people were in the utmost confusion. Suddenly a

grave, elderly person appeared in the midst of them. In his mien and dress he differed from the rest of the people. He not only encouraged them to defend themselves, but put himself at their head, rallied, instructed, and led them on to encounter the enemy, who by this means were repulsed. As suddenly, the deliverer of Hadley disappeared. The people were left in consternation, utterly unable to account for this phenomenon. It is not probable that they were ever able to explain it." It will be perceived that this is a great advance in the story, but as yet there is no angel,—only a mystery.

President Stiles of Yale college, in his History of the Judges, published thirty years later, writes as follows: "Though told with some variation in various parts of New England, the true story of the angel is this: * * * That pious congregation were observing a fast at Hadley on the occasion of this war; and being at public worship in the meeting-house there on a fast day, Sept. 1, 1675, were suddenly surrounded and surprised by a body of Indians. It was the usage in the frontier towns, and even at New Haven, in those Indian wars, for a select number of the congregation to go armed to public worship. It was so at Hadley at this time. The people immediately took to their arms, but were thrown into great consternation and confusion. Had Hadley been taken, the discovery of the judges had been inevitable. Suddenly, and in the midst of the people, there appeared a man of a very venerable aspect, and different from the inhabitants in his apparel, who took the command, arrayed and ordered them in the best military manner, and, under his direction, they repelled and routed the Indians, and the town was saved. He immediately vanished, and the inhabitants could not account for the phenomenon but by considering that person as an angel sent of God upon that special occasion for their deliverance; and for some time after, said and believed that they had been delivered and saved by an angel. Nor did they know or conceive otherwise till fifteen or twenty years after, when it at length became known at Hadley that the two judges had been secreted there; which probably they did not know till after Mr. Russell's death, in 1692. This story, however, of the angel at Hadley was before this universally diffused through New England, by means of the memorable Indian war of 1675. The mystery was unriddled after the revolution [of 1688 in England], when it became not so very dangerous to have it known that the judges had received an asylum here, and that Goffe was actually in Hadley at that

time. The angel was certainly General Goffe, for Whalley was superannuated in 1675." In the above account the angel is full-fledged, and the outline of the battle is given for the first time in print.

In 1824, General Epaphras Hoyt, of Deerfield, Mass., published the result of his studies in his "*Antiquarian Researches*." In this work, after a detailed account of an attack on Hadley by Indians, *June 12, 1676*, he adds,—"A curious circumstance occurred in this attack. When the people were in great consternation and rallying to oppose the Indians, a man of venerable aspect, differing from the inhabitants in his apparel, appeared, and assuming command, arrayed them in the best manner for defence, evincing much knowledge of military tactics; and by his advice and example continued to animate the men throughout the attack. When the Indians drew off, the stranger disappeared, and nothing further was heard of him. Who the deliverer was, none could inform or conjecture, but by supposing, as was common at that day, that Hadley had been saved by its guardian angel. It will be recollected that, at this time, the two judges, Whalley and Goffe, were secreted in the village, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Russell. The supposed angel was then no other than General Goffe, who, seeing the village in imminent danger, put all at risk, left his concealment, mixed with the inhabitants, and animated them to a vigorous defence." Observe that the assault has now become a dangerous one, a more particular account of the principal actor is given, but the whole affair is dated nine or ten months later: *June 12, 1676*, instead of *Sept. 1, 1675*.

Holmes, in his *Annals of America*, quotes Mather, Hutchinson, Stiles and Hoyt. He fully credits the story, but doubts whether Hoyt is justified in placing the appearance of Goffe at the later date.

In his address, at the bi-centennial celebration at Hadley, *June 8, 1859*, the Rev. Dr. Huntington, with unquestioning faith, says: "It was, as everybody knows, in the attack of the Indians, *Sept. 1, 1675*, a day of fasting, while the people were assembled in their meeting-house, that Goffe, willing to incur the sacrifice of exposing his own life to the double enemy,—one here in the bushes, and another on the British throne,—came suddenly forth from his hiding place, and by valor and skill, arraying the affrighted worshippers in ranks, and putting himself at their head, drove the assailants back."

He does not believe that the meeting-house was surrounded, but that the engagement occurred east of the village, adding,—"*this accords with a traditional feature of the story which I heard for the*

first time last winter. An aged woman, in a remote part of the town, says she has heard that Goffe saw the Indians entering the town from the mountains at a distance." As if the subtle red man, who was *never seen* till he struck his blow, could have been discovered coming over the hills at a distance like an army with baggage and banners!

Dr. Holland, in his History of Western Massachusetts, with no apology for a change of time and circumstance, and with no apparent misgivings as to the fact of the attack, fixes the date as June 12, 1676, and gives this circumstantial account of the event in question. "The attack was made with the desperate determination to succeed. On the preceding night they had laid an ambuscade at the southern extremity of the town, calculating to sweep the place from the north, and by driving the inhabitants southward to force them into the snare there set for them. The enemy were warmly received at the palisades. At one point on the north the palisades were pierced, and the Indians succeeded in gaining possession of a house, but were at last forced out of it and beaten back with loss. At this moment of extreme confusion and alarm, the course of events was under the keen survey of a pair of eyes that were strangers to all but one or two families in the town. They were eyes practised in military affairs, and belonged to a man who held the stake of life on the issue of the conflict. Unable longer to remain an idle spectator of the struggle, he resolved to issue forth. Suddenly he stood in the midst of the affrighted villagers, a man marked in his dress, noble in carriage and venerable in appearance. Self-appointed, he in a measure assumed the command, arranged and ordered the English forces in the best military manner, encouraged here, commanded there, rallied the men everywhere, filled them with hope and firmness on every hand, and at last succeeded in repelling the overwhelming numbers that swarmed on all sides. The discharge of a piece of ordnance put them to flight, and Major Talcott, going over from Northampton with his forces, joined the victorious villagers and soldiers of Hadley in chasing the enemy into the woods. This feat was accomplished with the loss of only two or three men on the part of the English. But the mysterious stranger who had been partly if not mainly instrumental in effecting this thorough rout, had retired from sight as suddenly as he had made his advent. Who he was, none knew. That such a man could live upon a plantation and not be known was not deemed possible; and it is not strange that in the superstitious spirit of the

times he should have been regarded by the people as 'an angel sent of God upon this special occasion for their deliverance.'"

Sylvester Judd, the most noted antiquary of the Connecticut valley, writing one hundred years later than Hutchinson, can find no new evidence in support of the oft-repeated tale. He quotes Mather and Hutchinson, criticizes sharply the account by Stiles, thinks Hoyt mistook the date of the occurrence, and says,—"The attack was undoubtedly upon the outskirts of the town, probably at the north end. The approach of the Indians may have been observed by Goffe from his chamber, which had a window toward the east. There is no reason to believe there was a large body of Indians, but the people being unaccustomed to war, needed Goffe to arrange and order them. The Indians appear to have fled after a short skirmish." Thus the proportions of the story are reduced by Judd. The meeting-house was not surrounded, the attack was at the north end of the town, and there was but a slight skirmish after all.

However, this matter is not to rest here. Palfrey's *History of New England*, published in 1865, contains so vivid and graphic a picture of the encounter, that we can almost see the wily foe stealing down upon the quiet village, the confusion and dismay when their savage war-whoop burst upon the astounded congregation of worshippers, the awe-struck look but ready obedience of the soldiers and citizens as the old hero, Goffe, appeared among them and gave the word of command. We can almost hear the tramp of the steadied line, the sharp crash of musketry, and the final rush of victory. I cannot forbear quoting him at length. "At the end of another week separate attacks were made upon two of the settlements on the Connecticut. At Deerfield, several houses and barns were burned, and two men killed. At Hadley, from which place the Indians had observed most of the garrison to be absent, the inhabitants were keeping a fast, when their devotion was disturbed by the outcries of a furious enemy. Seizing their muskets which stood by their sides, the men rushed out of their meeting-house and hastily fell into line; but the suddenness of the assault from a foe now enclosing them all around, was bewildering, and they seemed about to give way, when it is said an unknown man, of advanced years and ancient garb, appeared among them, and abruptly assumed the direction with the bearing and tone of one used to battles. His sharp word of command instantly restored order, musket and pike were handled with nerve, the invaders were driven in headlong flight out of the town. When the pursuers collected

again, their deliverer had disappeared, nor could any man get an answer by what instrument Providence had interposed for their rescue. It was the regicide Colonel Goffe. Sitting at a window of Mr. Russell's house, while his neighbors were at worship, he had seen the stealthy savages coming down over the hills. The old ardor took possession of him once more; he rushed out to win one more victory for God's people, and then went back to the retirement from which no man knows that he emerged again."

The story has now attained full stature. Mather's alarm has become a furious battle, victory wavering for awhile between the combatants.

I now quote from the Rev. Chandler Robbins' "Regicides Sheltered in New England." "In the summer of 1676, while Philip's war was raging, a powerful force of Indians made a sudden assault upon Hadley. The inhabitants at the time were assembled in their meeting-house, observing a day of fasting and prayer, but, in apprehension of an attack, they had taken their muskets with them to the house of God. While they were engaged in their devotions, the younger of the solitary captives, who perhaps taking advantage of the absence of observers, to enjoy a brief interval of comparative freedom, may have been seated at an open window, or walking near the house, discovered the approach of the wily foe, and hastened to give the alarm. With the air of one accustomed to command, he hastily drew up the little band of villagers in the most approved military order, put himself at their head, and by his own ardor and energy inspired them with such confidence, that rushing upon the swarming savages, they succeeded, with the loss of only two or three men, in driving them back into the wilderness." Here again the details of the affair are essentially changed. Goffe discovers the Indians, gives the alarm, and leads the attack, which is made by the whites. Their loss is given, and I do not despair of yet seeing named a list of the killed, wounded and missing.

I will lastly quote John Farmer, secretary of the New Hampshire Historical Society, who gives, as his authority, the Rev. Phineas Cooke, a native of Hadley. With such endorsement this extract should receive especial attention and have due weight.

It was while the regicides resided with Mr. Russell, "and while his people were observing a fast on account of the Philip's war, Sept. 1, 1675, that a party of Indians collected and were about to attack the inhabitants while assembled in the meeting-house. Some accounts represent the scene to have occurred on the Sabbath, but

all agree that it happened during a time of public worship, and while almost the entire population were collected. The party approached the town from the north, with the manifest design to surprise the people at meeting, before they could be prepared to make any effectual resistance. Gen. Goffe and Gen. Whalley were the only persons remaining at home at Mr. Russell's. Goffe saw from his chamber window the enemy collecting, and approaching towards the meeting-house, and knowing the peril of the congregation, felt himself constrained to give them notice, although it might lead to the discovery of his character and his place of concealment. He went in haste to the house of God, apprised the assembly that the enemy were near, and preparation must be immediately made for defence. All was alarm and trepidation. 'What shall we do, who will lead us?' was the cry from every quarter. In the confusion the stranger said, 'I will lead, follow me.' Immediately all obeyed their unknown general and prepared to march against the enemy. Though some of them were armed, yet their principal weapon of defence was an old iron cannon sent there some time before by the government; but no one of the inhabitants was sufficiently skilled in military tactics to manage it to much purpose. The marvelous stranger knew, and having loaded it proceeded to the attack. Beholding this formidable array, the Indians retreated a short distance and took refuge in a deserted house on the Connecticut river. The cannon was so directed that when discharged, the contents threw down the top of the stone chimney about the heads of the Indians, who took fright and fled with great terror and dismay. The commander ordered his company to pursue, take and destroy as many of the enemy as they could, and while they were in pursuit of the Indians, he retreated unobserved, and soon rejoined Whalley in their private chamber. When the pursuers returned he was gone, and nothing was heard of him for years afterward. The good people supposed their deliverer was an angel, who having completed his business, had retired to celestial quarters. And when we consider his venerable appearance, his silvery locks, and his pale visage, together with the disposition of the pious of that period to see a special providence in events which they could not comprehend, and the sudden manner of his disappearance, it is not surprising they supposed their deliverer came from another world."

Let us try to imagine the gentle savages considerably delaying their attack until the confusion had subsided, and the silver-haired

leader had loaded to his mind this new instrument for bush fighting, and then retreating in a body to a deserted house! The absurdity of this account is only equalled by the credulity of the writer.

We will now review in an inverse order these successive accounts of the affair at Hadley, that we may discover their basis and historical value.

Nothing more need be said of the Farmer and Cooke version of the story.

Confused by the conflicting accounts of the local historians (Hoyt, Judd, Huntington and Holland), not satisfied of the truth of either, but seeing no ground for their rejection, Dr. Robbins seems to have compromised with himself by endorsing the leading points of each. He makes no claim to new sources of information, his only references being Dr. Holland's *History of Western Massachusetts*, Dr. Huntington's *Address*, before referred to, and Sir Walter Scott's *Peveril of the Peak*.

While Dr. Palfrey gives such a glowing description of the assault, he not only fails to bring any evidence to support it, but throws a shadow over what have been considered the best authorities. In reference to the story he remarks, in a marginal note, "I am sorry to say that I can find no other authority than Hutchinson," and "am disappointed in the hope of finding confirmation of it in the Connecticut River records or traditions. I can hear of no traditions that are not traceable to Hutchinson's history."

Dr. Holland, though giving us fuller particulars than preceding writers, quotes no more recent authority to justify his interpretation of the story.

As Dr. Huntington, with few exceptions, gives Judd credit for the historical facts of his address, his account and Judd's will be treated as one. The latter, in his careful and minute search after materials for a history of Hadley, has found absolutely nothing to confirm the Leverett family tradition, and after his severe scrutiny it seems safe to assert that nothing ever will be found. Both were believers in the whole story as given by Hutchinson. They attempt to account for the silence of Hubbard and other historians on the ground, says Judd, that "It was necessary at that time and long after to throw a veil over the transactions of that day," or, as Huntington expresses it, "Considerations of policy fully account for the obscure allusions in the contemporaneous records,"—these considerations being, of course, that secrecy as to the whole affair was en-

joined upon Hubbard, the Mathers, Stoddard Atherton, Pynchon and the other letter writers of the day, that the fact of the judges' residence at Mr. Russell's might not be betrayed.

Were it only a question of *such* men, on the *appearance of General Goffe*, the argument would have weight; but when made to cover their silence in regard to the *attack upon Hadley*, as well, it fails to impress. On the contrary, the omission in Hubbard's history of so important a fact as the first attack of the Indians upon a village in the Connecticut valley must have provoked inquiry as to the cause of such omission, and inquiry at Hadley, under the circumstances, must have resulted in the discovery of the fugitives. Suspicion had already been directed there, and their very house of refuge had been searched by zealous agents of the crown. Hubbard was undoubtedly acquainted with these facts. Hadley, at the time in question, probably contained about 500 inhabitants, every man, woman and child of whom must have been filled with awe and amazement at their supernatural deliverance. To these witnesses must be added the officers and soldiers in the companies of Capt. Lothrop and Capt. Beers, and probably part of the Connecticut company, under Capt. Watts. Signs and wonders were familiar to the people of those days, but no event of such significance had occurred in the history of New England, and the news of this marvelous Providence must have been swiftly spread over all the colonies; especially as Hadley was the head quarters of military operations, and within that same week hundreds of soldiers were collected there from all parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Silence as to this event *might* perhaps have been imposed upon the historians and ministers, who were the chief letter-writers of that period, but it is inconceivable that the lips of this great multitude could have been closed, while from the very nature of the case no good reason could be given for silence. Well might the people say, "Jehovah hath bared His arm in our defence. Let us proclaim from the house-tops His wonderful interposition for our deliverance, and spread the glorious tidings throughout the length and breadth of the land, that we may thereby encourage the armies of the Lord, and strike terror to the heart of our superstitious foe." To such an argument there could have been no opposition without betraying the fugitives.

If the appearance of Goffe were a fact, it would be strange indeed that so imposing an event should have been entirely lost sight of save in the traditions of one family,—that of Governor Lever-

ett. Why have we no trace of it as well in the traditions of the Russell family, the families of Nash, Wells, Hawks or Dickinson, of Hoyt or Barnard? for the ancestors of those bearing these names now among us were living in Hadley at this period, and must have been eye-witnesses of the marvel; or in the families of Catlin, Stebbins, Clesson or Sheldon, whose ancestors lived hard by in Northampton? And it is well-nigh impossible, that a secret in the keeping of so many people could by any means escape the keen scent of that subservient and untiring spy on New England, Edward Randolph, backed as he was by a royal commission and the power of Charles the Second.

Hoyt, while relating what he believed the facts of the story, but dating it later, says in a marginal note that he "finds no evidence of any attack Sept. 1," and "that Hubbard, who wrote his narrative from facts collected during the war and published immediately after, should have wholly omitted to notice an attack at the time mentioned by Hutchinson, would have been extraordinary." He might have added, that Capt. Appleton, who was in command of the troops at Hadley, certainly within five days after the alleged attack, was an inhabitant of Ipswich and a parishioner of Mr. Hubbard, which fact renders such an omission still more "extraordinary."

A careful examination of the work of President Stiles shows that he made no *investigation* of the angel story. After copying what was to be found in Hutchinson, *including* the traditional anecdote, he says: *Hitherto* we have proceeded upon *accurate* and *authentic* documents, I shall now collect and exhibit other scattered lights and traditionary information, preserved partly in public fame, and partly in traditions in families whose ancestors were privy to the secrets of these men."

Considering the *anecdote* "accurate and authentic," he seeks only to concentrate the scattered rays of light that fall elsewhere. Accordingly, he visited the scene of the wonder and corresponded with aged people in the vicinity, and says he finds the story is preserved in the traditions at Hadley and New Haven, giving, as the best evidence to be found, a letter from the Rev. Samuel Hopkins of Hadley, dated March 26, 1793. In this letter, the writer records particular traditions, which he found in several families, as to the fact of the regicides having been concealed in Hadley, likewise about the places of their burial, disagreeing, to be sure, but containing evidence that they were founded in fact; but only *general*

traditions as to the *appearance* of Goffe. This, we must bear in mind, was thirty years after the Leverett anecdote was published by Hutchinson; time enough for the romance to have become naturalized and wedded to the tradition of their residence and death in Hadley above mentioned. Mr. Hopkins's testimony, so satisfactory to President Stiles, is of little worth. It would have weight had it appeared *before* Hutchinson wrote. Stiles took the angel story for granted, making no independent investigation. His statements are vague and careless; consequently his conclusions should have little weight with historians.

In compiling his history, Hutchinson had access to Mather's papers and library, from which great depository of historical matter he drew largely, often quoting from Mather's History of the War as authority. There seems, therefore, no room for doubt that Hutchinson's story of the *attack*, Sept. 1, was his version of Mather's account of the "*alarm*", quoted at the beginning of this paper, and that he had no other source of information relating to that event. Nothing in Hutchinson then remains to be examined but the anecdote of the tradition in Governor Leverett's family, before given.

After the death of the regicides, their papers came into the possession of the Mather family. Among them was Goffe's diary, containing a record of their adventures for six or seven years. Hutchinson, from this diary, gives a full account of the wanderings, escapes and concealments of the judges, but not one word from that in support of the story of Goffe's sudden appearance at Hadley.* In a marginal note, at the close of this narrative, he thus introduces the tradition: "I am loth to omit an anecdote handed down through Governor Leverett's family." All accounts of Goffe's appearance at Hadley, Sept. 1, 1675, can be traced directly to this anecdote, and there is no pretence of any other authority.

The interpretation given to Mather's account by Hutchinson seems to have been hitherto accepted without question, by all succeeding historians; and upon this slender foundation they have builded and enlarged. Let me repeat Mather's statement:

"One of the churches in Boston was seeking the face of the Lord by fasting and prayer before him. Also, that very day, the church in Hadley was before the Lord in the same way, but were driven from the holy sanctuary by a sudden and violent *alarm*, which

*The argument from absence of notice in Goffe's diary was inconsiderately introduced, and is of no value, for the date of the last known entry is in 1667. G. S.

routed them the whole day after." We have here no particulars of a fight, no indications of the point or method of an attack, no account of arrangement for defence, no result of battle, no list of losses,—all these details are added by subsequent writers; in fact, Mather does not assert or hint that there was an *attack*; yet this paragraph is literally *all* the evidence that has been given of an attack on Hadley, Sept. 1, 1675. Is it sufficient?

Let me give briefly further reasons which lead me to a different conclusion, namely:—

First, that there was *no attack* on Hadley, Sept. 1, 1675.

Second, that the story of General Goffe's appearance, either as man or angel, at *any* attack on that town, is a pure romance.

An *alarm* is not necessarily an *attack*, and we may find an explanation of Mather's language in a letter from the Rev. Solomon Stoddard of Northampton, to Mather, dated Sept. 15, 1675, in which he gives a long and minute account of the events which had occurred during the three preceding weeks,—events the most important that had transpired in the valley settlements. After describing the pursuit of the Hatfield Indians, when they fled from their fort to join the Pocumtucks in the interest of King Philip, and the fight with them in the swamp south of Wequamps (or Sugar Loaf mountain), Aug. 25, he continues: "After this fight we hear no more from them till the first of September, when they shot down a garrison soldier of Pocumtuck (now Deerfield) that was looking after his horse, and ran violently up into the town, many people having scarcely time to get into their garrisons. That day they burned most of their houses and barns, the garrison not being strong enough to sally out upon them, but killed two of them from their forts."

When Deerfield was attacked, on Feb. 29, 1704, the alarm was given in Hadley so quickly that men from that town reached the scene of carnage in about three or four hours from the time the attack was made. Can any one doubt that the news of this earlier assault upon Deerfield, described by Stoddard, would soon have reached the inhabitants of Hadley?—and remembering that this was the first attack by the savages upon any white settlement in the valley, we can easily conceive the consternation and *alarm* it must have created among the settlers, and can readily believe that the people of Hadley were "violently alarmed and routed the whole day after."

This seems to be a reasonable solution of the whole matter, in

which I am confirmed by recorded events of a similar character. Colonel John Pynchon, writing from Springfield to the governor at Boston, says: "It is troublesome times here; we have had two *alarms* lately, which in mercy prove nothing in reality. But the same, with other disquiets., takes up my time and prove hard for me."

Again, in a letter from Boston to London, dated Sept. 28, 1675, the writer says: "An *alarm* was made in Boston about ten in the morning, 1200 men were in arms before eleven, . . . One that was on guard at Mendon, thirty miles off, got drunk, and fired his gun, the noise of which alarmed the next neighbors and soon spread to Boston."

Governor Hutchinson himself records another event from which he might have taken a hint of Mather's meaning, the language being so similar: "The 23d of February, 1676, being a fast with the first church in Boston, they were disturbed by an *alarm* from the report that the Indians were within fifteen miles of Boston." Similar examples might be multiplied. I quote one more. Major Savage, writing from Hadley to Governor Leverett, March 16, 1676, says: "This morning about 2 o'clock we were *alarmed* from Northampton, which was occasioned by Indians being seen on two sides of the town." Doubtless Mather intended to record only a similar *alarm* at Hadley, Sept. 1, 1675.

Hubbard's narrative of the war, before referred to, was published under the patronage of the General Court and only about eighteen months after the supposed attack. A committee from that body examined his manuscript, and pronounced the work "faithfully and truly performed." Yet this book contains no allusion to any disturbance at Hadley, Sept. 1, while it gives full accounts of all the movements thereabouts, in those eventful weeks of September, 1675. Truly, as Hoyt remarks, "an extraordinary omission."

Cotton Mather also wrote a history of Philip's war, detailing the principal events which occurred in the Connecticut valley, without even *hinting* at an attack upon Hadley, in 1675. Can we account for the omissions of these writers, except on the grounds I have assumed that there was nothing to record?

Stronger evidence yet remains to be considered. The letter before quoted, from the Rev. Solomon Stoddard of Northampton to Mather, containing a long and circumstantial narrative of the breaking out of Philip's war in the valley; of the attempt to disarm the Indians at Hatfield fort, Aug. 24; the fight that followed

the next morning near Wequamps; the attack on Deerfield, Sept. 1; the slaughter of the eight men at Northfield, Sept. 2; the defeat and death of Capt. Beers, Sept. 4; the march of Major Treat to Northfield, Sept. 6; the second attack on Deerfield, Sept. 12; the expedition to Pine Hill, Sept. 14, in pursuit of the party which made this last attack; but not a single word to indicate trouble at Hadley, Sept. 1.

On Friday, Sept. 3, Major Treat came into Hadley with a hundred or more Connecticut troops. The ill-fated Capt. Lothrop was there with "the Flower of Essex;" Capt. Appleton was also there, and it is to be supposed his company was with him;—and Capt. Beers with his company. Yet on that very day, says Hubbard, Capt. Beers, "with thirty-six men, was sent to Squakeag, with supplies both of men and provision to secure the small garrison there, but before they came very near to the town, they were set upon by many hundreds of Indians out of the bushes by the swamp side, of whom Capt. Beers, with about twenty of his men, were by this sudden surprisal there slain, the rest flying back to Hadley."

Is it reasonable to suppose, that only two days after a terrible assault on Hadley, in which the town was barely saved by the interposition of an angel, and while several hundred soldiers under arms were there, a supply train of ox carts should have been sent a distance of thirty miles through the wilderness with a guard of only thirty-six men? Capt. Beers's expedition, an unpardonable blunder at the best, is only to be accounted for on the supposition that the authorities believed Philip's forces had crossed the Connecticut river, joined the Hatfield and Pocumtuck Indians in the attack on Deerfield, Sept. 1, and that the hostile Indians were then all on the west side of the river. They had not then heard of the assault on Northfield the day before. With a suggestion of the intrinsic improbability of the soldiers at Hadley putting themselves under the lead of a stranger while their veteran commanders were present, I leave this division of my subject.

In regard to my second point, namely, that Goffe's appearance at *any time* is a pure romance, it may be asked, admitting that we have proved that there was no attack on Hadley Sept. 1, 1675, what evidence is there that Gen. Hoyt and Dr. Robbins were not right in their statements that Goffe's appearance was on the 12th of June, the next year, when the Indians really did fall upon that town?

To this the following facts are a sufficient reply. There is no correspondence between the well-known events of this day, and

those of the Leverett tradition. 1st. The 12th of June, 1676, *was not a fast day*. 2d. The inhabitants were not assembled in the meeting-house. 3d. The attack was made upon a small party who had fallen into an ambuscade. 4th. It was made early in the morning. 5th. The town was not then in a defenceless condition; for besides the soldiers of Capt. Turner's company who had survived the Falls fight some three weeks previous, and were now under Capt. Swain, nearly five hundred Connecticut men were in Hadley under Major Talcott, two hundred of whom were friendly Indians under Oneko, son of Uncas, the famous sachem of the Mohegans. The Connecticut forces had but recently arrived, and doubtless the Indians expected to attack a defenceless town; but at no time during Philip's war had Hadley been in so good a condition to repel an attack.

The spirit which, some years later, caused the arrest and execution in England of Lady Alica Lisle, for concealing Mr. Hicks and Mr. Nelthorpe, two persons obnoxious to the crown, sent that subtle spy and informer, Edward Randolph, to New England in March, 1676, to seek matter of accusation against the inhabitants preparatory to abrogating their charters. Special instructions were given him to search for the Regicides. Active and crafty, as he was zealous and malicious, he lost no opportunity of serving his master. The fugitives must have been fully informed of his mission and purpose, and fully aware of the consequences of their discovery. General Goffe knew that Hadley was in no danger of capture, and that there was no occasion for leaving his hiding place, thereby exposing himself, his companion in exile and his generous protectors to certain destruction.

It seems proper that the following brief paper should be printed in connection with the above. It appeared in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register for October, 1877.

THE ANGEL GOFFE AGAIN.

COMMUNICATED BY THE HON. GEORGE SHELDON OF DEERFIELD, MASS.

The able and exhaustive pamphlet on *The Regicides*, Whalley and Goffe, by Prof. Franklin B. Dexter, ante p. 130, contains the usual story of the mysterious appearance of the latter at Hadley, Sept. 1, 1675. To this the writer adds:

"I venture to suggest that a contemporary hint at the occurrence may be found in a letter from the Rev. John Russell to Increase

Mather, who, as we shall see later, was a trusted friend of the regicides. Mr. Russell comments thus on Mather's 'History of the Indian Wars,' in which the attack on Hadley was briefly mentioned without reference to the mysterious leader: 'I find nothing considerable mistaken in your history; nor do I know whether you proceed in your intended second edition. That which I most fear in the matter is lest Mr. B. or some of Connecticut should clash with ours, and contradict each other in the matter of fact. Should that appear in print, which I have often heard in words, I fear the event would be exceeding sad.' Viewed in the light of subsequent facts, these sentences mean that Goffe had, before the date of this letter (April 18, 1677), removed to Connecticut, and Mr. Russell is apprehensive lest 'Mr. B.' or others with whom Goffe was now living, should contradict *any printed version of the dramatic appearance at Hadley*, and lest in any event the safety of the poor hunted regicide should be endangered."

The italics are mine. Appended is the following marginal note:

"I have thought best to leave the passage respecting the attack on Hadley as it was written six years ago. It should be stated, however, that a recent paper in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, by Hon. George Sheldon of Deerfield, re-examines the grounds of the common tradition, and decides against it; the author makes no reference to the letter of Mr. Russell, on my interpretation of which I still rely. August, 1876."

With all due deference and courtesy to Prof. Dexter, I have to say in reply to his note, that I made no reference to Mr. Russell's letter in my article because I saw nothing in it bearing on the question at issue; nor do I now discover the pertinency of its interpretation as given by the learned antiquary.

Even accepting as authentic history the tradition of Goffe's "dramatic appearance," to connect it with the passage quoted from Mr. Russell's letter seems to me straining a point, and since the fact is questioned the letter would certainly be of no value as evidence.

The interpretation I venture to put upon Mr. Russell's words disconnects them entirely from the subject of Goffe's appearance at Hadley, Sept. 1, 1675. Mr. Russell has received a copy of Mather's book, and commenting on it in a friendly way, says to the author, in substance: "I have examined your History, and find no considerable mistakes to be corrected if you get out a second edition; our Connecticut friends, however, contradict some of your facts, and if they should circulate in print what I have heard them utter, the event would be exceeding sad." Sad, because such a proceeding would increase the ill-feeling and jealousy between the

two colonies, which had often been shown in bickerings during the late war. May we not fairly assume, judging from the results which usually follow the publication of any contemporaneous military history, that some of the Connecticut officers were dissatisfied with Mather's relation of operations in which they had been actors and that they had sharply criticized the author, and threatened to print their version of these affairs? If this assumption be true, and "Mr. B." refers to Capt. Bull of Hartford, we can easily believe with Mr. Russell, that this defense of the Connecticut men would be made with an emphasis and vigor which would indeed have made "the event exceeding sad"—for Mr. Mather.

Again, I do not discover in Mr. Russell's letter, or elsewhere, any allusion whatever to any intention of Mather to *print any* "version of the dramatic appearance at Hadley." Whether the regicide, at the date of this letter, was at Hadley, or, as is more probable, at Hartford, we know that he was in the hands of friends whose very lives were bound up with the secret. If Goffe's appearance was a verity, was it safer to proclaim the fact in a second edition, than it had been in the first a few months earlier? And, if printed, what sad consequences could follow the "*contradiction*" of such a story, "as a matter of fact," by "Mr. B. or some of Connecticut?" How could the safety of the hunted fugitive be "endangered" by such a course? It would be the publication, not the denial of the story which would put his life in jeopardy.

A careful study of all the facts now in our possession, leads me clearly to the conclusion that it is well-nigh impossible for the extract from Mr. Russell's letter, quoted by Dexter, to refer to the appearance of Goffe; but taking the simple and apparent interpretation, that it refers to the events of the war, as recorded by Mather, all difficulties disappear.

Rev. J. H. Temple of Framingham was now introduced and read a paper on "Indian Name Words." The red men had no written language and there was great inaccuracy and confusion in their words transmitted to us by the early settlers. No one then took a thought of the historic value of the language, but it expressed the character and thoughts of the race with wonderful beauty and truth. The Indian talked but little, but when he spoke it meant something. He condensed his thoughts in his words, and there was beauty in their meaning. The names they gave to men indicated their leading characteristics, and were frequently changed, and for this reason the children had no names.

They called the mountains, rivers and other objects by terms that expressed their description or history. Pocumtuck, the Indian name of Deerfield, was the "Open Rock Place," suggested by the cut through the mountain, where the Deerfield empties into the Connecticut. The name of the Connecticut signified the "Long River with Waves." Sugar Loaf Mountain was the "Red High Rock"; that of Massachusetts, "At the Great Mountain"; and the speaker repeated many of the Indian appellations to different objects and things and translated their meaning. He thought that it should be the object of the Association to preserve these names as far as possible.

A poem was read by Miss Abbie E. Snow, a teacher in the Deerfield Academy, of which the following is an extract:

Clear cut, against the sky's blue glory,
Then first I saw arise
Old Sugar Loaf, renowned in story
Of Indian surprise.

Fair autumn fields, in crisp, dry lightness,
Out from its base unrolled,
For summer's sheen and winter's whiteness,
Wearing dull robes of gold.

Then, mid the quiet, pictured splendor
That brooded o'er the scene,
The morning light fell, white and tender,
On a fenced plot of green.

A marble shaft, the doom recounting
Of Essex's fated youth,
Gleamed pallid out, the mound surmounting
With monumental truth.

Rev. J. H. Waterbury of Greenfield made some very happy remarks about the Indians. At Dartmouth College, where he graduated, the charter of the institution requires that at least four Indians shall be educated there at all times, and many of these students had made able and eminent men. The speaker, too, had preached in Minnesota, and had become familiar with the missionary work among the tribes of Indians, and the condition of affairs between the settlers and the savages. He denounced in strong terms the cheating and evil practices that had been pursued by government agents, and said that the warfare waged by the Indians was nearly always a retaliation for the wrongs committed by the whites, and spoke in warm praise of the peace policy of the administration.

Dea. Field of East Charlemont, Rev. Mr. Watson of Leverett, Wm. Warner, Jr., of South Deerfield, J. Johnson of Greenfield and Col. Leavitt of Charlemont spoke in turn, keeping the interested audience till a late hour. On motion of Rev. E. Buckingham, a vote of thanks

was passed for the speakers, the choir, the ladies, and all who had aided in the fine entertainment.

The exercises closed by singing the following ode, written for the occasion by Geo. B. Bartlett of Concord, to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, in which all joined:

Welcome the great memorial day,
Which dulls the scythe of time,
And makes us lend a listening ear
To history's distant chime;
To watch the falling phantasies,—
As one by one they pass
Before our mortal vision clear,
As in a magic glass.

It kindles on the ancient hearths
The grand old eight-foot fires,
Which warmed to patriotic glow
The faces of our sires.
While the fierce wind of freedom
Howled 'tween the log-house cracks,
And froze to an unbending state
Their broad and manly backs.

Beside the quaint old spinning wheel
A graceful matron stands,
Her unbound figure free and fresh
From the Great Sculptor's hands;
Pure handed and pure hearted too,
Fit mother of the brave,
Who lived in toil their homes to win,
And died their homes to save.

It gathers from their hidden graves
The relics of the race,
Who loved across these pleasant fields
The flying deer to chase;
They never quarreled for back pay,
Or had a debt to swamp 'em,
But kept true to its honest rate
Their currency of wampum.

The woman's right to labor, too,
By them was not denied,
For all the avenues of trade
To them were open wide;
Perhaps the remedy might work
On some of ours, who roam
Forever restless round the world
To preach the joys of home.

After the horse is stolen away,
Some people lock the door;

But lovers of Old Deerfield
Must sadder loss deplore;
The door is locked up very tight,
Behind a pane of glass,
But the house of fame historic
Has stolen away, alas.

Then treasure, with most tender care,
These treasures of the past.
The century we live in now,
Full soon will be the last;
Then let us live such noble lives,
That coming ages may
Pay homage to our memory,
On some memorial day.

FIELD-MEETING—1874.

FIELD-MEETING AND BASKET PICNIC

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE CENTENNIAL OF THE INCORPORATION OF
THE TOWN OF LEVERETT;

Held at the Mount Toby Station, on the New London Railroad,

ON THURSDAY, SEPT. 10, 1874.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. MUSIC. By the Montague band.
2. INVOCATION ODE. By David Rice, M. D.
Tune—Old Hundred, to be sung by the assembly.
3. PRAYER. By Rev. Eli Moody of Montague.
4. ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE ASSOCIATION. By Rev. A. F. Clark.
5. RESPONSE. By President George Sheldon.
6. SINGING. By Ye Old Folks.
Under the direction of Capt. Asa L. Field.
7. CIVIL HISTORY OF LEVERETT. By Rev. J. P. Watson.
8. MUSIC. By the band.
9. ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE SOUTH PARISH, WITH BIO-
GRAPHICAL SKETCHES. By Rev. David Eastman of New Salem.
10. SINGING. By the Leverett Glee Club.
11. HISTORY OF THE OLD BAPTIST CHURCH, WITH NOTICES OF EARLY
SETTLERS. By Rev. Baxter Newton.
12. COLLATION.
13. MUSIC. By the band.
14. POEM. By Robert B. Caverly of Lowell.
15. RECITATION, "George Cheney's Race with Death," (By David
Rice, M. D.). By Miss Allen of Warehouse Point.
16. SHORT ADDRESSES, interspersed with music.

Marshal of the day, Capt. PUTNAM FIELD.

Assistant Marshals, BRADFORD FIELD, EMORY WHITING.

REPORT.

At a town meeting held in Leverett, to arrange for the centennial celebration of the incorporation of the town, the following citizens were appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements: E. M. Ingram, town clerk; Frederick W. Field, Wm. B. Stetson, Calvin Marvel, Selectmen; Rev. Baxter Newton, Rev. Asa F. Clark, Rev. J. P. Watson, Mrs. Luther Dudley, Mrs. H. C. Rice, Mrs. Josiah Rice. The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was invited to hold its annual Field Meeting in the town and conduct the Centennial exercises. The Meeting was held at the foot of Mount Toby, the 10th day of September.

Among those present were many with silvered heads, who could remember when the town was young, and who had come now, the proudest of all, to enjoy her centennial. There was Levi Boutwell, eighty-two years old, but as active and strong as most men at three score. Aaron Dudley, eighty-eight; Ebenezer Glazier, eighty; Moses Field, eighty-three; Benjamin Beaman, eighty; widow Celia Beach, eighty-one; Elisha Ingram, eighty-two; Jefferson Moore, seventy-three; David Mason, seventy-seven; Elijah Montague of Northampton, a native of Leverett, and a grandson of the renowned Major Richard Montague of Colonial and Revolutionary memory, seventy-five; Eliphaz Clapp of Montague, sixty-eight; Joshua Marsh of Montague, seventy-seven; Rev. Eli Moody of Montague, eighty-six; Nathan Ripley of Montague, eighty-eight; Dea. Phinehas Field of Charlemont, seventy-six; Geo. W. Mark of Greenfield, seventy-eight, (who remembers very well when Washington died) and there were many others who had scored as many years as several recorded. Not only was the attendance made up from Leverett, Sunderland, Montague, Amherst, Hadley, Greenfield and other neighboring towns, but many of Leverett's sons and daughters from a distance were there. Among them were Chas. K. Field of Brattleboro; Seth Ball and Moses Spellman Field of Stanstead, Canada; Gideon Lee and his sister, Mrs. Weston of Chester, Vt.—Mr. Lee is a nephew of Gideon Lee, once Mayor of New York city—Dr. Macomber and wife from Uxbridge; Mrs. Ansel Wright and her father, Robert Fitts of Northampton; E. A. Thomas of Amherst; Dr. Jerome Wilmarths of Upton, and his sister, Mrs. Weston, of Philadelphia; S. A. Hubbard of the Hartford Courant. Letters were received, regretting their inability to attend, from Oliver Warner, Secretary of State, who added "and Leverett," to his stereotyped "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts;" from E. H. Goss of Melrose, a relative of Toby's proprietor; from Lucius Moore, who sent the Committee \$25; from Dwight Field of Saratoga, a son of Wm. Field; from Frank Hubbard of Toledo, Ohio, and his brother, R. B. Hubbard.

The exercises opened with music by the Montague City Band, Fred Bridges leader, and W. L. Day of Greenfield, assistant. Frederick W. Field, the Chairman of Leverett's Selectmen, called the assembly to order, and the following Invocation Ode, by Dr. David Rice of Leverett, was sung by the assembly to the tune of "Old Hundred:"

God of the mountain, hill and plain,
Once more we come to Thee again;
In praise, to raise our voices high,
Beneath the banner of the sky.

God of the past! How kind Thy ways,
Through all the measure of our days;
Like summer rain—like morning dew,
Refreshing—all our journey through.

God of the present! Hear our prayer,
Give us Thy blessing and Thy care—
A benediction grant to-day,
And safely lead us on our way.

God of the future! Guide our feet,
Until in heaven at last we meet;
In one unbroken band to sing,
The praise of our Centennial King.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Eli Moody of Montague, who by way of accounting for being assigned to that duty, said that the Committee would have had a Clergyman one hundred years old if they could have found one. He preached his second sermon in Leverett.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY REV. A. F. CLARK OF LEVERETT.

Ladies and Gentlemen: An occasion of unusual interest has called us together to-day. We have come to the end of a century which has rolled away in the history of the good town of Leverett. And in looking back from this time an hundred years, we find a century marked with great events has passed by:—Great movements among the civilized nations—great changes for the better in their civil, social, religious, intellectual and physical condition—great thoughts which have been exerting their benign power for good upon mankind—great inventions—great providences of God, removing hindrances and preparing the way for the elevation of man—great religious and benevolent enterprises have sprung up and all have combined to lift up the nations in a wonderful degree from the condition in which they were at the commencement of the century

now past. And we have come here to-day to look back upon this century, more particularly and especially in reference to the good town of Leverett, for her history is a part of the history of the century just gone. And we are happy to welcome you all to this occasion of the recital of her history and reminiscences of former days. We welcome former residents who may to-day return to look upon their old homes and visit their former neighbors and friends and Fields. We welcome the strangers from abroad and citizens from the neighboring towns. We greet you and are happy to have you present with us at this time. And Mr. President and members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, we present to you a hearty welcome to this centennial celebration; and to you as the President, to take the charge of these exercises and the presentation of the various papers, biographical, historical, antiquarian, poetical or religious, which are to be brought forward at this time. And Sir, from the character of the papers which you have hitherto brought forward on similar occasions, I feel that I may assure this assembly that we shall at this time have a rich entertainment; and all, both old and young, will have a pleasant and happy time, who have come to participate in the enjoyment of this centennial gathering, and the good town of Leverett be made better still by this recital of the good principles, the good deeds and the good habits of former days. And if the children shall walk in the virtuous steps of their fathers, our good name shall continue untarnished and the Fields shall continue to be filled with music and singing.

May her history in the next cycle of an hundred years be as worthy to be recounted as that which we recount and celebrate to-day; yea, as the years roll on, may she attain a still higher degree of excellence. Let virtue, industry and religion be her motto as in days past, and the next centennial shall be the celebration of a golden age in her history; and her record shall continue to carry onward her good name to the generation following.

In closing Mr. Clark read the following poem, written by Rodolphus Hall, Esq., of Leverett:

LEVERETT TO HER CHILDREN.

Come to our arms, ye wandering ones!
Lovely daughters, industrious sons!
Come, for we entertain no fears;
You love us, with our hundred years;
For we have grown a hundred-fold
More beautiful by growing old;

Yet 'tis not difficult to trace
Hairs off our head, and wrinkled face.

The dearest places we behold
Are where our memories first unfold
Their magic powers to grasp and hold,
Till life's remotest hour is told.

Sacred as shrines, to souls devout,
The objects of our earliest thought;
Through coming years who ever sees
Again, such rocks, such hills and trees?

Ages unknown the red man here,
On lands of ours, to him as dear,
In native liberty and stoic pride,
A forest Sovereign, lived and died.

But time and men have all things changed,
And cities stand where Indians ranged;
No midnight foe this valley walks,
But engines shriek and lightning talks.

Here on this festal natal day
The living to the dead should pay
Some tribute to their manly worth,
For love of honesty and truth.

To gain new homes, a hardy band,
With firm resolve and willing hand,
Have left their legacies and dust,
As we shall ours, to others' trust.

They sought no office to abuse,
No public trust, to basely use;
And hypocrites in Church and State
Were objects of their honest hate.

Give back the men, the better times,
When *murder, fraud and theft* were crimes,
For what is progress, science, gold,
To honor, piety and soul?

RESPONSE BY THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen and Ladies of the Centennial Committee:—For the welcome, which your representative has so gracefully extended to the Association which I have the honor to represent, and to myself personally, I would return most hearty thanks. When we were notified that a town which has attained the full term of one hundred years had voted to invite the Pocumtuck Valley

Memorial Association to unite with it in the proposed celebration of its centennial year, we felt a peculiar satisfaction, a feeling that the objects for which we organized were being surely accomplished; and when, in the conference of the committees which followed, it was unanimously agreed that we should organize and conduct the exercises of this day—the infant to come and talk to the centennarian concerning the facts of its own history—we held that to be evidence that our labors in the historic fields of Franklin County were appreciated. If we come to instruct you in historic lore, we shall speak to you by the mouths of your own teachers and prophets, men among you, or of you, honored and worthy of honor. These teachers will stir the recollections of the aged by picturing the events of their youth, and will make an impress on the minds of the young that will not be effaced, even though they should live to attend Leverett's second centennial. We may perhaps get glimpses of dark, sad days in the trials and labors of the pioneer settlers; but let not these pictures cast a shadow of gloom upon the celebration of this natal day; let us rejoice in the bright present with gratitude and filial reverence. You will be told of the stern piety of the men and women who built up and sustained your churches—the nurseries from whence have come the faith, patriotism and good-will for which your town has been noted; the deeds will be chronicled and worth recorded of many who have long ago gone to their reward.

One will tell you of the civil organization of the town; how the mother town, nestling at first close to the "Long River," but being "straightened for room," gradually pushed the settlers over these hills into your beautiful valleys. *Perhaps* he will tell you how Sunderland (possibly named with reference to coming events) how *Sunderland* was found a century ago to be a *land* broad enough to be *sundered*, and with people enough for two municipalities.

This division of territory was peacefully accomplished, and two little commonwealths grew up side by side, rivals only in patriotism and sturdy independence; in peace the people have run on parallel tracks for a hundred years, only occasionally switeling off to make "close connections" one with another.

Let us bear in mind that the day we celebrate is not alone the centennial year of Leverett, but also the second centennial of the year when Old Knuck-quachū, as the Indian called the noble pile before us, passed forever from the control of the red man. Before the sharp click of the settler's axe had echoed from this mountain side, or his eye had rested on its summit, except from afar,

an Indian chief, named Wut-taw-a-lunk-sin, lived on an island called Mat-tam-pash, lying in the Quinituk river, somewhere between Wequamps, "called by the white men Sugar Loaf," and the mouth of the Pocumtuck river, where he died, about 1671. This chief had been a fast young man, and some dozen years before he had been fined twenty-four fadum of wampun for breaking windows, and other misdemeanors, while on a spree at Springfield; being unable to pay this fine and getting into debt, he mortgaged his inheritance to Maj. John Pynchon, March 4, 1665, to secure this indebtedness. His mother, Mash-a-lisk, seems to have settled his estate, and April 4, 1674, Kunek-quachiu and the territory for miles around was transferred by her to Maj. Pynchon, to pay her son's debts, the major throwing in "one large Indian coat" and some small trinkets to balance the account.

It is said as men grow old, they have an increasing desire—in the *very* old, a *longing*—to go back to the place of their birth; if the same be true of corporations, we have the explanation of the place selected by Leverett for her centennial celebration. She comes here, on the very line of separation, to nestle against the capacious bosom of her mother town.

I cannot close without congratulating the town and ourselves upon the enterprise of a member of our Association—Rector L. Goss, the open-handed man to whom we are indebted for the use of this charming spot to-day, the man of taste who has disturbed the handiwork of nature only so far as was necessary to open up her own wild beauties to the foot and eye of man and give an outlook upon a magnificent prospect extending from hoary Grey Lock to lone Wachusett; from lofty Monadnock to the High Rock which looks upon the sea.

At this point, Capt. Asa L. Field, 73, led the old folks in such old time tunes as "Northfield," "New Jerusalem," and "Mount Zion." The hymns were caught up by the audience and rendered with real old-fashioned fervor. At the conclusion of the singing, the historian of the day, Rev. J. P. Watson of Leverett, gave his address:

J. P. WATSON'S HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

Members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, Citizens, and natives of Leverett, invited guests, and visitors from abroad:—
 You have been welcomed to a seat at the foot of this grand and

awe-inspiring natural monument, in which and on which are written, in mysterious hieroglyphics, the records of the centuries; around whose molten sides pristine billows surged, and down whose subjacent glens, as here, huge monsters crept, and o'er whose naked and ragged brow the creeping glaziers swept, and beneath whose ponderous weight, in nature's own arcana forever lie, in primordial tablets writ, not centenary, but millennial, (or centi-millennial) stores of chronicles, beyond all antiquarian power to solve; whose towering form, an island statue, as on a sea-girt throne, stood proud protector of myriad habitants its waters loved; grim, (o'er lost and drained domain) co-sentinel with Sugar Loaf, now blushing with ruby face above the placid stream, her gift, who guarded the pass midway that pristine sea, and equal buttresses with Tom and Holyoke; these mountain tops, on which the Lord of nature walked, and spanned the watery wastes, and chaos ruled. Here in this cooling shade, the shadow of a towering rock, amid a weary land, millennial relics strown around, where yonder brook has roared a thousand years, and this high frowning cliff has longer awed the eastward hills and glens, and in the very way where Wittum died, and Toby fell; we call your thoughts to other days, and tell the scenes and acts your fathers saw and did. 'Tis only a niche of time we essay to review; a hundred years. But in that time strong men and good have come and done and gone. With some the memory holds much of the living past; and others will learn with much surprise this tale of years. The glebe may be the same, though long it hath been vexed with spade and plow, and menaced by fierce and valiant men. But life and manners change. By the record of the past we may live in the past, yea in all time, and become wiser than our fathers were. Otherwise our ancestors die, and the world that was soon disappears. Lest you be sorely bereaved, and this native place a blank, or visited spot without a charm, let me introduce you to the men and times that are gone. The roots of this history run a little beyond the bounds of our habitations, and personal citizenship, and so must involve a few facts and events of other men and places. It is now two hundred and one years since the plantation of Swampfield, within the limits of Sunderland, of whose territory Leverett was a constituent part, was first occupied. But our good mother cast us not out till she was an hundred years old. The grandparents, Northampton and Hadley, were nineteen and fourteen years older respectively than their daughter, our mother, when she took her place beside our neigh-

bor, Deerfield, already three years old, and her brother, Hatfield, Hadley's son, of equal age. These heroically stood there during her forty years' desolation, and welcomed her return in 1714. These five constituted the whole family of settlements in this region, north of her great grandparent, Springfield, who was nineteen years the senior of Northampton. (Except that when the mother territory was re-occupied in 1714, her twin brother, Northfield, who had been twice strangled, was just now a third time born.) Seventeen years later, (in 1731,) the territory of Sunderland was enlarged on the east by a tract of land which constitutes the easterly half of the territory of Leverett, and about the same amount now lying partly in Wendell, and partly in Montague. It was taken from the county lands, in Hampshire Co., and was called the two-mile addition. It is said, by tradition, that it was an indemnity to Sunderland for the damages done by the Indians, granted by the General Court, and divided among the then sixty-three landholders, or proprietors, of Sunderland, reserving two town lots and one ministerial grant. But the original grant of Sunderland, which was to extend six miles back from the river, would cover all but one hundred and thirty-six rods of the width of this addition, and it may have been made on account of the deficiency of the first laying out. It lay in a rhomboidal form, (called triangular by the recorder,) being two miles east and west, and nine miles north and south. It was divided into two tiers of lots, each one mile less two rods long from east to west, thus leaving four rods for a highway through the middle from north to south. The widths of the lots varied from one hundred and eighty-six rods, eleven feet and ten inches (Nathaniel Gunn's,) to twenty-nine rods, four feet, one inch, (Widow Deborah Gunn's,) according to each man's inventory value. These lots were bounded north and south by east and west lines; but on the east and west by lines running N. 16° 15' E., making the boundary line one-twentieth longer than the perpendicular width, and the actual line as laid was nine miles, one hundred and nine rods, one foot and six inches.

The addition rested on the Hadley north line, (in the third precinct, now Amherst,) and extended to Millers River, or the Irving's Grant, which included some land south of the river in places; the north limit of Sunderland was Little Brook opposite the mouth of the Deerfield, and running eastward six miles; which would strike Millers river a little below Grout's, or the curve near Mr. Amidon's. The territory above this line, called Province lands, was ordered to

be sold, by the General Court, January 24, 1754, within fifteen days. Among these grantees were five widows, viz.: Root, Hovey, Barrett, Gunn and Bridgman; hence there were fifty-eight male tax payers and sixty-three proprietary estates in Sunderland in 1731. Of these five, Jonathan Field and Graves, Joseph Clary first and second and Daniel Smith, were among the petitioners for incorporation, and hence citizens of Leverett forty-two years after this. As this territory did not all become a part of Leverett and we cannot now locate the lots by number, we will not attempt to say who, and how many of them were land holders in Leverett in 1774. Rev. Wm. Rand drew lot number thirteen, one hundred and ninety-three acres and thirty-five rods, and had also a grant of two hundred acres running through both tiers. There were two town lots not numbered, and contained one hundred and twenty-four acres, two roods, twenty-six rods. The lots numbered from the south. The topography and laying out of the western half of the township is less definite, as the grants and lots were laid in three different divisions, and located at different dates, by the choice of the proprietor, or yeoman, and we have not had recourse to any plan extant. The first title recorded is dated Sept. 3d, 1727, and covers a lot of ten acres, (marked twelve in the records,) to Samuel Montague, and described as laying on the Fishpond Rocks, (a range of land constituting a large share of the south part of the town,) on the east side of the Ash swamp that is at the north end of Juggle meadow, bounded at the north-west corner on a witchazel staddle splasht; on the northeast corner on a heap of stones laid up together, and on the south-east a stake and stones, and on the south-west on a red ash splasht. All which, you perceive, is very explicit, and gives the liberty to determine the site as being somewhere east of the depot, (in Ash swamp) on land of Marcus Morton, or Frederic, Stillman or Sawyer Field, or Benj. Beaman, and near the four corners or on Adam's hill. Next in the record follows two lots, without date, (unless the same is intended) marked eighteen and twenty in the margin, the first to Daniel Warner, of ten acres, lying forty rods square, on the side hill south-east of the three square plain; bounded on the north-west, north-east and south-west on a stake, and south-east on a white oak tree splasht. (The same had, *i. e.* Warner, in 1731, nine and one-half acres, on cranberry pond plain, west of Stoddard's hill.) The second to Dea. Isaac Hubbard, of twelve acres, lying upon the side of the hill south of the three square plain, bounded as followeth: North-west on a white

oak staddle with y^e top cut off, north-east and south-east upon a stake, and south-west upon a black birch tree, being fifty-six rods long and forty-one wide. These evidently were lands now owned by Sawyer Field, whose farm is said to have been the first settled place in the town, and by Joseph Hubbard; (perhaps the son of Dea. Isaac, as it was about twenty years later than this title.) The next titles are Feb. 3d, 1728, a lot of ten acres taken by Ebenezer Billings at the west edge of the Fish pond rocks next to the Long Plain. To Capt. Joseph Field, in common with Jonathan, two lots, twelve and one-half acres each, partly on Fish pond rocks and partly on Long Plain. Capt. Joseph alone had a lot of thirty acres north of three square plain down in the low lands east of Toby, upon the brook, two hundred and forty by twenty rods with the reserved right of a road if need be, but which was never built till the N. L. N. R. R. took it in hand, and then the reserved right of way was not made use of. The men of that day saw the natural road, as they did between Stoddard and Ingram's hill, and between Cave and Ingram's and other valleys; and perhaps had faith to see this day, when the iron horse careers up and down this defile, where once it was considered a wonderful achievement to have driven an ox-team through from Hadley line, without being obliged to unyoke them more than five times to pass difficult places. Said Capt. Joseph had also seven and one-half acres on the Fish pond rocks adjoining to his own land, and his son Joseph's and his son Jonathan's, which shows the tendency to colonize after the patriarchal manner. Capt. Joseph was now (1730) seventy-two years old and soon afterwards died. (1736.) Joseph and Jonathan were now forty-nine and forty-two respectively, and were making arrangements to settle in Leverett, and Jonathan took possession of the land in 1752 at the age of sixty years. He had also in 1756 a lot east of Toby and north of Ball plain which is still in the homestead. Other titles followed which are omitted.

There seems to have been a separate organization of the proprietors who took lands in the hopyard field, and at a legal meeting of these proprietors held the 7th of July, 1746, at the house of Fellows Billings, adjourned from Simon Cooley's, they proceed to divide said tract into forty-one lots, beginning at the north end. These lots were drawn by the following proprietors in this order: Daniel Warner, Ebenezer Kellogg, Jonathan Graves, Eleazer Warner, Isaac Graves, Richard Scott, Wm. Scott, Dea. Isaac Hubbard, Josiah Willard's heirs, Dea. Josiah Field, Dea. Samuel Montague,

Isaac Hubbard, Jr., Jonathan Bridgman, Samuel Billing, Samuel Billing, second, Jonathan Russell, Benjamin Barrett, Nath'l Gunn, Wm. Allis, Samuel Harvey, Ebenezer Marsh, Luke Smith, Nathaniel Smith, Sam'l Gunn, Moses Dickinson, Daniel Smith's heirs, Stephen Crowfoot, Joseph Root's heirs, Noah Graves, Jonathan Field, Samuel Smith, Nath'l Bastow, Jos'h Dickinson, Lt. Joseph Clary, Wm. Ames, Capt. Ebenezer Billing, Ebenezer Billing, Jr., Jas. Smith, Benj. Graves, Manoah Bodman and Ensign Cooley. The last eleven lots in the south end of the field were to be laid out in quantity and quality as should be judged equal by unconcerned men—the quality differing. This was surveyed by Nathaniel Kellogg at the direction of the proprietors, who required that monuments should be set up that should be found in after ages, and report should be brought and a record made accordingly in the line between the thirty north and eleven south lots. The only lines reported are as follows: Beginning at a heap of stones erected eighteen rods west $24^{\circ} 20'$ from the rising of the hill on the east side of the hopyard brook, so called, the line runs E. $24^{\circ} 20'$ S., one hundred and forty-two and one-half rods to a heap of stones at the foot of a steep hill, upon the west side of which is a ledge of rocks, and several pine trees standing on the top of said hill. By the agreement of the underwritten proprietors (five of them) the highway was laid as follows: At the end of sixty-four and one-half rods from the west end of the cross line, it shall enter Israel Richardson's land and run N. 28° E. till it comes to the swamp, and then run as near the swamp as is convenient the said field. We are not told the width of the lots nor the extent of the yard to the west. The organization was thrown up some years afterward. There were other divisions of land called the four thousand and eight hundred acre divisions. There were town lots and commons, (tracks at the east of Smith's meadow, south-east of Fishpond hill, or centre, and at Sawmill river). The first four-mile division probably covered territory east to the two-mile addition. These grants, draughts and purchases, altogether, probably included nearly all the land except the highest parts of hills. The time elapsed till the incorporation was forty-seven years, up to that time eighty-one proprietors and citizens had acquired titles to lands, covering, however, that portion of the two-mile addition which fell in to Montague at the time of its incorporation, in 1753. If any of those who drew the lots lying north of the Montague line had not also other lots within the limits of our present territory, they should be reckoned out.

For thirteen years the inhabitants of Sunderland lived closely on the river, before they had taken an acre in the eastern part of the town. The plantations had been vexed in the long Queen Anne's war; after the treaty of Utrecht men breathed freer. In that first year of peace Swampfield was re-occupied, and its faithful planters mourned the death of good Queen Anne. During the thirteen years of George I., the storm was on the other side of the waters. The proprietors of Sunderland in serene quiet, heeded not the cry of treason there, Prior and Bolingbroke might wail, and the "South sea bubble" explode, they took no note thereof, or stock therein. Under George II., these lands were laid out, and this section of Sunderland settled. There was providentially a period of tranquillity that the planters might establish themselves and make the greatly needed municipal improvements and provisions. About 1735 the settlements had increased, and the territory of Montague, Northfield, Amherst and Greenfield had been entered; but the settlements grew most rapidly in the southern part of the county, about Springfield; trade took the direction of the river, and supplies in foreign articles came from Boston via Springfield and Northampton. As the demands and travel increased, a way was opened to Brookfield from Hadley and Northampton, through the "Equivalent lands," so called, via Cold Spring (Belchertown.) But this was circuitous for Sunderland and Deerfield; a more direct route lay through the first settlements to the east, viz. the old town of Lancaster. For nearly one hundred years had she been the western frontier. Her interests would be greatly subserved by a road to Deerfield, and the upper towns on the river; her historic fame, and blood-drenched soil, and hardships and losses endured in those perilous times of savage warfare, could not restrain the enterprising spirit of her noble men and heroes. Hence the project to connect Sunderland, by a road thither, to itself. And this was equally desirable to the towns on the river. To lay and build a road through an unbroken forest of fifty miles length, was no easy task in those days. But with such men as Capt. William Richardson of Lancaster, and Thomas Wells of Deerfield, in charge of a hundred willing workmen, the hardy yeomen of Lancaster, nothing was too formidable. Men who, without the time, or skill, or will for pecuniary or political bickerings, would build that other road over nearly the same tract,—the Massachusetts Central—in one-half the time already spent. Before the close of 1733 they had picked and cut their way along the base of threatening Wa-

chusett, climbed the sides of Petersham, (then Nick-e-waug) New Salem and Shutesbury hills, and reached Sunderland, leaving a vista of fifty miles through a dense and stately forest. With fire and axe they had attacked the studdles of Sunderland, and smitten with spade and crowbar the Fish pond rocks of the then unborn Leverett. A way was opened; and Trimountain was no longer inaccessible. But the expense was great and the returns remote; hence ninety-five men (among them two bore the name of Goss,) petitioned the Great and General Court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England in these words:

Lancaster, Jan. 7th, 1733-4. We the subscribers have been at great cost and expense in finding and clearing out a road from Lancaster to Sunderland, at Connecticut river, whereby the distance of sundry towns, in the county of Hampshire, to Boston is much shortened, which will be of great service to these towns especially, and to the province in general. These are therefore to empower Wm. Richardson in our names to prefer a petition to his excellency the Governor, and the General Court, at their sessions, the 24th of January current and afterward, if need may require from time to time, with such others as may be employed in that business, from the upper towns in said Hampshire, soliciting for recompense for the same in such way and manner as they shall think most proper, as witness our hands the day and year above dated. Thos. Wells, Capt. Wm. Richardson, Benj. Ballard and others. The copy is attested by Dept. Sec. Thad's Mason. The house of representatives received this petition, and voted the prayer be granted, and they allowed to lay out a tract of land six miles square, at or near the highway, adjoining the equivalent lands and Hadley farms, next Sunderland in satisfaction of their service, with certain conditions (viz.) That they settle sixty families within four years, clear four acres for tillage, stock four acres with English grass, each to build a house seven feet stud and eighteen feet square, reserve one lot for schools, one for the ministry and one for the minister, whom learned Orthodox they shall settle; and that they further clear and fit this highway for a good cartway, and give bonds of forty pounds for the fulfillment etc. Gov. Belcher approved this act or bill April 18th, 1735, and thus secured to Sunderland valuable facilities and conditions of prosperity. Proprietors then had inducement to occupy their grants and draughts, in the east part of the town, and so be nearer Boston, the "Hub" then as now. Gov. Belcher reserved five hundred acres as his farm on the road that led through

Sunderland, and everything looked up, in the direction of Roadtown, as the place was then called, and for evident reason. Thos. Wells of Deerfield and Joseph Clary of Sunderland were offered each one-third part of the township. They each drew lots. In 1737 actual settlement was made in Roadtown. But as yet we have no positive statement that any proprietor of Sunderland was permanently abiding east of Toby. In the absence of testimony to the point, it has been conjectured that no house was built till about 1750. This we consider entirely without foundation and in conflict with reasonable expectation. That these land grants and purchases should have been made in such number, and lie unoccupied for twenty years, when on a great thoroughfare to Boston, and Roadtown actually settled for thirteen years, with Gov's Belcher and Shute's partiality and favor to that place, is entirely out of the natural order of events. In 1730 when thirty lots were located, doubtless, the courageous proprietor squatted on the Lancaster road. In 1738, more than thirty additional lots were entered. This year witnessed a renewed activity in the enterprises east of the mountain, and a concert of zeal with the proprietor of Roadtown. Between 1730 and 1738 there were indeed many lots entered, but not anything like these years (1731-5, 1732-3 and about a like number in 33, 34, 5 and 6, more in 37 and 9). Thos. Adams moved from Ashford, Ct., in 1737 and planted himself on the town line between Hadley and Sunderland, at the extreme north-east corner of third precinct known as Hadley farms, now Amherst. The house was partly in both towns and after the division of the County in both legal provinces. It was near the south-west corner of the 2-mile addition. His two sons, John and Nathan, were reared on the place, and with their father worked Sunderland and Hadley soil in common. Holland does not recognize this house and farm as half in this town, and it was older than any to which he affixes a date. Nathan extended his clearings further north, and afterwards occupied the present homestead of Alden Adams, Esq., but that was in part previously occupied, and two or three houses were located north, on the road thence to Dea. Hezekiah Howard's a few rods south of Dr. Rice's. Dea. Isaac Hubbard, or his son Joseph, might have erected the house formerly standing west of Sawyer Field's, or Isaac Marshall one on the Sam'l Montague lot first taken, prior to Mr. Adams's coming to the Sunderland line, but we have no positive proof. Solomon Gould (called King, and his wife Queen in her large family, which she ruled *with the rod of birch*)

early settled at the Harrison Field place and his son opposite. Stephen Ashley came to Leverett about the time of Jonathan Field, or earlier; lived on his father's (Rev. Joseph Ashley's) large estate, exempt from taxation. Josiah Cowles and Dea. Jonathan Field built afterwards at S. Ball's and H. O. Field's. Jeremiah Woodbury settled somewhat later on Cave Hill, and afterwards removed to the foot, on the Clary estate. Of Isaac Marshall we only know he had one lot of land (of the commons) bounded in part on Simon Cooley's, Barnard Wilde's and Dr. Ball's land. Of Moses Smith, Jonathan Hubbard, Absalom Scott and Joseph Bartlett, spoken of by Holland, we have no account. This one score of families lived submissive to Sunderland rule and loyal to the cause of George II. and the governors the Crown appointed, and increased in store and fullness of family; and but little broke the tranquillity of the place.

Hopyard was laid out in 1746, coincident with the great battle of Culloden, when the cause of the Stuarts was forever lost. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748, when Stephen Ashley was removing to Leverett, brought peace in Europe; but the pent up fires of human wrath only broke forth in America anew. And the last French and Indian war swept over the American colonies; distress embittered the life of these few families as it did other towns. Yet heroic men trod the soil here, and marched to the scene of action. The Hampshire regiment under Col. Israel Williams of Hatfield, won no trivial honor, and made no poor show in that bloody campaign. Busy, toiling, praying mothers, wives and children in this little hamlet helped to uphold the hearts and hands of the brave that had marched, and Stephen Ashley (son of Joseph), Matthew Scott, Joseph Field, and John Warner, were in that regiment. The year 1757 tried men's hearts. Montcalm was the terror of the land and the nightmare of children's imagination. The troops of the whole province were ordered to Springfield, by Gov. Pownal, and all thought they could see these valleys flow with blood and shine with fires of destruction. But affairs wore a better aspect soon. The year 1760 brought cessation of hostilities and the heart of King George suddenly burst. A new reign after George's one-third-century administration, a decade of peace, the revenging of the Black Hole barbarity, the acquisition of Bengal to the mother country, the return to England of the great anti-quarian and learned Gov. Pownal (whom this society must revere more as an erudite and polished scholar, than as a provincial offi-

cer); these served to beguile the hours of weary men, and remove from sight their impaired fortunes and dismal prospects. The first decade of the sixty years reign of George III, in which the theatre of war was transferred to Spain and her islands and brought unprecedented glory to English power, served to recuperate the spirits and resources of this province, in all its settlements. Struggles and necessities, conflicts and enterprises, had wonderfully developed the latent personal forces, which grew into municipal and provincial spiritedness, and nobleness, whose legitimate fruit was independency. Simultaneous with the colonies, in regard to England, the inhabitants in this valley (cis-montane), in regard to Sunderland, sought liberty and separation. Roadtown had outstripped us, passing from proprietary to incorporate estate in 1761. Three royal governors had honored her. The proprietors had generously proffered to Gov. Belcher, under whose hand they had received the township (in 1735) as a magnificent recompense of their public spiritedness and enterprise, the gift of five hundred acres of their choicest land to invite his sojourn there. And in return Gov. Bernard gave them the charter of their liberty in their bill of incorporation in 1761; and his wife, the neice of Gov. Shute, Governor from 1716 to 1723, sent her compliments in the gift of an elegant bible for the church, and her uncle's name for the town. And Roadtown was thenceforward Shutesbury, and in the beauty of the Governor's farm the Lancaster "cart-way" was lost sight of. And should not Hopyard whose proprietary rights had long since been surrendered, and the Fish pond hills that could boast of a Solomon and Absalom, and Sawmill river with its Moses and Elijah, aspire to like translation? Huge Toby stretched its chill length between them and ancient Swampfield, and to go to that ultimathule for all town affairs, was a burden beyond endurance. Hence twenty-two men petitioned for deliverance in 1770. We are not certain whether there was unanimity in the movement, as is not often the case, *i. e.* whether twenty-two were all the citizens in this territory or not. The prayer and reasons thereof are set forth.

Consent having been obtained to the foregoing prayer at the town meeting, and a petition presented to the General Court, a bill was passed in the following March 5, incorporating the town under the name of Leverett, in honor of John Leverett, governor of Massachusetts province, just one hundred years before that time (1673-78). Leverett, Shutesbury, Belchertown, Bernardston, now bear the honored names of provincial governors. The reservation

in regard to representation in the petition, and the enabling act, was agreeable to the dictates of the crown, as usual in such cases. The new towns had no power in regard to the extent of representation, but by classification and instruction could effect the character of the representation. The enabling act was as follows:

"Anno regni Regis Georgii Tertii, (—) Decimum Quarto, 1777.

Chapter 5.—An act for incorporating the easterly part of the town of Sunderland in the County of Hampshire, into a town by the name of Leverett. Whereas the inhabitants of the easterly part of the town of Sunderland, in the County of Hampshire have represented to this Court the great difficulties they labor under in their present situation, and have earnestly requested that they may be incorporated into a separate town: Be it therefore enacted by the Governor, Council and House of Representatives, that the easterly part of the said town of Sunderland, separated by a line as follows, viz.: Beginning at the S. line of said town, eight hundred and seventy-two rods E. of the S. W. corner of said town, from thence to run N. 1° W. three hundred and six rods to a maple tree, thence N. 5° E. three hundred and fifty-four rods to a maple tree, thence N. 28° E. four hundred and twenty rods to a walnut tree, thence N. 10° E. seven hundred and forty rods to a heap of stones in the north line of said town of Sunderland, be and hereby is incorporated into a distinct and separate town by the name of Leverett and invested with all the powers, privileges and immunities that towns in this province do and may enjoy. And be it further enacted, that the inhabitants of said town of Leverett shall pay their proportion of all province, county and town charges already granted to be raised in the town of Sunderland. Provided also and be it further enacted that the said town of Leverett shall not be liable to maintain any persons who have been legally warned out of the town of Sunderland, but by virtue of such warning shall have the same privileges and power of removing such person as the town of Sunderland might have had by law in case he or they had remained therein. And the town of Leverett is also hereby fully impowered and enabled to proceed with such other persons now living within the bounds afore mentioned who are not by law now inhabitants of the town of Sunderland, in the same manner as to their removal as the said town might by law have proceeded with them if they had remained therein.

Be it also enacted that the inhabitants living within the bounds aforesaid, who in the late tax in the town of S. were rated $\frac{1}{2}$ part,

so much for the estates and faculties as for one single poll, shall be taken and holden to be qualified, and be allowed to vote in the 1st meeting for the choice of officers and such other meetings may be called in said town of L. until a valuation of estates shall be made by assessors there. Be it also enacted that Wm. Billings, Esq., be and hereby is authorized and required to issue out his warrant to one of the principal inhabitants of said town, authorizing and requiring him to warn the inhabitants qualified to vote as aforesaid, to meet together at such time and place as shall be expressed in said warrant to choose such officers as towns are authorized by law to choose, and transact other such lawful matters as shall be expressed in said warrant.

And be it further enacted that the inhabitants of said town of Leverett shall be entitled to all common and undivided lands lying in said town. And be it further enacted that the inhabitants of said town of Leverett shall be entitled to no part of the town of Sunderland's money or securities that are now in the treasury of said town of Sunderland."

This act was passed March 5th, 1774, and received the signatures of Gov. Thos. Hutchinson and Thos. Flecker, Sec., and as authorized by the act or bill, Wm. Billings caused the citizens to be warned and assembled on the 24th of March, he moderating the meeting; and the town was officered by Jos'h Clary, clerk; Moses Graves, Jos'h Clary, Jr., and Stephen Ashley, selectmen (and the same assessors); Josiah Cowles, constable; Joseph Sarrow and Salmon Gould, wardens; Barnard Wilde and Nathan Adams, tithing men; Joseph Sarrow, Nathan Adams, Jonathan Field, 2d, and Jonathan Gilbert, surveyors of highway; Barnard Wilde, Oliver Barrett and Moses Keep, hog reaves; Joseph Sarrow and Israel Marshall, deer reaves; Elisha Clary and Jonathan Field, fence viewers; Oliver Barret, sealer of leather; Salmon Gould, sealer of weights and measures; Nathan Adams pound keeper; Moses Graves, town treasurer. The meeting was then dissolved, the machinery went into motion, and these civil officers repaired to their respective official services, loaded with abundant honors. Of the duties and perquisites of most of the municipal dignitaries, the simplest school-boy is not ignorant. It was the grave concern of hog reaves to see that the swine running at large were rung and yoked according to law.

Before the close of the year, eight legal meetings were warned and convened. Sept. 1st, warned at Hubbard's barn and voted to

build a meeting house. Before that, meetings were held in J. Hubbard's barn which stood near four-corners, and afterwards moved to Salmon Gould's place; raised £30 for the meeting house and allow 2s. per day on the frame; Sept. 29th, voted to send our minds to the provincial congress, per Richard Montague, Jeremiah Woodbury, Moses Graves, Joseph Clary and Stephen Ashley. What that mind was they did not record. Perhaps it was at the discretion of the committee. They, these five, were the leading minds and ruling spirits of that day. They were almost always called to act in every important cause or interest of the town. This was the congress about to assemble at Concord three days after, and these delegates were chosen in accordance with the recommendation and resolutions of the County Congress held at Northampton one week before, at which the town had been represented by Maj. Montague, but probably upon personal responsibility. Surely these were perilous and trying times, and the town came into existence in the midst of the very throes that gave birth to the nation. For the last ten years, since 1764, the grievances had been felt and borne. The stamp act of 1765, its repeal and declaration of rights, and the duty on tea and imports in '67, and the subsequent debates and resistances, self-denyings in regard to luxuries and foreign articles, and defiance of authority,—these were the current themes on which they pondered and talked in these last seven years. At six town meetings, in 1775, matters of importance, both internal and external, were attended to faithfully. Voted to adhere strictly to the resolves of the Continental Congress. Voted to work out £20 on the meeting house. Voted 9s. per day for minute men's training. Voted a committee to see the resolves of Continental Congress be adhered to, and to give Dr. Ball 25 acres as settlement (doctors were settled in that time, as well as ministers), if he stayed ten years and gave bonds to stay so long. June —, on the meeting house spot, voted to provide for raising the house, to have three barrels of cider and fourteen bushels of cakes and some meat, and some beans or peas; each man to account for what he furnished and settle with the building committee; but we are not told the price of cakes per bushel. We suppose the house was raised, the beans baked, and cider drank. War was the prospect without,—home productions so as to meet all necessities was the purpose, and military drill was a daily duty. They formed their training band and alarm list, and anxiously awaited the issue. They purposed to be loyal to King George and Gov. Gage,

but were much incensed at the latter's conduct. Time and means were all devoted to the all absorbing question before them. Hubbard's barn saw no worshipers, nor heard Mr. Parson's good words. So, in 1776, they re-considered the money raised in 1775, for preaching, as it was not spent. Differences of opinion and dissatisfaction in regard to the location of the meeting-house, though with "a great majority" that site had been fixed before, arose. The matter was submitted to a committee from Northfield, Amherst and Shutesbury, but we have no report of the decision, or record of the adjourned meeting. Perhaps threatening civil convulsions drove ecclesiastical goblins out, and our fathers thought it not best to quarrel over the meeting-house spot when the British lion was roaring at their door.

The excitement incident upon the events of the 19th of April, 17th of June and 4th of July, palsied the hand of the clerk, or shut the mouths of men and strangled church malcontents. Hastily they came together on the 20th of August, made Joel Smith moderator and simply voted to get a stock of powder and lead, that is, half a pound to each effective bodied man, and then adjourned to Sept. 3d, when they met and dissolved the meeting. Action and arms was now the watchword. The record of this year is written in the general history and on the tablets of perished memory. Though the Rev. Mr. Hill in Shutesbury had decided tory proclivities, we know of nothing but patriots in Leverett. Jan. 10th, 1776, the town voted to risk their lives and fortunes in defense of the rights and liberties wherewith God and nature has made us free. They decided to show their mind to the General Assembly by Capt. Hubbard, representative of Sunderland. They accepted resolutions reported by a committee of seven for that purpose, and sent the resolutions to Boston to be lodged there. We have not a copy but they were doubtless becoming the men and the place. At the annual meeting they chose five men, Leverett's best, as committee of safety.

May 15, 1789, the town voted unanimously that the Tories and absentees that have taken protection under his Britanic majesty, shall not return to this Commonwealth again, which resolution had a good Whig ring to it; and, as if to honor the fallen, a grant of one and three-fourths acres on Joshua Mt. to the heirs of Lieut. Josiah Clary. The treaty definitely signed Sept. 3d, is not noticed in any record; the citizens were in meeting the 4th and adjourned to the 19th, working upon cases of claims and titles. Indeed, peace

hung so long in such evident prospect that it was a well received fact some time previous; and the life and energy of the people had been exhausted; and further, the dark, dismal cloud impending personal and municipal bankruptcy, eclipsed every glimmering star of future prosperity. Our liberties were so dearly bought by tribute of life and treasure, that we felt conquered even in our victories. Tamely we received our reward. A specimen of it was Isaac Ward, who lay a dying when the intelligence of Burgoyne's surrender reached the place, October, 1777; when assured of it he said "very well," and closed his eyes forever. The town was represented in a convention at Hatfield, October 20th, 1783, and December 8th voted to receive the accounts of the men that did service in the last past unnatural war. Ordered seven months preaching in the pleasant months of the year. Voted to write Dr. Isaac Clary to settle, as Dr. Ball was going off; but he did not go. About the same time, Sept. 29, 1784, Mr. Williams was settled with one hundred acres settlement, and sixty pounds, and thirty cords of wood yearly, and moved free; and though the town still continued to have to do with the payment of this salary and wood, we dismiss further attention to that department of town matters. Voted to reimburse the money the Baptists paid towards the town lot, and submitted the whole matter to arbitration of indifferent men; granted the stair ground on both floors in the church to any one who will build and finish a handsome porch over the front door. In almost every year the town voted to let hogs run on commons, and at large, if well ringed and yoked; in 1786 took measures to build a pound; a convention is held in Hatfield, at which Leverett is represented. In 1787, cast twenty-four votes for State officers; a plan for pews is approved, pew grounds sold and a pew built for Mr. Williams; the debt long standing and in arbitration is at last settled, and took twenty pounds of Mr. Williams' salary to do it. Sent delegates to the convention at Boston, but voted to disapprove of the Federal Constitution, and concluded to do something this year, as usual, to the meeting-house, and the usual stipend of 8s. or 10s. for taking care, sweeping, etc., of the meeting-house. In these years the town was divided into squadrons for schools. Salmon Gould was paid 1s. 6d. to blow the signal conch shell for meeting during the winter of 1788-9. In 1789 they included a packer of meat in the list of its officers. Built stocks also; voted not to send representatives to General Court.

At the close of the eighteenth century we had seven hundred

and eleven people and a power of social and political character not to be ignored. In 1777 at foot of Cave hill was born a boy, Gideon Lee, 2nd, whose talents and service honored himself and the nation. In the Mayoralty of New York city, and the Congress of the United States alike he served his age and reflected glory on his native place. Rufus Graves laid equally deep the foundations of literary provisions in raising the first \$50,000 of the endowment of Amherst College, and in that regard may be called one of its founders. Gen. Martin Field in the line of that ancestry that first planted Hopyard by the two Jonathans (Capt. and Dea.) and whose descendants have always been an important element in society, did no little honor to his family and the town by his official life and service at the bar and on the field. Buckman and Lynde have graced the Bench of New York.

Our productive industries have brought sometimes annually to the market a million feet of lumber, one-half million shingle, fifty thousand bushels of charcoal, one thousand two hundred scythes, sixty-five thousand scythe mountings, two thousand hoes, three thousand sides of leather, two thousand yards of cloth and six hundred pounds of yarn. Our hydraulic power, on Sawmill and Hadley mill rivers is still half used. In agriculture it has been our fortune principally to spend our strength, and though our fathers smote a stubborn soil, it nevertheless answered to the call, and fed them well. Distilling has always been carried on, and four or more distilleries have been run in different parts of the town; one at the four corners has long since disappeared. These hills have always re-echoed the sound of merry voices, the viols of ancient days are somewhat laid aside, but talent in this department still exists, and Orlando of former years is still remembered.

Leverett had 524 population in the first census, 1790. Population by the different censuses,—711, 769, 857, 939, 875, 948, 964, 914, 877. One hundred and thirty-seven persons were assessed in the direct tax of 1793. The town's growth, with slight wanings in or about 1840 and since 1856, has been steady, her industries have been honorable and her manufactures considerable. She bore honorable part in the service in 1812, and in the late war of the rebellion. Although her honor was a little tarnished in connection with the Shay's rebellion, yet her loyalty has never been seriously questioned. Inventive genius has had a share in the field here. Patents of various inventions have been accorded to men of this town, and many unpatented and useful productions have been here con-

structed, and are still being constructed. We raised a painter also of no little repute. Able divines have here dwelt and labored. The first Sabbath school in all this region was in Leverett, conducted and aided by Austin Dickinson. The Unitarian faith was once proclaimed by men no less gifted than Bishop Huntington and his venerable father and that element in society was rival of the Orthodox. Hosea Ballou preached here a few times. A Universalist society was incorporated in South Leverett, in 1818, with no unworthy array of names. One prominent man affiliated with Episcopalians long years ago. There are legends of one Witch, but she was not suffered to live. Of tragedies and romances we have no time to speak, but the buxom lasses of y^e olden time had arts and wiles as shrewd as any. And frolics then were harmless things.

The honored dead, the living noble are with us here. The glimmering light of other years shines pale upon our path, but sheltered by these eternal bulwarks, the spirits of the ancient days whisper in our ears healthful counsels, and in their oft communings, link us with them in the great historic book, unwritten still, and writing now. I close with this sentiment: The Century to come—may its heroes be many and noble, its fortune ample, its labors abundant and its achievements grand.

Following the address came an ecclesiastical history of the South Parish, with biographical sketches, by Rev. David Eastman of New Salem, for twenty years a pastor of this church.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF LEVERETT.

BY REV. DAVID EASTMAN.

The Congregational church of Leverett was organized in 1774, the same year the town was incorporated. The first meeting-house was erected in 1775 on the same spot where the present house of worship now stands, built in 1838.

For the first twenty years there were no regularly kept records of the church. After that time the first pastor gathered a few fragments of history which have been preserved.

The first minister receiving a call to settle was Rev. John Foster. A council convened, but the examination being unsatisfactory he was not ordained.

The church has had during the century seven pastors. The first, Rev. Henry Williams, was settled Nov. 10, 1784. He was born in Stonington, Ct. Previous to his coming to Leverett he was a pastor in Guilford, Vt., about five years. He never graduated, but received the degree of M. A. from Dartmouth College. Mr. Williams was a large man, social, agreeable and highly esteemed by his people and his ministerial brethren. I often heard his name mentioned by elderly people of the parish with affectionate and tender interest. Rev. Dr. Parsons of Amherst was heard to say, "If I could preach as well as brother Williams I could preach much better than I do." We find on his tombstone the following epitaph: "He was an ardent preacher, eminent in prayer, a faithful minister of truly Evangelical sentiments, borne down with infirmity and pain which he long endured with Christian patience and submission. He expired suddenly in his chair without a moment's warning, Nov. 27, 1811, aged sixty-six, after a ministry of twenty-seven years among this people."

His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. David Parsons, D. D., of Amherst and his installation sermon by Rev. Gershon Lyman of Marlboro, Vt. The widow of Mr. Williams died in Leverett, Nov. 4, 1835, aged seventy-nine. Mr. Williams' son, Rev. Henry Williams, was born in Guilford, Vt., in 1782, graduated at Dartmouth 1804, ordained as pastor at Lexington, Dec. 30, 1807, died 1816 greatly lamented. Some of his productions have been given to the public and have borne honorable testimony to his head and heart.

The second pastor, Rev. Joel Wright, was born in Milford, N. H., 1784, graduated at Dartmouth 1836, studied theology with Dr. Seth Payson of Rindge, N. H., who preached his ordination sermon, Dec., 1812. Mr. Wright's ministry continued about seven years, during which time there were added to the church by profession eighty-four, nearly twice the number of members when he became pastor, and one hundred and twenty were baptized. The council called to dismiss him entered on their minutes among other things the following testimony: "It is but justice to say that nothing has been alleged or intimated affecting in the least the character of Mr. Wright either as a Christian or a minister, and the council consider him worthy of all that confidence with which he has been honored by the judicious and good in this vicinity. To respectable talent and acquisitions are united in him such piety, prudence and faithfulness as render his removal from the place he has so long occupied with credit and usefulness a subject of deep regret

to many of his flock, to his brethren and to the neighboring churches. With such a reputation the council are happy that they are able to recommend their brother in whose afflictions they sincerely sympathize, to the affections of Christians and to the acceptance of the churches wherever God in his providence may call him to labor in the work of the Evangelical ministry. Their prayer is that wherever his lot may be cast, he may continue to enjoy the presence and blessing of that Divine Saviour who has promised to be with his faithful servants always, even unto the end of the world."

Mr. Wright was installed at Goshen, Mass., at Wilmington, Vt., and Sullivan, N. H., and supplied for a time several other churches until failing health required rest. He resided for a time with a son at Enfield and afterward at South Hadley Falls, where he died June 8, 1859, aged seventy-five.

One of his sons became an Episcopal minister and rector of a church at Prattsville, N. Y.; another is a physician and druggist in Fond du lac, Wisconsin, another a merchant in South Hadley Falls, and a member of the State Legislature in 1872. Five children are still living. Mr. Wright was in Leverett when Trinitarianism and Unitarianism were discussed by the ministers and churches of Massachusetts and of the country, and many unhappy divisions resulted. Mr. Wright paid a last visit to the people of Leverett and preached to them August 25, 1839. His farewell sermon to this people was published.

The third pastor of this church was Rev. Joseph Sawyer, settled Oct. 30, 1822. Rev. Charles Jenkins of Greenfield preached the sermon. Mr. Sawyer was born in Wendell, graduated at Williams College in 1813 and at Andover Theological Seminary, 1819. The following we get from the Greenfield Gazette, dated Sept. 12, 1803: "Joseph, son of Mr. Joseph Sawyer of Wendell, aged eleven years, was hooked by a heifer on the 8th inst., in such a manner that his bowels gushed out, which he carried in his hands forty rods and fell down. His mother met him, his father and others soon came and carried him to his home and called a physician and he is now in a hopeful way of recovery." His intestines were washed and replaced and the wound sewed up, but the stitches did not go deep enough to take the inner membrane, consequently when the wound healed outwardly the intestines adhered to the inner membrane of the body, which caused sometimes intense suffering and necessitated very great carefulness in his diet. This injury was supposed to be the occasion of his death.

The following was published in the Greenfield Gazette, Dec., 1822: "Died in Leverett, on the 14th inst., Rev. Joseph Sawyer, A. M., pastor of the Congregational church and society in that town, aged thirty. Having united a people whose divisions for several years have almost deprived them of religious privileges, he was ordained on the 30th of October, and after the short ministry of six weeks, was called to his reward." The funeral sermon was preached to a deeply afflicted congregation by Dr. Moore, President of Amherst College. His remains were deposited in yon graveyard and the following lines are found on his tombstone:

"His teaching tongue and virtuous heart
Have ceased to act, they've done their part."

Rev. Jonas Colburn was the fourth pastor, settled Jan. 21, 1824. Rev. Nathan Perkins of Amherst preached the sermon. Mr. Colburn was born in Draut, Oct. 25, 1781, graduated at Middlebury College, 1817, studied theology at Andover, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Londonderry, N. H. After a ministry of about eight years in Leverett, he was settled at Stoneham, and at Wells, Me. He resided for some time at Amherst, supplying various churches in the neighborhood and was an agent several months for the Bible society. Previous to his settlement in Leverett he preached for a time in Brattleboro, at Danville, Vt., and labored as a missionary in Northern and Western New York. Mr. Colburn was a good sermonizer, a sound preacher, a kind and obliging neighbor and much esteemed by his ministerial brethren. His mild and kind demeanor under all circumstances bound the people to him by strong ties of friendship and love. Mrs. Colburn, a woman of strong mind and great force of character, died at Amherst. Their son, Wm. Jonas Brown, was an Episcopal minister and rector of a church in Chicopee, at whose home Mr. Colburn died, in 1860, aged about seventy-one. Their daughter, Mary Brown, died Aug. 15, 1827, aged twenty-two months. During his ministry in Leverett thirty-seven were added to the church, sixty-eight baptized and fifteen dismissed.

The fifth pastor, Rev. Freegrace Reynolds, was installed Dec. 5, 1832. Dr. Snell of North Brookfield preached the sermon. He was dismissed March 21st, 1837, returned to his old people in Wilmington, Mass., over whom he had been the pastor thirty-five years, and died there Dec. 8, 1854, aged eighty-eight. Mr. Reynolds was born in Somers, Ct., Jan. 26, 1769, graduated at Yale College, 1787. He preached also for a time in Northfield, Montpelier and Crafts-

bury, Vt. Mr. Reynolds was a shrewd observer of the world's progress, a plain doctrinal preacher, was strong-minded, outspoken and faithful and true to his convictions of duty. He was an early friend and patron of the American Board. He had two daughters, Anna and Martha, and a son John Freegrace. Several of his sermons were printed. During his pastorate at Leverett seventeen were admitted to the church, fifteen baptized and twelve dismissed.

Sixth pastor, David Eastman. My labors commenced in Leverett, Sabbath, Nov. 4, 1835, and I was ordained Jan. 12, 1840. Rev. Joseph D. Conditt of South Hadley preached the sermon. I graduated at Amherst College in 1835 and at Andover, 1838. In 1853 I requested a dismissal from the church which was not granted.

In 1859 I made the same request and was dismissed, closing my services May 6, 1853, after a pastorate of nearly twenty-one years. There were received into the church during my ministry one hundred and four, seventy-four by profession and thirty by letter, forty-four were dismissed and thirty-seven died. The church numbered sixty-five at the commencement of my ministry and one hundred at the close. I officiated wholly or in part at two hundred of the three hundred funerals in town while the minister here, and solemnized seventy-five of the one hundred and seventy-five marriages.

The seventh pastor was Rev. John Hartwell. He was born in Lincoln, Mass., graduated at Amherst College, 1855, and East Windsor, now Hartford Theological Seminary, 1858. He was ordained Sept. 29, 1859. Rev. Robert Vermilye, D. D., of Hartford Theological Seminary preached the sermon. Mr. Hartwell remained pastor about five years, then removed to Becket, where he supplied another five years, then was invited to become the pastor of a church in Southbury, Ct., where he now remains. During his ministry twelve were added to the church by profession and eight by letter.

The pulpit was supplied between the pastorates of Mr. Wright and Mr. Sawyer by Dr. Parsons of Amherst; between Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Eastman by Rev. Gordon Dorrence of Sunderland; since the pastorate of Mr. Hartwell by Mr. Leland of Amherst, Mr. Scott, Mr. Whittemore, Mr. Watson, Mr. Noyes, Mr. Gates and Mr. Clark, who is now the acting pastor. Mr. Noyes died in Leverett. Rev. Seth Burt of Longmeadow was ordained as an Evangelist in Leverett, Aug. 2, 1815, and Rev. Payson Williston of Easthampton preached the sermon. Mr. Williston at the age of ninety received the degree D. D. from Amherst College.

Several Congregational ministers have gone out from this church. Rev. Levi A. Field, son of Alpheus and Lina Field, was born in Leverett, Sept. 17, 1821. In 1846 he graduated in Amherst and in 1849 at Andover Seminary. He was ordained over the Congregational church in Marlboro, Aug. 31, 1853, and Prof. Austin Phelps of Andover preached on the occasion. Before his settlement at Marlboro he preached two and a half years at Agawam Falls and received calls to settle in two other places. Mr. Field married Miss Nancy M. Holmes, daughter of Cyrus W. Holmes, Esq., of Monson. In the fall of 1858, Mr. Field took a violent cold which obliged him to suspend labor for several weeks and laid the foundation of the disease which brought him to his grave. He died with congestion of the brain, aged thirty-eight years. Mr. Field left a wife and daughter. Four of his discourses, the sermon preached at his funeral by Mr. Dowse of Sherborn with an obituary were published.

Mr. Levi Field was born in Leverett in 1780, graduated at Williams College in 1799, was licensed to preach by the Hampshire County Association, May 4, 1802, but was never ordained. He studied law and practiced as a lawyer in Wilmington, Vt., where he died July 12, 1820.

Rev. Wm. S. Smith was born in Leverett, July 10, 1821, graduated at Amherst College in 1848, studied Theology at Union Theological Seminary, New York city, became pastor of the Union Congregational church in Fourth street, New York city, where he remained till 1857. He then preached in Stratham, N. H., was settled in Guilford, Ct., May, 1859, dismissed on account of poor health and removed to Grantville. In 1872 he removed to Auburndale. His health is improving and he hopes to be able soon to engage again in the work of the ministry.

For some years, a Unitarian society existed in Leverett, which enjoyed for a time the services of Rev. Dan Huntington of Hadley, Rev. Henry Coleman of Deerfield, Rev. John A. Williams of Boston, and Rev. Frederick Dan Huntington, now Bishop Huntington of Central New York. They were supplied for a time also by students from Harvard University. The members of this society were among the wealthiest and most intelligent citizens of the town. This society, for many years past, have worshiped with the present society and aided in its support.

Officers of the church since its organization—Jonathan Field, Hezekiah Howard, Samuel Wilds, John Woodbury, Richard Ho-

bart, Silas Field, Deesting Salsbury Field, Francis Frary, Harrison Otis Field, Elijah Ward and Abner Field. The last three are still the acting deacons of the church; D. S. Field has left town, and the others have all gone to their reward. They were good men, faithful and true to the Master, and worthy, as far as men can be, to be leaders of the sacramental host. Dea. Hobart died Aug. 1, having been deacon 58 years.

Dea. Francis Frary was one of the best men I have ever known among any people. He loved the church and was an efficient officer in it about eighteen years, loved the Sabbath school, loved his minister, and was as true to their interests and to everything good as the needle to the pole. The following is an extract from an obituary notice in the Boston Congregationalist, Jan. 22, 1863 :

“Dea. Frary was prompt, efficient, reliable, conducting all his business transactions on Christian principles, so that none feared to trust him and many sought his aid. He was a wise counselor, a faithful friend, a lover of the truth, a discreet and efficient aid to his pastor, apt and instructive always at the prayer meetings, and a friend and lover of mankind. He could reprove, encourage and exhort with effect, because his heart was warm and his life earnest to do good. He died greatly lamented by a large circle of friends, the church and the community, at the age of 46, Dec. 28, 1862, as the bell was tolling Sabbath morning for divine service.”

There were many excellent women, true and efficient helpers in the church.

Mrs. Editha Field was born in Hatfield, April 27, 1757; married for her second husband Wm. Field of Leverett, where she came to reside when about 23 years of age, and where she lived 75 years. She died at Amherst, Oct. 7, 1855, aged 98 years, 5 months and 10 days. She had eight children (one only survived her), 22 grandchildren and 43 great-grandchildren. The wonderful progress of the age during her lifetime greatly interested her and she remembered, in old age, many thrilling incidents in the early history of her country. She was amiable, gentle, mild, spoke evil of none, and was never known to get angry. Her religion entered into her daily life, making it bright and cheerful even to extreme old age.

Miss Clara Field, whom we all loved to call “Aunt Clara,” was a woman of rare excellence. She became a Christian in early life, and her path was like that of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Her cheerfulness, her patience, her loving sympathy, her abundant prayers, and her never-failing trust in a Divine Arm were the fruit of long and intimate communion

with God. During the last years of her life, when her mind became so enfeebled by age that family and friends were sometimes forgotten, Jesus, her ever-present friend, was never forgotten. His worship and his praise was her delight and her constant joy, and rendered her old age cheerful and happy. She believed the promises, and resting lovingly on the arm of her Saviour, fell asleep, April, 1859, aged 93 years.

Mrs. Charlotte Woodbury, wife of Mr. John Woodbury, lovingly called by us "Grandma," was another very remarkable woman. Few such are found the world over. Her rare good sense, her wise discernment of men and things, her tender sympathy, broad charity and deep piety rendered her a prominent member of society and a strong arm to lean upon. The encouraging words which fell from her lips in whispers of approval, were to me like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Often she lifted the burden of care and anxiety, of discouragement and despondency, by her assurance that my words just met her wants, removing some doubt or inspiring fresh hope and zeal for the cause of the Master. She always met me with words of cheer. Her hand was always ready to lift the fallen. She had a kind word for all, and her memory to-day is blessed. She is now living with a son in Michigan, is over ninety years of age, loving and being loved by all who knew her. There were many other women, earnest and efficient helpers, of whom I would like to speak, and who will ever be held in grateful remembrance and who will receive at last the "Well done, faithful servant!"

The worship of the sanctuary in Leverett has been greatly aided by the service of song. Mr. Paris Field, son of Dea. Jonathan Field, whose fine musical voice charmed every listener, led this service for many years in the early part of the last century. He used to say "If the weather is such that I would go for a bushel of rye if I could have it without price, I will go to the prayer meeting;" consequently he was rarely absent from the place of worship. He did great good by infusing a love for music among this people. He died at the age of eighty-four. His son, Capt. Asa Field, long distinguished as a singer, and known by many as the leader of the "Old Folks Choir," has given us some of these grand old tunes to-day. Mr. Heman Field was another master of song. He, with his family alone, could entertain and delight us. His son Frederick, long a leader among you, you all know and appreciate. I might speak of Dea. H. O. Field and his family, of Mr. Charles Field, of

Mr. Silas and Edward Field and many others who are still prominent artists and musicians among you. Thirty years ago a large proportion of the congregation here could enjoy this part of worship the better because they could take part in it. We are much indebted to those men to-day for our love of song. Its value, when rightly used, cannot be estimated. May it increase till every voice shall be heard singing, "Worthy is the Lamb slain to redeem us." When I came to live with this people the name Field was prominent among the citizens of wealth and intelligence. They were noticed, among other things, for honesty and a faithful adherence to what they believed to be right. They are connected with the family from whom came one, Cyrus W., who laid the cable. There were families by the name of Hobart, Woodbury, Ball, Moore, Adams and many others, all of whom were my personal friends as well as good citizens. I was young and inexperienced and found a people ready to stay up my hands. I became interested in the schools, knew every scholar by name, marked the progress of each from childhood to youth and from youth to manhood, and to-day they are standing, many of them in the front rank, bearing their honors with credit to themselves and to their ancestors.

My heart is stirred within me, as it is this day, by the remembrance of the noble qualities of head and heart found among this people. No pastor could expect or desire to live on more fraternal terms than I did with this people. They were social and I met them often. I shared their unbounded hospitality and received many tokens of their love and favor. Every thing pertaining to their interests interested me. I was with them in sickness and in the sorrow of bereavement and attended a funeral in almost every house, and in some several. When the solitary have been set in families, I have shared their joy, solemnizing seven marriages in one household. With such remembrances I shall never cease to love this people. In your burying ground lie my first wife, her mother and four of my six children, and there I expect to be laid. But the richest of all God's blessings upon us was the outpouring of his Holy Spirit, when many were gathered into his fold. I can only add "The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace."

After a most substantial collation came a Grangers' parade. They were marshaled by Capt. Putnam Field of Greenfield, with Emory

Whitney and Cephas Frary of Leverett and Rufus Putnam of Athol as Aids. The Leverett Grangers, numbering about forty members, received their associates from granges in Hadley, Deerfield and South Deerfield, Amherst, Greenfield and Northfield, all in regalia, making quite a martial column.

The afternoon's programme began with singing by the Leverett Glee Club, composed of C. H. Field, C. M. Field, Edward Field and Silas Field, who sang very finely indeed. Rev. Baxter Newton of North Leverett was then introduced, who gave a history of the Old Baptist Church, with notices of early settlers.

HISTORY OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN NORTH LEVERETT.

BY REV. B. NEWTON.

The history of churches must always continue no small item in the history of a country; for while the church is, or ought to be, a voluntary association, sustained by the free will offerings of the people, asking nothing of the Government but protection in the inherent right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; still it is a wheel within a wheel, performing a most important service to the country by inculcating morality, piety and patriotism in the minds of men, thus qualifying them for self government. The gospel teaches men to fear God, obey magistrates and do unto others as they would have others do to them. And so far as this teaching prevails, it prepares men to become good citizens of a free government. Hence, it is proper that the history of religious societies should occupy a prominent place in these exercises.

We are glad to know that some of the things which the history of this church must reveal, are among the *things of the past, never to return*; but they are matters of history, and as such, history claims them just as truly as though we were not now all united upon some things which once divided the minds of men. We shall endeavor to be as brief as possible, and give a fair view of things that have transpired in connection with this church. If any one is anxious for a more enlarged account of these matters, they are referred to the address delivered by Elder Erastus Andrews, at North Leverett, and a circular letter written by the writer, and published in the minutes of the Wendell Baptist Association in 1853, both of which may be found in the archives of the Pocumtuck Memorial Valley Association.

The Baptist church in North Leverett has always been composed, more or less, of members living in Montague and Sunderland as well as Leverett. It was organized July 16th, 1767, seven years before the incorporation of the town of Leverett. It was called the Baptist church of Montague. In 1791 the name was changed to the Baptist church of Leverett. The present appellation, Leverett and Montague, came into use by common consent.

There were eleven constituent members. Their names were Samuel Harvey, Jeduthan Sawyer, Samuel Montague, Jr., Samuel Wright, Richard Montague, Moses Harvey, Elisha Gunn, Philip Harvey, Esther Sawyer and Mary Jennings. Of this number four with two others who subsequently joined them, left and joined the Quakers.

It was a little band to undertake to sustain the responsibilities of a church and maintain regular worship. They were poor in this world but strong in faith, and had the courage to carry out their convictions though it might expose them to persecution. The country was new, the population sparse, they had no house of worship and what was still worse they were under the ban of popular prejudice and indignation; they had no settled ministry for many years; the ministers that visited them from time to time were, in the main, uneducated, and many of them but poorly qualified for their work.

Soon they began to be oppressed by the party in power. They were taxed to support the town minister, although they did not attend upon his ministration, and refusing to pay such tax, their property and persons were seized to satisfy the same. Mr. Samuel Harvey had, at one time, a cow and calf, at another a yoke of oxen, taken and sold by the constable of Montague, for what he was taxed for the support of Mr. Nash; Jeduthan Sawyer, a cow ditto. Richard Montague was taken by the constable of Leverett, carried six miles toward the county prison, kept over night, when the officer left him, returned and took a fine hog from the Major's pen and sold it. I will not add what the tradition represents the Major as saying, for I think he was roiled when he said it. How came all this about? It was all done according to law.

Now to understand how these things came about in a land of boasted religious liberty, it is necessary to see what the laws of the State were at that time; and in order to find the germ we shall have to go back to the early settlement of Massachusetts. On the 23d of August, 1630, on board of the ship *Arrabella*, before they

landed the "court of assistants" had a meeting, and the first question asked was "How shall the ministers be maintained?" It was ordered that houses should be built for them with all convenient speed at the *public charge*, and their salaries were established, "At the *public charge*." Here is the germ of all the mischief that followed the union of church and State in New England.

We honor these men for their regard for religion, for their care for their ministers, but it was a sad mistake in them to say they should be supported at the *public charge*. If Christianity will not stand on its own merits let it fall. If the people do not appreciate the services of their ministers sufficiently to support them without the coercive power of the State, let them do without ministers and take the consequences.

By subsequent acts this principle of supporting religion at the *public charge* became a permanent law, compelling every citizen, whatever his religious belief, to support the ministry of the established church, and to pay all taxes which the dominant party might impose. In 1638 a law was passed that every inhabitant who would not voluntarily contribute his portion should be compelled thereto by assessment and distress, by the constable or other town officer. For ninety years this law was rigidly enforced against Baptists and other non-conformists. But in 1728 a law was passed that Ana-Baptists and Quakers should be exempt from the operation of this law, provided that such persons do usually attend meetings of their respective societies on Lord's day for the worship of God, and that they live within five miles of such meeting. The five mile limitation was subsequently repealed. The law also prescribed that each dissenting society should appoint a committee of three, who together with the minister, should give certificates to those persons who belonged to such societies. These certificates, in order to be valid, must have at least three signers, and be deposited with the town clerk.

It was under the operation of these laws that this church was established. There were two things in particular that caused embarrassment. The Baptists always repudiated the name of "Ana-Baptists," which means *re-baptisers*. They always regarded it as a term of reproach given them by their enemies. And yet there is no doubt they were the persons the law called Ana-Baptists. Hence, when the Baptists of this town claimed exemption under this law, they were told that they were not *the Baptists* the law meant. They offered to prove they were a legitimate Baptist

church, and brought forward some of their members to testify to the fact. These witnesses were rejected because they were Baptists and were testifying in their own favor.

Then there was another difficulty. The committee were not allowed to certify for themselves, and there being no minister their certificates could have but two signers, and the law said there must be three. It was in consequence of this flaw in the law that most of these acts of oppression were committed. There was no penalty imposed upon assessors for a breach of these laws, and the courts were of but little use in those days in defending Baptists and Quakers.

But these persecutions, though painful to bear, turned out to the spread of Baptist sentiments. Human nature is so made that it will sympathize with the oppressed. Seizing and selling oxen, cows and hogs, and imprisoning men for not supporting a ministry they do not approve, is sure to turn the current of public favor towards the suffering. It brings them into notice. Many were drawn to Baptist meetings who perhaps never would have come but for their sufferings for conscience sake. The officer who was compelled by his oath of office to levy upon the cow of Jeduthan Sawyer, a few years afterward became a Baptist. Others who were not Baptists joined their society because they thought the law taxing them to be wrong, so that probably this society increased in numbers and strength much faster on account of these persecutions. And men whose religious opinions subject them to trials soon become strong. This church, which was constituted with thirteen members, so increased in twenty-two years that fifty-one male members of the church and society made a decided declaration of their views of religious liberty, the public worship of God, the value of the gospel as a means of promoting good order in families, neighborhoods and the State, and their conscientious convictions as Baptists. They also pledged themselves to attend Baptist worship, and to train up their children to do the same till they should arrive at an age to choose their own religious teachers. Considering the sparseness of the population this was a large increase.

The first attempt at a settled ministry was made in 1780. Up to this time they were supplied with preaching about once a month, and for the remainder of the time kept up Sabbath worship among themselves. Major Richard Montague served the church in the various capacities of deacon, clerk, and exhorter or preach-

er, and doubtless did much of what is usually regarded as ministerial work. The church held to the improvement of her own "gifts," and there were many men of great power in prayer and exhortation among the early members, and in spite of all adverse circumstances their numbers and strength steadily increased. But most of the members were poor, the country poor, and as yet they had made no attempt to build a meeting-house. In 1794, they built their first house of worship. It stood near where Mr. Jason Jones now lives. It was a very plain structure and laid no claims to artistic beauty. It never had any fire in it save what the women carried in their foot-stoves; and the pulpit was so high that Elder Pease (who is now living at the age of ninety) said the first time he preached in it the Devil kept saying to him "you will fall over upon the deacons;" but he held on to the pulpit and got through in safety. To many souls that house was the gate of heaven. It served its purpose for forty years, when the present house was built, in 1834.

But the same year they commenced building Major Montague died. His death was a heavy stroke to the church. From the first he had been a leader among them. His independence of thought and character, earnest piety and indomitable perseverance and deep religious convictions peculiarly qualified him to lead in an enterprise that met so much opposition. He made his influence felt, not only in this church but in all Baptist churches in this section of the State, and although eighty years have passed since he died, the name of Major Richard Montague is a household word in every ancient Baptist family. Some feared the church would wane after his death, but his mantle fell upon his son Elijah, who more than made his father's place good. He was at once chosen deacon in the place of his father. Three years later, he was licensed to preach, and the year following, 1798, he was ordained as pastor of the church. He was then in the full strength of young manhood, and there are some witnesses still living to his zeal and power in the work of the ministry. For twenty-eight years he held his post as pastor, and during the time baptized 250 into the church. Elder Montague was what nature and grace made him. Of the learning of the schools he had none; not that he despised it, for it was always a source of regret that his early advantages had been so small; but with his Bible and hymn book he was perfectly familiar. He could preach repentance, faith, hope and charity, for he had a deep experience in them himself.

He was distinguished for a powerful imagination, apt and copious illustration from familiar things, a pungent eloquence which would find its way to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. He made men feel that they must be born again or they could not see the kingdom of God. But it was in the gift of prayer that he excelled. The tones of his voice, the earnestness of his soul, his gesticulations and appropriateness of language, all conspired to the impression his prayer had upon the minds of his hearers. Some pronounced him the most eloquent man in prayer they ever heard. Three times in the course of his ministry he made long missionary tours to preach the gospel in the then wilds of New York and Pennsylvania. On one of these occasions, he traveled over 1000 miles on horseback, in the winter season, and preached wherever he could find an audience. His mental habits were peculiar. With the pen he could do nothing worthy of himself; he studied his sermons while at manual labor. The writer has often heard his son Elijah say that when a boy he could always tell when his father was going to preach a rousing sermon by the way the work flew. The voice of an anxious sinner would rouse every faculty of his soul. He had a passion for the salvation of men. It is no small honor to the town of Leverett that it produced two such men as Maj. Richard Montague and Elder Elijah Montague.

The church has had its periods of prosperity and adversity. The fathers expected a revival about once in seven years, and many of these seasons were of great power, especially those in 1794, 1799, 1808, 1816 and 1831. These revivals not only added large numbers to the church but their benign influence outside the church was great.

But our fathers had their trials. More or less of chaff was gathered with the wheat, and had to be winnowed out. Some, of whom they had great hopes, made a shipwreck of their profession. Others fell, but rose brighter than ever. The church has had experience of the truth of the words of Solomon, "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle." But as a general thing we have enjoyed peace and harmony among ourselves. And having obtained help of God, we continue to this day endeavoring to testify unto every man the words of the Lord Jesus, and looking for still greater light to shine into the church through the teachings of the word and spirit of God.

The names of the pastors of this church have been Ebenezer

Cooley, Isaac Beals, Simeon Combs, Elijah Montague, Elias McGregory, Aaron Burbank, Nelson B. Jones, B. F. Remington, Samuel Everett, Baxter Newton, William Pease, David Avery, E. M. Haynes, John Greene, D. A. Dearborn, F. B. Joy, E. D. Daniels and E. N. Jenckes.

The following persons have held the office of deacon: Ebenezer Curtis, Richard Montague, Joshua Thayer, Elijah Montague, Elihu Gunn, Elijah Hubbard, Silas Hosmer, Samuel Puffer, Isaac Woodbury, Samuel Leland, Edward Jones, Calvin S. Boutwell, Elihu Hemenway and Philander Boutwell.

The whole number of names on the church roll is seven hundred and ninety. Of this number six hundred and three were received on their profession in baptism, and one hundred and eighty-seven came from other churches. The present number is one hundred and fifty. The whole number of members has not been large for a term of one hundred and seven years. But it must be remembered that we are located in a farming country with a sparse population. In 1821 forty-one members were dismissed to form a church at North Sunderland.

The salaries paid to the ministers has varied from twenty pounds to about one thousand dollars. While the church always held that the laborer in the gospel is worthy of his reward, there was for a long time much fear lest the salary should be the motive of the pastor in taking the oversight of the flock. Elder Montague and all the old pastors were obliged to support their families mainly by manual labor. Later ministers have fared better. This church has always had a high regard for churches of other Evangelical denominations; but it is too much to expect of human nature to suppose that the persecutions of early days should not affect many minds long after all persecutions ceased. It is a source of congratulation, yea of exultation, to us, to know that the principles of religious liberty for which Baptists always contended, have become the law of the state and nation, and that there are none who desire to go back to the old order of things. We keep hoping the time will come when all our principles will become equally triumphant. Meanwhile we purpose, "with charity for all and malice towards none," earnestly "to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints."

THE UNIVERSAL SOCIETY.

In 1817 a religious society called the Universal Society of Leverett was incorporated. Among the names of the incorporators are Asa Moore, James Cumins, Benson Adams, Jarvis Cutter and

others, with James Cumins, Moses Field and Orlando Field as committee. This society was reorganized in 1835. They had preaching most of the time from its reorganization till the war broke out, since which time they have not had much. Jefferson Moore has been clerk of the society since its re-organization. Some of its members have gone into the Spiritualist movement. Their ministers have been Joshua Flagg, David Ballou, Hosea Ballou 2d, John Bisbee 2d, James Babbitt, James Bailey, John Brooks, L. R. Page Davis, John H. Willes, O. S. Pekrins, O. W. Bacon.

FREE WILL BAPTIST CHURCH.

A church with the above title was organized in North Leverett, July 8th, 1835. They were never very numerous nor very strong. They had preaching more or less of the time till about 1860. They built a small house of worship which they occupied for some time. But the Methodists with whom they agree in the main in their doctrines, built a chapel near them which took away many of their congregation. They sold their house of worship and now have no meetings.

THE JOSIAH RICE FAMILY.

Josiah Rice, the father of Dr. Josiah Rice and the grandfather of the present Josiah Rice, moved into this town from Hubbards-ton some time in the latter part of the last century. He died in 1805. He purchased and for a time lived on the farm lately occupied by Edson Marvel. He raised a family of three sons and four daughters. Their names were Zilla (Mrs. H. Rice), Sybil, Josiah, Elihu, Erastus, Tirza (Mrs. Stephen Jones) and Submit. Of these Josiah, afterwards Dr. Rice, alone settled in this town.

The names of Dr. Rice's children were Warren, Sally, Lucretia (Mrs. Martin Moore), Stillman, M. D. (who was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun, upon parade at Amherst), Timothy B., for many years a town officer in this town, Josiah (a good farmer, an intelligent but little eccentric man) and James C. Josiah occupies the homestead purchased by his father. Some of the grandchildren and great grandchildren are still residents of the town. The annexed obituary of Dr. Rice was published at the time of his death. When Dr. Rice came here to establish himself in business, with a wife and one child, he had just ten cents. But our fathers had the knack of accumulating without much to begin with.

"In Leverett, Sept. 29, 1850, Josiah Rice, M. D., 88. Dr. Rice

was born in Sudbury, Mass., and spent his childhood and youth in that town and Hubbardston. He was engaged a short time in the Revolutionary war, acting as guard over a portion of Gen. Burgoyne's army, then quartered at Rutland, this State. Born of respectable, but poor, parents, his early advantages for improvement were very limited; but by a course of indomitable perseverance, he raised himself to a respectable standing in the medical profession, and in town, parish and society, became one of the most useful men of his day. He did not commence the study of his profession till late in life, and when he came to this section to establish himself in business, he encountered obstacles that might have discouraged a mind less determined than his own. The country was then new and the inhabitants poor. He too was poor. All the available resources he could command to support himself, a feeble wife and one or two children, and to establish himself in business within the circle of a physician of distinguished reputation, was *ten cents*. But Dr. Rice was not going to die without one desperate struggle for existence. The inhabitants sparse, a distinguished physician near, and himself poor and untitled, he had for many years but a small run of business. But having some knowledge of architecture, when not employed in his profession he took his mallet and chisel, and by hard blows earned an honest livelihood, reared a large and respectable family and accumulated a handsome little property. By degrees his professional business increased upon his hands, so that for many years he was constantly engaged. He did not receive a diploma until, a few years before his death, the Medical Institute at Pittsfield, in view of his attainments and usefulness as a physician, conferred an honorary degree upon him. But, untitled as he was, he had secured a very respectable standing in the profession.

In his religious views and sympathies Dr. Rice was a Baptist and a Christian, although he never connected himself with the church. He had a very clear view of the plan of salvation by grace, and ever manifested a strong confidence in the name and righteousness of Christ as the ground of his acceptance with God. He lived in an age when the Baptists were despised and persecuted by their more numerous and influential neighbors, but never was he known to deny or conceal his sentiments, or refuse to bear manfully the reproach which they brought upon him. He probably did more than any other man towards erecting the first Baptist meetinghouse in Leverett, and through all of his active days he

was efficient in sustaining the interests of the church and society. His name occurs very frequently on the Society's book as Moderator, Assessor, Collector, committee on the pulpit; in fine every where that labor was to be performed and responsibilities borne, there Dr. Rice's name may be found. Nor was he content in doing for the cause at home. From the commencement of our missionary operations, he took a deep interest in the same, and always was ready with his annual contribution.

Though strictly a man of business, Dr. Rice was a great reader. Not only his profession, but history, politics, theology and the general news occupied his leisure moments and often stole many an hour which nature consigns to sleep. Nor was he a careless reader; he calculated to understand what he read, and if he could not understand a book by reading it once through, he would patiently commence and read it again, and continue so to do till he was satisfied that he did understand. And during the last years of his life he read the Comprehensive Commentary through by course. He commenced taking the Christian Watchman in 1822, and continued to take it to the day of his death; and what is more remarkable, he preserved all the volumes from 1823 to the present time.

Dr. Rice greatly failed both in body and mind for the last few years, and but little could be seen of what he once was. But he retained his interest in religion to the last. May many of our youth remember his worthy example and labor to be equally useful."

Dr. Rice was a Revolutionary soldier.

THE FAMILY OF EBENEZER BOUTWELL.

Ebenezer Boutwell was born in Framingham, moved into this town in 1799, and bought the place now occupied by William Hatch. He was a Revolutionary soldier, enlisting for three years, but was discharged before his time was out by the closing of the war. He married Mary Hosmer by whom he had eight children, six of whom lived to grow up and have families of their own. Their names were Calvin S., Levi, Nancy (Mrs. David Mason), Charles, Mary (Mrs. Darling) and Roxanna (Mrs. Wm. Hemenway). Of these there are now living only Levi and Mrs. Mason. Levi is now eighty-three years old but works every day on his farm, as steadily as a young man. Ebenezer Boutwell had thirty-two grandchildren and a large number of great-grandchildren. He died in 1833, aged seventy-three. His son Calvin was for many years a

Deacon in the Baptist church, and filled the office well. His grandson, Philander, now fills the same office.

THE HEMENWAY FAMILY.

Josiah Hemenway was born in Holliston, Oct. 5th, 1733, old style, and moved into Leverett, 1797. He settled on the farm lately owned by Simon Pike, on Brushy mountain. He was twice married and had sixteen children in all. Three of his children, viz., William, Eliphalet and Elihu, all raised families here. At one time the name of Hemenway was very common, but at present Deacon Elihu Hemenway's family are all that are left. Josiah Hemenway died in 1808 at the age of seventy-five.

THE DUDLEY FAMILY.

Aaron Dudley was born in Framingham in 1786, and settled in Leverett where he now lives, in 1808. He had ten children, seven of whom are now living. Five sons married and settled near the old homestead, families sprung up around them and the place soon acquired the name of Dudleyville. Mrs. Dudley died in 1857, aged seventy-one. She is spoken of as a woman of great strength of character and a firm and indomitable will. She was an exemplary mother and a valuable assistant in sickness. Mr. Dudley is now living at the age of eighty-eight. He has had thirty-four grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

There are three mills in Dudleyville for the manufacture of lumber. The first was built in 1794.

JEFFERSON THOMPSON.

Jefferson Thompson came to Leverett in 1807. He built an oven which was a curious affair. It consisted of four sticks with crotches set in the ground, with poles laid across, on which was laid a large flat stone for the bottom of the oven. The whole was then arched over with stones and earth and the baking apparatus was then complete.

ALVIN MOORE.

Alvin Moore, in company with his brother-in-law, William Winchester, came into Leverett in 1793 and always lived here until his death, which occurred at the advanced age of ninety-seven. Mr. Winchester was a Revolutionary pensioner. Wild turkeys, catamounts and bears were more plenty then than now.

DANIEL WEDGE.

Daniel Wedge moved into this part of the town at a very early

day. He owned and occupied the property now occupied by Dexter Moore. His son Thomas, grandson Curtis, and great-grandson Tyler have all been residents of the town. Tyler is the only representative of the town left. He is a graduate of Amherst College, a man of some genius, and the fathers of the town have adopted him as their honorary ward.

SAMUEL WATSON.

Samuel Watson was born in 1769 and married Betsey Jones in 1793. The deed of his farm was from Elijah Montague to Samuel Watson and dated April 22nd, 1796. They had eight children, named Pamela (Mrs. Stephen Graves), Daphny, William, Horatio N., Betsey (Mrs. Timothy Rice), Samuel, Amos and Ira. Of these, Pamela, Horatio, Betsey, Amos and Ira settled in Leverett. The homestead is still in the hands of his son Amos.

DANIEL GRAVES, SEN.

Daniel Graves was born March 4th, 1761, in Southboro, Mass. He came to Leverett in Dec., 1792. He was three times married, and had a family of eight children. Their names were Hannah, Stephen, Daniel, Comfort, Jeremiah, Rhoda, Obadiah and Elijah. He occupied the place, owned by the late Stephen Graves where he followed his trade of blacksmith. His two sons, Stephen and Daniel, followed the same trade and settled in town. Stephen built up the iron works in North Leverett, now carried on by S. S. Graves who manufactures one hundred and fifty thousand sets of scythe snath irons, annually. Daniel Graves, Sen., died in 1836, aged seventy-five. His descendants are quite numerous.

DEA. EDWARD JONES.

Dea. Edward Jones was born in 1789 and was always a resident of the town of Leverett, where he died in 1873, aged eighty-four. Dea. Jones was in his day a very laborious farmer, accumulating a large landed estate, and by his integrity and uprightness commanded the confidence of all who knew him. But it was as a religious man that he was most noted. As a Christian and an officer in the church he was pre-eminently *faithful*. For a long life his influence was felt only on the side of virtue and religion, and although his mental endowments were not great there are few men in like circumstances that accomplished more good than he.

THE FAMILY OF PAUL NEWTON.

Paul Newton, the grandfather of the writer, settled in this town

about the year 1772. He built the house owned and occupied for many years afterwards by Jefferson Moore. He was a native of Southboro, and a soldier of the Revolution. He was one of the minute men that assisted the British to march from Concord to Lexington in 1775 a little quicker than was dignified for regular troops, leaving some red coats on the road. Paul Newton reared a family of nine children, named Edward, Paul, Stephen and Walter, Patty, Eleanor, Silence, Lovina and Sophia. The sons are all dead but Walter Newton of North Hadley, who still lives venerable in years and piety, waiting for the kingdom of God. Of the daughters, Lovina and Sophia still remain. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren are scattered over Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Illinois, Michigan and Indiana. He and his aged consort died in 1837, so near together that they were buried the same day in the same grave. He was eighty-five years old. Money and provisions were both scarce eighty years ago. But taxes must be paid sure as rates. To this end money was hoarded all the year.

ENOS MORTON.

Enos Morton was born in Amherst, in 1768, and moved into Leverett in 1792, and settled on the place now occupied by Aaron Dudley, Jr. He had twelve children, thirty-six grandchildren, thirty-four of whom are now living, and his great-grandchildren are numerous. He died in 1851 aged eighty-three. Mr. Morton purchased his land at \$1.25 per acre. Mrs. Morton's sister then lived in Hadley and tried to induce him to settle there. But Mr. Morton said "No, the land in Hadley is \$2.50 per acre, and swampy at that." Mail facilities in those days were rather slim, but Mr. Morton's father who lived in Amherst had a dog, that performed that service; there was no road, nothing but a foot path. If a message was tied around the dog's neck and he was told to carry it to Enos he would deliver it safely, and when his visit was out he would carry a message back. And he was never known to rob the mail. At that time bears were plenty. Mr. Morton at one time owned a black steer which was missing; he went out one night to hunt for it, and looking over a ledge discovered at the foot what he supposed was the missing animal. But as he reached the spot what was his surprise when a large black bear arose, and shaking himself, lie surely looked around at the intruder, as much as to say, "What is wanting?" Mr. Morton was looking for his steer in another direction as quickly as convenient. For some time after

their settlement Mrs. Morton had no oven; so she was obliged to carry her bread etc., to Mr. Winchester's, half or three-quarters of a mile, to be baked. Her children being small there were usually one or two to accompany her. One day she was returning home after baking, with two children, one of them a babe in her arms, her husband being a few rods behind her. When she had got near home a large bear with two cubs, walked slowly across the road, midway between her and her husband. That looked too much like separating husband and wife.

ISAAC AND BENJAMIN HOLDEN.

The two brothers, Isaac and Benjamin Holden, came to Leverett from Southboro; in what year is not known, but it was before the Revolutionary war, and probably before the town was incorporated. Isaac had seven children, all of whom settled in Leverett. Their names were Isaac, Benjamin, John, Nathan, Sarah, Nabby and Submit. There was a large number of grandchildren. Benjamin Holden had four children, only one of whom settled in Leverett. He was a Revolutionary soldier.

ASA MOORE.

Asa Moore was born in Sudbury in 1758. He came into Leverett in 1789 and built the grist mill, so long known as Moore's mills. He had the name of being an honest miller. He had eight children, named Levi, Lewis, James, Otis, Martin, Lyman, Jefferson and Gerry. Of these Lewis, Martin, Jefferson and Gerry settled in Leverett and raised families. Asa Moore was a soldier in the Revolution, although his term of service was short, the war closing. The mills have always remained in the Moore family till sold to the present owner. The descendants of this family are numerous. Jefferson and Gerry had each six children. Levi Moore, son of Gerry, died in the army during the late rebellion.

ANDREW GARDNER.

Andrew Gardner came from Dedham to Leverett in 1773. He built and lived in a house on the site where Ebenezer Glazier now lives. He and Paul Newton raised their houses the same day. He was a Revolutionary soldier, and at the battle of Bunker Hill when his company had all retreated he still stood at the breastworks blazing away. He was a plucky soldier but a poor linguist. His captain called to him to *retreat*. He responded, "I won't *entreat* while my powder lasts." He had eleven children, five of

whom settled in Leverett. Their names were Elijah, Benjamin, Sarah, Eunice and Andrew. His grandchildren now number fifty-six or more, and there is a large number of great-grandchildren. The title of Captain was given him by common consent, although he never held a commission. He has left the reputation of being an honest man and a consistent Christian.

MAJOR RICHARD MONTAGUE.

Major Richard Montague was a very prominent man in his day, both in church and State. Says General Zebina L. Montague in *Familiar Sketches*, published in the *Amherst Express*:—"Among the many men of note and influence in this valley in olden times, and whose history forms so large a portion of the history of the Connecticut valley, there were few, perhaps, who were more prominent in their day, and whose memory has been more revered by subsequent generations down to the present time, especially in the northern part of Hampshire County, than Major Richard Montague of Leverett." He was born in Wethersfield, May 27, 1729. He married Lucy Cooley of Conway in 1750, and first settled in Sunderland, but soon after moved to North Leverett where he lived, and died in 1794, aged sixty-five years. Though he was only a plain farmer by occupation, he was endowed with natural abilities of an uncommon order, which at once marked him out for a leader. And being a man of eminent piety, he was chiefly instrumental in the organization and maintenance of the Baptist church in North Leverett, one of the first in all this region. For many years he was virtually their minister, they not having any pastor for many years after their organization. In his younger days he was a loyal subject of Great Britain, always prayed for his King, and enlisted as a private soldier in the French war, and was a member of Gen. Montgomery's army that passed through the wilderness to Quebec, and laid siege to that city. The expedition was a most unfortunate one, and the army was compelled to retreat, during which time they suffered incredible hardships, and many died of exposure, starvation and disease, or were killed by the Indians; but most of the men from this region lived to return. It is probable that soon after his return he began to entertain doubts about the "divine right of kings," for it was observed that he prayed less fervently for the King, or equivocally, that he might be a better man and do more justly by the colonies. He kept his eyes and ears open to the events that were transpiring in the coun-

try, and when the news of the battle of Lexington reached this part of the country he renounced all allegiance to the King of Great Britain, and became a zealous patriot for the independence of his country. He raised a company of men of which he was Captain, and joined Washington in the siege of Boston. Washington soon discovered traits of character in the Capt. that made it desirable to have him near his person, and so added more men to his command, raised him to the rank of major, and attached him to his immediate staff. Major Montague with a detachment of his command was often sent to this part of the State to procure supplies or recruits for the army at Cambridge, and on these occasions the people noted his fine martial bearing, how well he managed his men and how elegantly he rode his horse. The "Hessians" were regarded by the country people as the very incarnation of devils, and women and children expected they would be more barbarous and savage than the Indians. When some one asked the Major if he did not think it too bad that the mother country should send such creatures over here, he replied, "We do not care whom she sends if it is not angels or devils, or somebody that powder and ball will not kill." And it was by the courage and endurance of men of like spirit that we enjoy our liberties. When Major Montague left home to join the army of Washington, he said to his wife, "If the Lord would forgive him for having fought *seven* years *for* the King, and would prosper him, he would fight the rest of his days *against* him, or until he was conquered and forced to do right." Major Montague was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and subsequently at the battle of Saratoga and surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, and perhaps at other battles in the northern division of the army. He lived to see the colonies free from the British crown, peace declared, the constitution of the United States adopted, and the beloved Washington elected President; a glorious consummation of his lofty aspirations. In 1759, while on an expedition to Canada, in the French war, Maj. Montague made a beautiful powder horn at odd hours, while encamped at Charlestown, N. H. The horn was afterward worn by himself, or other members of the family, at Bunker Hill, and the other principal Revolutionary battles in the northern Division. The strap attached is the identical one worn at Bunker Hill and through the war. The engravings on the horn were executed with his pocket knife.

THE FAMILY OF JONATHAN GLAZIER.

Jonathan Glazier was a native of Oakham and moved into this

town about the year 1799, and settled on what is called Brush mountain, where he died at the age of eighty-five years. He, too, was a soldier of the Revolution. He raised a family of eleven children named John, Hannah, Benjamin, Sally, Azubah, Jonathan, Lydia, Abigail, Thirza, Artemas and Ebenezer. There remain of these children Jonathan, Thirza and Ebenezer, all octogenarians. Sally Glazier married Dea. Eben Rice of Rowe, the father of Dr. David Rice of this town. The grandchildren and great-grandchildren are very numerous. A large number of them are settled in this town and in Montague, while others are scattered far and near. Ebenezer Glazier has eight children, thirty-two grandchildren, eight great-grandchildren, most of whom are residents of this town and its immediate vicinity. Perhaps our young ladies would like to know what splendid mansions and gay times their grandmothers had when they commenced housekeeping. When Benjamin Glazier first commenced housekeeping it was in a house made by driving four crotches into the ground, boarding the sides and roof. He had sowed a field of rye near the house, but, as he could not then fence it, his wife used to take her spinning-wheel and go out under a tree and spin, and keep out the cattle.

DEACON JOSHUA THAYER.

Joshua Thayer was born in Milford in 1758. He moved to Leverett and settled on the place now occupied by Edward Glazier. The exact date of his settlement cannot be found, but in 1788 he joined the Baptist church at the age of thirty. He raised a family of nine children named Bethia, Chap—, Jacob, Sally, Achsah, Judith, Martha, Joshua and Betsy. Of these Joshua and Betsey (widow of Almon Hemenway) alone remain. The following inscription on his grave-stone corresponds so perfectly with tradition concerning him that we here record it: "He was useful in civil life, a desirable husband, a fond parent, a devout Christian, a pillar of Zion, and died in the hope of a better life." This memory of Dea. Joshua Thayer is still fragrant in the minds of many of our aged Christians.

Robert B. Caverly, Esq., of Lowell, the poet of the day, was now introduced, and read his poetical address with earnestness and effect, only a part of which is given below:

THEME — "THE YEARS OF POCUMTUCK."

Dear Leverett, rural, linked in love
To vale and hill-top, glade and grove—

Your hearts below and hearts above
 We've come to greet.
 We bring with mingled joy and tears
 The faith of fervent, tragic years;
 To thee in love, true volunteers,
 Communion sweet,
 Deep moved, we're minded now, you know,
 Of a long one hundred years ago.

To-day Pocumtuck skirts the plain,
 Far greener grow your fields again,
 And mightier waters move amain
 From lake and brook;
 Old Toby lifts his lofty brow,
 Bespeaking many a nobler vow,
 And beast and bird are happier now
 In love and look;
 For true they seem to see and know
 That long one hundred years ago.

Now first of all the red man trace,
 And then a pious pilgrim race,
 Proud Puritans who grew in grace
 Mid conflicts fell;
 Next, how old valiant Capt. Slarrow,
 In spite of Indian bow and arrow,
 With Saxon back-bone full of marrow,
 Dared here to dwell;
 Far back he lived, came first, you know,
 Beyond one hundred years ago.

Then Williams, Wright and Sawyer came,
 Grave clergymen of noble fame,
 Colburn and Reynolds, brief to name,
 In turn were here;
 Gone now the shepherd, gone the flock,
 Descendants proud of the Pilgrim Rock!
 God save to us that ancient stock
 Entire and clear!
 Yet they did live to see and know
 That last one hundred years ago.

Your first old cot, as good as new,
 From Slarrow fell to Montague,
 Who made, tormented, much ado
 At law and levy;
 By precept prompt you know the facts,
 The Major's pig had paid the tax,
 Yet retribution's battle-axe
 Fell hard and heavy
 On church and State; blow followed blow,
 In that one hundred years ago.

Sad now, that cot of wood and clay,
Time-worn, hath crumbled to decay,
As all things earthly on the way,
 Doomed, disappear!
We ponder o'er its ancient site,
By sun or moon or stars at night,
And by-gone years bring back to light
 Sweet memories dear!
For there was weal as well as woe,
More than one hundred years ago.

Turn now we will to earlier years,
Beyond the day of pioneers,
To scan Pocumtuck 'neath the spheres,
 A mazy wild!
Dark then the branchy giant growth,
Native in all its weal and worth,
With bud and wild-flower breaking forth
 In beauty mild.

Along that rapturous range of hills,
Far up amid the mountain rills,
And down the vale, pale terror fills
 The souls of men.
At night the flaring fagot blazed;
At morn the crimsoned cry was raised;
Fond mothers hugged their babes amazed,
 Distracted then!

True so it was from Philip's time,
From old Mt. Hope through the Nipinuck line.
Dread consternation, sad, sublime,
 An hundred years!
God give us love, true faith and grace,
To right the wrongs to Indian race,
Which far-off tribes, dismembered, trace
 To us in tears!

I hear their whisperings long and loud,
I hail them in the purple cloud,
In garb of angels, pure and proud,
 Far looking down;
I hail that vast colonial throng
That cheered this valley all along,
And then went up through love and song
 From Leverett town.

They're there to-day, our pioneers,
Amidst the whirling, beauteous spheres;
They love us well—they have no tears,
 They beckon above!

Hail! hail that heavenward glorious day,
That next one hundred years away!
Then blest of God, when we as they,
Shall live and love?

Miss Allen of Warehouse Point then read a poem by Dr. David Rice, "George Cheney's Race with Death," after which Deacon Field, Prof. Levi Stockbridge and others were called upon and responded. Numerous interesting relics were presented to the Association. Mrs. Lyman, Dr. Rice's daughter, sang in a fine voice the "Old Arm Chair," and the Doctor moved a vote of thanks to the orators and poets of the day, to the band, and Mr. Goss, and all who had in any way aided to make the celebration the enjoyable success it had in every way proved. The vote was heartily passed and the meeting closed.

Among other interesting letters read was one from Elbridge H. Goss of Melrose, from which we make the following extract:

"She (Leverett) was named after one of the earliest and best New England families, a family which produced for our first church (Boston) in its infancy, a ruling elder of extraordinary fitness; for our military and political institutions, a distinguished general and most efficient and popular chief magistrate; and for our nursery of learning (Harvard) a President of uncommon excellence and abilities. Indeed, without alluding to the worthy living, were it not invidious to the memory of the illustrious dead, it might be emphatically said, the best Elder of the church, the most popular Governor of the colony, and the most useful President of the college."*

*Although part of the historical papers were omitted in reading, the programme afforded a solid day's entertainment to which the large audience gave a serious and satisfactory attention.—[EDITOR.]

THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING—1875.

REPORT.

The sixth annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held in Deerfield on Tuesday, Feb. 23. The afternoon session, for the choice of officers and transaction of other business, was held in Dr. Crawford's church. Hon. George Sheldon of Deerfield presided. Secretary Hitchcock read his report, from which it appeared that there had been an increased membership during the year. Mrs. Catherine E. B. Allen had become a life member. The late Hon. Whiting Griswold was the only member that had died during the year. The Treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of \$1292.22, to which should be added \$100 belonging to the Indian door fund, which is to be turned over to the Association. The Cabinet keeper, Mr. Sheldon, reported an increased interest and a wide-spread desire to contribute to the store of relics, so that the year had been rich in its harvest of valuables, which he had packed away for safe keeping at his house. The want of a Memorial Hall for the classification and safe deposit of these relics was keenly felt, and Mr. Sheldon urged upon the members to renew their zeal in supplying that lack. The following is a list of donors who have presented articles during the year: Dr. David Rice, Elmer Graves, Stephen S. Marvel, Mrs. J. C. Porter, Mrs. Charles W. Thurber, Levi Boutwell, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, Rev. Baxter Newton, Mrs. Delancy C. Kimball, Leverett; Austin I. Billings, William R. Saxton, John Fitzgerald, Mrs. Catharine E. B. Allen, Master G. B. Parks, Mary Hawks, Deerfield; Wm. M. Smead, Seth Howland, Oren Wiley, L. W. Rice, Miss Sarah P. Smead, Mrs. Lemuel Long, P. Temple Lyons, John Sheldon, Joseph Newton, Miss Emily Potter, Greenfield; J. C. Mellen Stanley, Ontario County, N. Y.; Lyman Gilbert, Northfield; C. Alice Baker, Cambridge; Philander Boutwell, Montague; Dexter Moore, North Leverett; Jesse L. Delano, Sunderland; Dea. Phineas Field, Charlemont; Lafayette Anderson, Shelburne; Henry Wait, Brattleboro; A. W. Snow, Coleraine.

Choice was made of the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Geo. Sheldon; Vice-Presidents, Col. R. H. Leavitt of Charlemont and S. O. Lamb of Greenfield; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Dr. Crawford; Secretary and Treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock; Councilors, Rev. E. Buckingham, Zeri Smith, Dr. R. N. Porter, O. S. Arms,

C. B. Tilton, Chas. Hagar, of Deerfield; John M. Smith of Sunderland, Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, Mrs. H. C. Rice of Leverett, C. S. Crafts of Whately, J. Johnson, E. A. Hall of Greenfield, Dea Phineas Field of Charlemont, Jarvis Bardwell of Shelburne Falls. At a subsequent meeting of the Council, Dr. Porter, Dr. Crawford and Mrs. E. W. Stebbins of Deerfield were appointed Finance Committee, and Geo. Sheldon, Cabinet Keeper. The Council were empowered to employ an agent or agents to canvass for the purpose of securing funds and articles for the Association. The summer field meeting was brought up for consideration. The eighteenth of September being the two hundredth anniversary of the Massacre at Bloody Brook, it was proposed to hold the field meeting at South Deerfield in commemoration of that event, to employ eminent speakers for the occasion and make the day one of interest to the people far and near. A proposition was entertained for a meeting of the Association with the Dickinson family, at Hadley, during the coming summer, and the Corresponding Secretary was instructed to communicate with the representatives of that family. The following gentlemen were appointed a committee of arrangements for the field meeting: George Sheldon, O. S. Arms, C. B. Tilton, Deerfield; Smith R. Phillips, Springfield; J. Johnson, S. O. Lamb, Greenfield; John M. Smith, Sunderland.

A quantity of articles of antiquity were brought to the church for exhibition, and many of them presented to the Society.

At the annual supper, in one corner was a large table set with ancient service, and loaded with eatables that filled the bill of fare of our fathers and mothers in a former century—bean porridge, baked pork and beans, pumpkin pies, fried potatoes, Indian pudding, brown bread, etc. Among the dishes was a tea set of Mrs. E. W. Stebbin's mother, sixty years old; a pewter mug from the first communion service at Hardwick, contributed by H. C. Haskell; a porringer one hundred and fifty years old, the property of Chas. L. Fisk of Greenfield; a huge iron dinner pot, said to be the identical one that Aaron Denio rolled down hill; knives and forks that had once belonged to Mrs. J. H. Hollister's grandmother, and had been the property of a Revolutionary officer,—rude and primitive, as one can well imagine—and here was a pewter beer mug that once belonged to Calvin L. Munn of Greenfield, who was a son of Calvin Munn, a landlord of the Mansion House; while there were various other articles of table "furniture" of antique patterns which we have not space to enumerate. The ladies who served at this table were dressed in costumes to correspond. Mrs. Brewster was arrayed in a wedding dress two hundred years old; Miss Annie Higginson wore a brocade that had done service one hundred years ago, and carried a work bag that had been painted by a sister of the poet Shel-

ley, the property of Mrs. Ephraim Williams. Mrs. Coles had also a dress one hundred years old, and a curious mantle that had been brought from the Sandwich Islands; Miss Addie Grennell's costume had been preserved through half a century, and Mrs. E. W. Stebbins donned once more the silk she wore as a bride, twenty-five years ago. The ladies, with their high-backed combs, powdered hair and other eccentricities of toilet, were the center of no little attraction.

S. O. Lamb, Esq., of Greenfield was called upon to tell the story of the Denio dinner pot. Aaron Denio was a character in his day. A native of Canada, he came here about 1714, and afterwards married and lived on the site of Richardson's block in Greenfield. His weakness was a curiosity to know each day what his wife was cooking for dinner. She became tired of his inquiries, and on one occasion when he asked, "What is in the pot?" replied, "Water." He repeated his question, and she made the same answer; again, and there was no other reply. Becoming thoroughly "riled," he snatched the pot from its hook, went to the top of the hill in the rear of the house and sent it rolling down the declivity. Out came the beans, the pork and other ingredients which it contained, and Denio, turning to his wife told her to go and pick up her "water."

Nathaniel Hitchcock being called upon, read the following paper:

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD INDIAN HOUSE.

It is thought it was built by Capt. John Sheldon, about the year 1688. It stood at the northwest part of the fort that enclosed the meeting-house hill, on which were crowded as many dwellings and barns as could stand, near where the French and Indians entered on the top of the drifted snow, in the year 1704. The house was built two stories high; the upper story projected in front over the lower; the ends of four large beams were seen, supported by four oak brackets, three feet long, sixteen inches wide at the top, and three inches thick; a steep roof, with a good finish at the ends, which projected out at each end, supported by four smaller brackets. It was about fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, including the lean-to, which was longer than the main house. The house was built of large oak and yellow pine timber, much of it 10x14 inches; the walls were filled with brick. The four windows in front were three feet four inches by two feet seven inches; two sashes, each with eight panes of 7x9 glass. Originally, it is said, there were diamond panes, which were set in lead. There was a narrow window over the door. The lower windows had heavy wood-

en shutters, while the stout plank door was filled with nails, and had a strong bolt, making the house bullet proof. Well do I remember, when a boy, the sound of the heavy latch as I lifted it and stepped over the sill into the house, for the floors were laid at the bottom of the sills instead of the top. I never heard of but one reason why this was so, and that was, that at large gatherings the children could sit upon them. The chimney was, I think, ten feet square at the bottom, with three fire-places. We will step into the west room, called the bar-room. The walls were ceiled with wide boards, the floor and walls kept clean with soap and sand. (My mother says that she saw Col. Elihu Hoyt coming from the river with a load of sand. She asked him what he had got. He replied, "A load of sorrow.") Overhead, in the centre, was the summer-tree, a timber 20x14 inches, into which the joist was framed, planed (and so was the under side of the chamber floor), with no lath or plaster. The great fire-place was eight feet long, including the oven; a large stone mantle-tree held up the front of the chimney, leaving a fire-place about five feet high above the hearth. The mouth of the oven was in line with the back of the fire-place. A modern settee stood near the oven, under the mantle-tree, on which I have often sat and seen the sparks go up the big chimney. A door opened into the cellar-way on the right of the fire-place. The wood-house and wash-room were built later than the lean-to, I think, and were not as high, and extended west of the lean-to about 30 feet; from the wood-house you came into the wash-room, then, stepping up a step, into the kitchen, with a big fire-place, on the crane of which hung a large iron kettle and pot, which held the pot victuals, consisting of beef and pork, with vegetables, and perhaps an Indian pudding. Well do I remember how good the contents of the old pot were, as I sat at the long table and partook with a boy's good appetite. In the last days of this fire-place, it witnessed a tender scene. A young man led his betrothed here, seating her in one corner of it, while he, taking his seat in the other, gazed at her through the smoke, while the tender words they spake went up the old chimney and were lost to the world.

East of this room was a bed-room. We now go into the east front room, finished much as the west room, but the walls were whitewashed. Here were the fatal bullets, that killed Mrs. Sheldon, seen in the wall. The fire-place was not half so large as in the other rooms. It was built of large, smooth stones, a box going so

far back into the chimney as to prevent most of the heat from coming into the room. I once spent a night in this room. I think I never went up into the chamber but once. But one was finished, I think.

East of the house was an old cellar, with brick and stone in it. The brick church now stands upon the ground. I suppose a house was standing upon it, but it was destroyed in the destruction of the village, in 1704. West of the house was the well-sweep, with a moss-covered bucket and good water; the well was very near the door into the wash-room. I do not know how long the clap-boards upon the house had been on, but I do know about the shingles, for I helped to shingle it once, and when far up on the steep roof the staging gave away and we came down upon the lean-to roof with a rush.

The barn stood west of the house, on the south line of the home lot; the barn-yard for keeping cattle was east of the barn. All the hay was drawn through it, although there was a green frog pond. The barn was reached by walking on a large timber. There was the old barn and one built some years later; both faced the east. The old barn had no floor in it; this was for hay, and the cart was drawn in on the ground. The other was higher, had a floor, and here the grain was threshed. These barns were taken down when the present one was built. I remember the old ox-cart, the wheels built without iron tire, and when they became worn with use, how they did jolt when riding in them.

The house and home lot was deeded to Jonathan Hoyt, in the year 1744. Here a large family of sons and daughters were born. Among them was Mercy Hoyt, my grandmother, born in the year 1755. About the year 1847, the house becoming uncomfortable for a dwelling-house, the owner, Henry K. Hoyt, offered to sell it with the home lot (about 6 acres) for the sum of \$2100, provided it be kept as a public relic of the past; but so little interest was felt in the subject in the town that the money could not be raised, so the matter was dropped. But the house was growing more unfit to live in, so Mr. Hoyt was compelled to take it down in the year 1848. Many are the mementoes saved from it: The old door, with its stout bolt and scarred face; the fatal bullet that killed Mrs. Sheldon and lodged in the room; the horse-shoe found under the door-post casement, hanging on a nail, to keep out the witches; the door-posts, with the hooks for the hinges, and

catch for the latch and bolt, with three of the brackets, are with us, waiting to take their place in the Memorial Hall.*

The next speaker called upon was Austin DeWolf, Esq. He was followed by J. Johnson, Dea. Phineas Field, Rev. Dr. Crawford, C. B. Tilton, Col. R. H. Leavitt, and Edward Barney. At length the lateness of the hour compelled a dissolution of the pleasant gathering, before which, however, a vote of thanks to the choir was passed, and the exercises closed with "Old Hundred," deaconed off by Dea. Field.

Miss Mary F. Stratton's paper, prepared for this occasion, contained much sound advice relative to the preserving of family records, of graveyards, and a general care in noting the occurrences of daily life. She showed a thorough appreciation of the aims and opportunities of this Association, and closed with an appeal to the community to be AMERICAN first of all.

*It will be of interest, in connection with the above, to preserve the following statement respecting this historic homestead. It was made by its owner, David Hoyt "and given in the Federal List," taken for the purpose of National taxation, Feb. 8, 1799. One item relates to the famous window tax:

"Large House, two Stories high, 42x21 feet.

Kitchen, one Story high, 42x13½.

Bed-room, one Story high, 15x14.

Eighteen windows in all—Square feet of glass, 102 feet, 62 inches.

Horse-house, 25x12.

Saddle-house, 10x9.

Corn-house, 18x16.

Barn, 62x32.

Barn, 24x18.

Cow-house, 64x12.

Stable at end of barn, 24x9½."

—EDITOR.

1675--SIXTH FIELD-MEETING--1875.
TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BLOODY
BROOK MASSACRE.

BI-CENTENNIAL
OF THE MASSACRE OF CAPT. THOS. LATHROP AND THE FLOWER OF ESSEX,
BY THE INDIANS, AT BLOODY BROOK.

THE CITIZENS OF DEERFIELD
in connection with the Sixth Annual Field-Meeting of the
POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
will hold
SERVICES OF COMMEMORATION,
AT SOUTH DEERFIELD, ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1875.

President of the Day, - GEORGE T. DAVIS.

Vice-Presidents.

Hon. GEORGE GRENNELL,	Hon. JAMES S. WHITNEY,
Col. DAVID WELLS,	Rev. C. S. BROOKS,
JAMES C. ARMS,	HENRY CHILDS,
GEO. W. JONES,	Hon. WM. B. WASHBURN,
Rev. F. A. WARFIELD,	Rev. J. F. MOORS,
Col. AUSTIN RICE.	

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. DIRGE. - - - By South Deerfield Cornet Band.
2. OPENING ADDRESS. - - - By George Sheldon.
3. ODE (Written by E. W. B. Canning). - Quartette Club.
4. PRAYER. - - - By the Chaplain, Rev. C. S. BROOKS.
5. MUSIC. - - - - - Band.
6. ORATION. - - - By Hon. Geo. B. Loring of Salem.
7. COLLATION.
8. MUSIC. - - - - - Band.
9. POEM. - - - By Prof. William Everett of Cambridge.
10. ODE (Written by Miss Eliza A. Starr). - Quartette Club.

THE PROCESSION

Will move from the depot on the arrival of the train from the north,
at 10.30 o'clock.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

Aide.	Chief Marshal.	Aide.
	Band.	
	Military Escort.	
Grand Army of the Republic, and Soldiers of the late War.		
Committee of Arrangements.		
President of the day, and Chaplain.		
Orator and Poet of the day.		
Vice-Presidents.		
Invited Guests.		
Citizens of Essex County.		
Representatives of the Press.		
Aged Citizens.		
Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.		

SECOND DIVISION.

Drum Corps.
Military Escort.
Patrons of Husbandry, by Granges, in order of date of organization.
Other Civic Societies.
Citizens generally.

Chief Marshal, - Col. J. B. Parsons.

Aides.

Lieut. Col. Clark.	Adj't. McGuire.	Lieut. W. G. McIntre.
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Assistant Marshals.

C. S. Babcock,	C. E. Williams,	W. H. H. Stebbins,
W. W. Foster,	Samuel Childs,	Edward A. Hawks.
Edgar M. Smith,	Lewis Billings.	

Committee of Arrangements—for the Town.

George Sheldon,	Charles Arms,	Nath'l Hitchcock,
B. R. Hamilton,	Dexter Childs.	

For the P. V. M. A.

George Sheldon,	O. S. Arms,	C. B. Tilton,	S. O. Lamb,
Jona. Johnson,	John M. Smith,	S. R. Phillips.	

REPORT.

The two hundredth anniversary of the Massacre of Capt. Thomas Lothrop and the "Flower of Essex," by the Indians at Bloody Brook, occurred on Saturday, the 18th. and was celebrated by services of commemoration at South Deerfield on Friday, the 17th, in connection with the Sixth Annual Field Meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. The committees in charge have been: For the town—George Sheldon, Charles Arms, Nathaniel Hitchcock, B. R. Hamilton, Dexter Childs; for the Association—George Sheldon, O. S. Arms, C. B. Tilton, S. O. Lamb, Jonathan Johnson, J. M. Smith and S. R. Phillips.

On the arrival of the train from the north at 10.30, the grand procession was formed in the street near the depot, under the direction of the Marshal of the day, Col. J. B. Parsons of Northampton. There was but little delay in getting the different organizations into line. The procession was in the following order: The South Deerfield Cornet Band; a battalion of the 2d Regt., M. V. M., composed of Co. H, South Deerfield, Capt. B. F. Bridges, Jr.; Co. K, Holyoke, Lt. Whittaker in command; Co. F, Northampton, Capt. Hall; Co. A, Greenfield, Capt. Williams; Capt. Bridges, commanded the battalion, and among the regimental officers present, besides Col. Parsons' Aids, were Chaplain Pierce of Northampton and Assistant Surgeon Clark of Springfield; following, was the Pocumtuck Lodge of Odd Fellows of Greenfield, with some of their Brotherhood from Shelburne Falls; then the Montague City Band; the Patrons of Husbandry, in which nearly all of the Granges of Franklin County were represented; the Bernardston Cornet Band; and bringing up the rear was a long cavalcade of carriages, containing the orators, poets and guests of the day, and citizens generally. The column proceeded through Main street, which presented a gala day appearance. The windows and doors of the houses were filled by spectators, while a vast throng stood on either flank of the procession. The residence of Artemas Williams was beautifully decorated with bunting; fine flags were displayed at the residence of Charles Arms, and other buildings were decked with colors in keeping with the day's celebration. At the spot in front of Samuel Thayer's house (this was formerly the residence of Gen. J. S. Whitney's father), where a flat stone covers the "Grave of Capt. Lothrop and men, slain by the Indians," an arch was erected, decorated with laurels and hemlock. The column passed around the Monument, then counter-marched back thro' Main street to an open field north of the depot, where a canopy, constructed of canvas and flags, had been erected to protect the speakers from the rays of the sun. In the rear of the speakers' platform were the dates in figures, "1675—"1875," while

there were tasteful decorations of laurel. The canopy was open to the south, and in front seats had been provided, which, however, did not accommodate an hundredth part of the crowd assembled, which was estimated to number at least six thousand, and the people were packed in as closely as they could be massed, that they might hear, while the bright rays of the sun came directly down upon them, excepting when a fleeting cloud afforded temporary relief. When the special police were able to restore order, the exercises of the day were inaugurated by the playing of a dirge by the South Deerfield Cornet Band. Hon. Geo. Sheldon of Deerfield, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, made the following

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In the spirit of patriotic reverence we have invited you to meet with us on this consecrated ground to commemorate the day on which this quiet streamlet was baptized in blood: "that most fatal day," says Hubbard, "that ever befell New England;" that day which Mather calls "a black and fatal day, wherein there were eight persons made widows, and six and twenty children made fatherless, all in one little plantation."

This little plantation was old Pocumtuck, the feeble beginning of the town we represent; those slain husbands and fathers were our venerated sires, "the ablest inhabitants" of the settlement which thereafter became again "a wilderness, a dwelling place for owls and a pasture for flocks."

The blood of those men calls not to us for vengeance; that was satisfied long ago. It calls unto us to renew here our vows of fidelity to the cause for which they perished; the cause of civilization, of civil and religious liberty.

Through the dim haze of two centuries, we peer in vain to discover clearly the causes which led to the destruction of that fated band whose lives went out in yonder morass, and whose bones resting in a common grave hard by hallow this soil. Those young men of Essex, as well as the older men from Pocumtuck, were trained only in the common arts of life. Of the terrible trade of war they knew nothing. For forty years the colonists had lived in peace, and when the struggle came, the leading minds of the times disagreed upon the best mode of resistance to the subtle foe, whether to meet him in solid phalanx, or, imitating the wily savage, to let each man take to his tree or cover. Contemporary historians blame Lothrop for adopting the latter method, and much praise has been bestowed upon the gallant old buccaneer, Moseley, who hastened,

alas! too late, to Lothrop's relief. He fought the enemy in a compact body, charging thro' the swarming legions like an angel of doom, reaping a rich harvest of death. Success always receives due meed of applause, but had chance ordered that these commanders had changed places, and Moseley been surprised in the ambuscade, who can say that the result would have been different? Be that as it may; we are not here to criticise their actions, but to applaud the successful heroes, and to drop the tear of commiseration upon the graves of their less fortunate comrades.

In behalf of the citizens of Deerfield and the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, I welcome you to this tragic spot, to unite with us in a worthy commemoration of the valor of the "Flower of Essex" and the sturdy yeomanry of our own town. To those to whose filial reverence we are indebted for the appropriate and enduring monument before us, we tender especial welcome and grateful recognition. This structure shows few signs of the two-score years which have elapsed since it took form. Here it stands, perfect in every part, unchanged and seemingly unchangeable. The builders, where are they? They builded perhaps better than they knew. They erected this shaft to commemorate the sad fate of their own ancestors and the young men of Essex. It has become as well a monument to their own patriotism.

On this occasion we should recall the names of these men whose memory we cherish and whose deeds we emulate. Those serving on the Committees for the erection of this monument were: Gen. Epaphras Hoyt, Consider Dickinson, Maj. Dennis Stebbins, Pliny Arms, Esq., Dr. Stephen W. Williams, Stephen Whitney, Esq., Amos Russell, Dennis Arms, Ira Billings, Eli Cooley, Eli Cooley, Jr., of Deerfield; Hon. George Grennell, Hon. James C. Alvord, Hon. George T. Davis of Greenfield; Gen. Asa Howland, Dr. Washington Hamilton of Conway; Col. David Wells, Apollos Barnard of Shelburne; Col. Seth Howland, Isaac Chenery of Gill.

Those who took part in the laying of the corner stone and in the dedication of the completed structure were the Hon. Edward Everett and Luther B. Lincoln, Orators; Rev. Dr. Willard, Rev. Dr. Peabody, Mrs. Sigourney, Poets; Rev. Amariah Chandler, Chaplain; Gen. James S. Whitney, Gen. Phineas Nevers, Marshals.

Of all these men who gave the labor of their hands or brain, thus to perpetuate the memory of the day we celebrate, only four are yet with us: Hon. Geo. Grennell, Hon. James S. Whitney, Hon. Geo. T. Davis and Col. David Wells, and to them high hon-

ors are this day due. The monument before us is not the only one they have set up to mark their pathway through life. They have wrought successfully and honorably in the councils of the State and Nation, in the forum, in the avenues of commerce, in the fields of Law, Literature and Husbandry. Time has touched them gently. Clear of intellect, erect of frame, their silver locks slowly ripening for the harvest, they stand to-day before you. One of them has kindly consented to guide the remaining exercises of this occasion. It gives me great pleasure to introduce as President of the day, the Hon. Geo. T. Davis, now of Portland, Maine.

MR. DAVIS'S ADDRESS.

To me personally this rare occasion is one of deep feeling and obvious emotion. My heart would be a very cold one if it did not remember with sorrow the dead who were my associates forty years ago, and if it did not throb warmly to the living to-day. I have not trusted wholly to feeling, however, in what I have to say here, but I have found anchorage in a manuscript that will save my toil and your time. Forty years ago this autumn, on a sweet September day, thousands of people came to this spot to hear the most accomplished of American orators, and experienced an emotion never afterward to be forgotten. Much has happened since; great struggles have rent the nation; the generation which has since risen up has sustained sufferings and has shared triumphs which have educated it to comprehend better the significance of the great events of our earlier history. I know no more appropriate way to strike the key-note of this occasion than to quote a passage once well known to English scholars, but now comparatively unfamiliar: "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking being. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer amid the ruins of Iona." When Mr. Webster said in his great Websterian English that "Massachusetts had annals and a history," he referred to the fact that our ancestry had done deeds worth recording, and that their acts and characters were worthy to be remembered and studied by posterity. There

have been three great crises in the history of this country. Of two of them this is the great bi-centennial and centennial year. The first was the Indian war of 1675, known as Phillip's war, which was a war for physical existence; the second was a war of the Revolution, which was a war for national independence; the third was the late war of the rebellion, which was a war for continued national existence. In all these crises the mailed hand came to the front; the acts of peace and of civilization flourished in the intervals, but were only secured by the certainty that the race was willing and able to maintain itself and its constitutions on the field of battle. I will venture to use an illustration which I have used on another occasion, and speak of the two engravings after Landseer, so well known, of War and Peace. In one there is the smoke and fire of battle:—

The war-horse masterless is on the earth,
And the last gasp has burst his bloody girth.

You are also reminded of Longfellow's description:

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rolling musketry, the clanging blade
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

In the other the sea is calm, the sails of commerce come and go, the daisies bloom, the children play and the sheep feed near the cold lips of the disused cannon. Yet these two scenes, so illustrative of the violent contrasts which exist in nature and in life, are so far consistent with each other, that the one seems essential to the protection and development of the other, and you are reminded that peace cannot long exist without the neighborhood of a protecting force. And so it happens that the willingness to fight for one's country and to die for one's country has always held place in the human imagination and heart over almost any triumph of peace. And we look with equal interest on the place where our ancestors bravely conquered, or where, outnumbered and defeated,

Each struck single, silently and home;
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath
Till the blade glimmered in the grasp of death.

It is useless to try to analyze the emotions which bring us here after the lapse of two hundred years to recall the past and to testify our reverence for the dead. It is enough for us that they are founded deeply in human nature, and that they connect themselves with all that is noblest in national life. One of the most brilliant writers of the day has said in substance that the invisibles and the

imponderables are the great controlling forces of nature and life,—magnetism, gravitation, love, patriotism. It is good to believe that there is something in the higher sentiments of man which cannot be traced by the knife of the anatomist or accounted for by any scientific theory of molecule or protoplasm. I will not detain you further from the more elaborate exercises which I know will refresh your recollections of the past, and strengthen your reverence for the great race which has stamped its impress upon the institutions and opinions of successive generations.

A choir, consisting of Geo. A. Houghton, Austin I. Billings, Mattie Hastings, Lucy Clark, Susie Anderson and Nellie Pierce, sang the following:

ODE WRITTEN BY E. W. B. CANNING.

Ye dwellers of the vale,
Where beauty's lot is cast,
Remember ye the tale
Of the dark and stormy past,
When the vale sat in sackcloth and in gloom?
When within the forest dell,
'Mid the wild and savage yell,
The "Flower of Essex" fell
'Neath their doom?

The autumn sun was bright
As they trod their sylvan path,
Unknowing that its light
Was the glamor glow of death,
And reposed at the noontide, neath the vines.
Then burst the volleyed roar,
While the viewless foemen pour
The leaden death that tore
Through their lines.

Then the purple clusters flushed
With a dark and gory stain,
And the quiet streamlet blushed
With the life-blood of the slain,
As the ruthless savage reveled o'er his prey.
Long did New England weep,
And sad remembrance keep,
From the mountains to the deep,
Of that day.

Within this beauteous vale,
As we gather we'll recall,
From the by-gone years the tale
Of the men whose tragic fall
Scaled the safety of the land with their blood.

Nor let our hearts forget,
While so happily we've met,
For Peace, our boundless debt
To our God.

Prayer was now offered by the Chaplain of the day, Rev. C. S. Brooks of South Deerfield, and after music by the South Deerfield Band, Hon. Geo. B. Loring of Salem, the orator of the day, was introduced to the assembly.

ORATION OF HON. GEO. B. LORING.

Fellow Citizens:—Two hundred years ago an event occurred on this spot, which on account of its significance and its touching details, has passed into that long heroic line over which the mind of man is compelled to pause and ponder. Forming a part of a chapter of horror and despair, scarcely equalled in the annals of mankind, either ancient or modern, it impressed itself at once upon the mind and heart of that generation who felt its staggering blow and knew its fearful purport. To us, sitting in the security which two centuries of action and progressive civilization have accomplished, it still has its terrible fascination, clothed as it is with the sacred mystery which time has shed over it, and set as a central figure in the picture of forest gloom, and savage darkness and cruelty which attended the early colonial life of our ancestors. At the name of Bloody Brook, the men, women and children of New England started and held their breath in horror, in that primeval time when the sickening tidings were borne on the wings of the wind, as it were, from hamlet to hamlet; and the name of Bloody Brook calls forth a sigh throughout the land in our own day, when by a touch every event is carried from town to town and passes into the daily life of a continent, and when ambush and slaughter have made way for refinement and repose. We have sorrow enough of our own which we must bear, it is true; and we have enough of heroic incident and manly endeavor; but the sad event of the 18th of September, 1675, calls upon us still to remember the trials through which our fathers passed, and to rejoice o'er that fraternal spirit which bound them together in their day of sorrow, and watered the soil of this charming valley with the choicest blood of the sons of Essex. I stand on ground made sacred to you by the sacrifices of your hardy and devoted progenitors; but I meet here the names of Lothrop and Stevens and Hobbs and Manning and Dodge

and Kimball and Trask and Tufts and Mudge and Pickering, of the three-score braves who died that you might possess this goodly land and these pleasant homes, "The Flower of Essex," as they were known and have passed into history, and I am borne at once to the familiar firesides of Salem and Beverly and Ipswich and Manchester and Lynn, from whence they went forth, and of whose virtues and valor I rejoice to say every son of Essex even to this hour has reason to be proud. I share with you then the interest which gathers around this spot. I join you in every sentiment of gratitude for the heroism and courage which mark our early history. I traverse with those young men of Essex the dark and weary path they trod through the wilderness which lay between their native shore and this flashing river, to stand shoulder to shoulder with your brethren for the cause of Christian civilization. I thank God for their manly devotion, for the characteristics which they implanted in the American nationality, for their sturdy powers, and for the inheritance of civil and social elevation which we now enjoy. How would they who were familiar with the cruel warfare of the savage; whose ears had heard the shrieks of the tortured mother mingling with the groans of her dying child, and whose eyes had beheld her fear, her patience and her despair; whose highway was an Indian trail, and whose home was a frontier block-house; how would they rejoice over these sunny fields, these laughing harvests, these busy towns, these tasteful homes, this cultivated landscape adorned with these institutions of learning and religion; and how would they count their own sufferings but small when compared with the manifold blessings which have descended upon the spot made sacred by their blood! With what fervor would they join us in our expressions of gratitude! With what earnestness would they unite with us in our prayers for the prosperity of this people, and for the perpetuity of those institutions which they planted and which the generations who have followed them have watered and cherished!

And now, my friends, let us turn to the significance of the event whose anniversary we this day celebrate, and to the relations which it holds to the history of advancing civilization. It cannot be considered as a decisive conflict, but as an incident in the infancy of a powerful nation, and one occurring at the critical period of the most important social and civil event known to man, the founding of a free republic on the western continent, it arrests the attention of every thoughtful student of history, while it furnishes a theme for the poet and a scene for the writer of romance. Deerfield, two

centuries ago, was on the very confines of civilization—one of the outposts of a feeble Christian people, who had hardly a foothold on this continent, and between whom and the strongholds of power and wealth and learning, rolled three thousand miles of stormy and almost unknown sea. The fate of a great and wide-spread empire rested then in the hands of a few colonists scattered along the Atlantic seaboard, divided in interests and tastes, perishing continually from exposure and want, not all actuated by the highest motives, but all recognizing, as by an unerring instinct, the fundamental principle out of which was to grow the American government, and all in danger of being exterminated at any time by “the pestilence which walketh in darkness and the destruction which wasteth at noonday.” Scattered up and down the great extent of territory stretching from the Passamaquoddy Bay to the capes of Florida, were but about two hundred thousand souls: “of whom Massachusetts, with Plymouth and Maine, may have had forty-four thousand; New Hampshire and Rhode Island, with Providence, each six thousand; Connecticut from seventeen to twenty thousand; that is, all New England, seventy-five thousand; New York, not less than twenty thousand; New Jersey, half as many; Pennsylvania and Delaware, perhaps twelve thousand; Maryland, twenty-five thousand; Virginia, fifty thousand or more; and the two Carolinas, which then included the soil of Georgia, probably not less than eight thousand.”

These people had come largely from that “Germanic race most famed for the love of personal independence.” They were not men of high estate, but they were men who possessed an inherent love of land, with all the individual power and freedom which go along with it. They had a high sense of their destiny—a lordly sense of their rights. They had a deep religious sentiment, and so it has been said of them that “the colonists from Maine to Carolina, the adventurous companions of Smith, the Puritan felons that freighted the fleet of Winthrop, the Quaker outlaws that fled from jails, with a Newgate prisoner as their sovereign,—all had faith in God and in the soul.” Impressed undoubtedly by the solemnity of the scene around them, subdued by the dangers which constantly threatened them, softened by the hardships which continually weighed upon them, they were sedate and well behaved. Of one colony, said “Spotswood, a royalist, a High Churchman, a traveler,” “I have observed here less swearing and profaneness, less drunkenness and debauchery, less uncharitable feuds and animosities, and less knaveries and villanys than in any part of the world where my

lot has been." The animating sentiment was "a church without a bishop" in religion; "a State without a King" in politics.

Of the motives and manners and customs of those who settled New England, let me say a word. They constituted to a great degree that body of Dissenters who under various names settled the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. They came, it is true, to enjoy religious freedom—but they also sought a civil organization founded on the right of every man to a voice in the government under which he lives. In the charters of all the towns granted by the General Court, it was provided that the grantees were "to procure an able and orthodox minister amongst them," and "to build a meeting-house within three years." This was their motive. In all their customs they were obliged to exercise the utmost simplicity, and they voluntarily regulated their conduct by those formal rules, which, in their day, constituted the Puritan's guide through the world. We are told, as an illustration of their character and manners, that by the laws of the Plymouth Colony, in 1651, "dancing at weddings was forbidden." In 1660, "one William Walker was imprisoned a month for courting a maid without leave of her parents." In 1675, because "there is manifest pride appearing in our streets," the "wearing of long hair or periwigs," and also "superstitious ribands, used to tie up and decorate the hair were forbidden under severe penalty;" the keeping of Christmas was also forbidden, "because it was a popish custom." In 1677, an act was passed "to prevent the profaneness of turning the back upon the public worship before it was finished and the blessing pronounced."

Towns were directed to erect a cage near the meeting-house, and in this all offenders against the sanctity of the Sabbath were confined. At the same time children were directed to be placed in a particular part of the meeting-house, apart by themselves, and tythingmen were ordered to be chosen, whose duty it should be to take care of them. So strict were they in their observance of the Sabbath, that "John Atherton, a soldier of Col. Tyng's Company," was fined forty shillings for wetting a piece of an old hat to put into his shoes, which chafed his feet on the march; and those who neglected to attend meeting for three months were publicly whipped. Even Harvard College students were whipped for gross offenses in the Chapel, in presence of students and professors, and prayers were had before and after the infliction of the punishment. As the settlers of Deerfield are described as being of "sober and orderly con-

versation," we may suppose that these laws and customs were here rigidly enforced.

Perhaps a word upon the subsistence and diet of your ancestors may interest you here. Palfrey tells us that, "In the early days of New England, wheaten bread was not so common as it afterwards became; but its place was largely supplied by preparations of Indian corn. A mixture of two parts of meal of this grain with one part of rye has continued, until far into the present century, to furnish the bread of the great body of the people. In the beginning there was but a sparing consumption of butcher's meat. The multiplication of flocks for their wool, and of herds for draught and for milk, was an important care, and they generally bore a high money value. Game and fish, to a considerable extent, supplied the want of animal food. Next to these, swine and poultry—fowls, ducks, geese and turkeys—were in common use, earlier than other kinds of flesh meat. The New Englander of the present time, who in whatever rank in life, would be at a loss without his tea or coffee twice at least in every day, pities the hardships of his ancestors, who, almost universally for a century and a half, made their morning and evening repast on boiled Indian meal and milk, or on porridge, or broth made of peas or beans and flavored with being boiled with beef or pork. Beer, however, which was brewed in families, was accounted a necessary of life; and the orchards soon yielded a bountiful provision of cider; wine and rum found a ready market, as soon as they were brought from abroad; and tobacco and legislation had a long conflict, in which the latter at last gave way."

The intellectual vigor, the strong common sense, the moral integrity of these early generations of New England Americans are so apparent in all their ways, as to command our unbounded admiration. Not only did they found schools and cherish their favorite college, but they read carefully and persistently the solid literature of their times; and they selected as the guiding and representative men of their towns, the clergymen, who had the benefit of a liberal education, and who, in their elaborate and carefully prepared sermons, provided on Sunday the fireside debate of the week, in which the doctrines "fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," all found ardent and devoted advocates. Not only did they consider from a high standpoint the important matters of church and State, but they applied their most sensible powers to the daily affairs of business; were good farmers, providing well for all household necessities and many luxuries, and raising on these pastures,

then clothed with abundant and nutritious verdure, the cattle which they exported to the profitable markets of the West Indies; were good lumbermen, and brought down the free and swollen streams of spring an abundant supply of building materials, of a quality unknown in these days, of spruce and hemlock and the second growth pine; were excellent fishermen, and knew the habits of all the most valuable sea fish as well as they did the ways of the game with which the forests abounded; were good merchants and navigators, and opened new channels of trade, and accumulated ample wealth. In a community organized as this was, in which the labor of the week was carried on by the entire family, the head of the labor organization being the father, and the members being the mother with her sturdy sons and fair daughters, it was natural that simplicity should be a prevailing habit, and moral integrity a prevailing virtue. Nowhere on the face of the earth, during the periods of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when our New England characteristics were forming and maturing, could there be found a more rigid determination to build up society on the principles of justice and equality, and to build up the individual character on the foundations of morality, honor and honesty. They may have been dogmatical, but they were well informed and earnest. They may have been economical, but they spared nothing in their devotion to the public good. They may have been exacting in business, but they had high mercantile honor, and they never forgot the lesson taught them by the pilgrim merchants, to whom the banks of Amsterdam were always freely open upon their personal responsibility alone. That they had their faults is indeed true, but they were not the faults which weaken and undermine society, nor were they those which make a government either corrupt or tyrannical.

This was the people who occupied the unexplored and vacant forest domain of North America, with their scattered colonial settlements, and planted Christian civilization in the Western wilderness. It appeared to them that the wars of conquest were unnecessary. There was no form of civilization here to be displaced in order to make room for their own. They found, it is true, a few wild and roaming occupants of the soil, without local habitation, without institutions, without either the necessities or the adornments of life, without the public or private qualities which characterize civilized man. In the colonies of Massachusetts and Plymouth and Connecticut, these original occupants probably number-

ed about five thousand; in fact, the entire Indian population of the continent was much less than two hundred thousand. Possessed evidently of a common origin, for "between the Indians of Florida and Canada the difference was scarcely perceptible," they were divided into tribes, which differed from each other mainly in their fighting capacity, and the vigor with which they roamed from place to place; and they were liable at any time to be swept off by disease, or exterminated by war, or absorbed by other and more powerful tribes. In language the North American Indian was limited by the material world, an abstract idea finding no birthplace in his brain and no expression on his tongue. "In marriage the Indian abhorred restraint, and from Florida to the St. Lawrence polygamy was permitted." Divorce meant merely desertion. The wife was a slave. Domestic government was unknown. The Indian youth grew up a warrior, adorned with vermilion and eagle's feathers, as fleet of foot as the deer, and as tolerant of hunger as the wolf; the Indian girl grew up a squaw, degraded and squalid and servile. A rude agriculture, resulting in a weedy corn crop, and a few squashes and beans, was the Indian's, or rather the Indian woman's, occupation; he had neither trade nor manufactures. "There can be no society without government; but among the Indian tribes on the soil of our republic, there was not only no written law—there was no traditionary expression of law; government rested on opinion and usage, and the motives to the usage were never embodied in language; they gained utterance only in the fact, and power only from opinion. No ancient legislator believed that human society could be maintained with so little artifice. Unconscious of political principles, they remained under the influence of instincts. Their forms of government grew out of their passions and their wants, and were therefore everywhere nearly the same. Without a code of laws, without a distinct recognition of succession in the magistracy by inheritance or election, government was conducted harmoniously by the influence of native genius, virtue and experience. The Indian had a government without laws; a state without institutions; a church without faith, or creed or head; a town without schoolhouse or meetinghouse; a punitive system without jails or gibbets; a history based on tradition; a religion based on superstition; he was ignorant of the ownership of land; and knew nothing of a system of inheritance. As in peace he was an idler—so in war he was a marauder. An organized army was to him unknown. He fought in small bands, seldom over fifty in number, to

surprise and slaughter. He pursued, and killed, and scalped. He had neither commissariat nor hospital. He fought his enemy in the rear and in ambush; and he tortured and roasted and devoured his captives. These were the national characteristics which our fathers found on this continent.

Nor did their attempts to modify and humanize and Christianize them meet with much success. The Indian could be tamed, but he was the Indian still. He might learn the language of the church, but he was out of place there; he might become familiar with the school-room, but he was impatient of its restraint and forgetful of its lessons. Bancroft says: "Jesuit, Franciscan and Puritan, the Church of England, the Moravian, the benevolent founders of schools, academies and colleges, all have endeavored to change the habits of the rising generation among the Indians; and the results, in every instance, varying in degree of influence exerted by the missionaries, have varied in little else. Woman, too, with her gentleness, and the winning enthusiasm of her self-sacrificing benevolence, has attempted their instruction, and has attempted it in vain. St. Mary of the Incarnation succeeded as little as Jonathan Edwards or Brainerd. The Jesuit, Stephen de Carbell, revered for his genius, as well as for his zeal, was for more than sixty years, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a missionary among the Huron-Iroquis tribes; he spoke their dialects with as much facility and elegance as though they had been his mother-tongue; yet the fruits of his diligence were inconsiderable.

Neither John Eliot nor Roger Williams was able to change essentially the habits and characters of the New England tribes. The Quakers came among the Delawares in the spirit of peace and brotherly love and with sincerest wishes to benefit the Indian; but the Quakers succeeded no better than the Puritans—not nearly as well as the Jesuits. Brainerd awakened in the Delaware a perception of the unity of Christian morals; and yet his account of them is gloomy and desponding. 'They are unspeakably indolent and slothful; they deserve little gratitude; they seem to have no sentiments of generosity, benevolence or goodness.' The Moravian Loskiel could not change their character; and, like the other tribes, its fragments at last migrated to the West. The condition of the little Indian communities, that are enclosed within the European settlements in Canada and Carolina, is hardly cheering to the philanthropist. In New Hampshire and elsewhere schools for Indian children were established; but as they became fledged they all escaped, refusing to

be caged. Harvard College enrolls the name of an Algonquin youth among her pupils; but the college parchment could not close the gulf between the Indian character and the Anglo-American. The copper-colored men are characterized by a moral inflexibility, a rigidity of attachment to their hereditary customs and manners. The birds and brooks, as they chime forth their unwearied canticles, chime them ever to the same ancient melodies; and the Indian child, as it grows up, displays a propensity to the habits of its ancestors.

That a struggle would ultimately arise between these two forms of nationality which I have described, no observant colonists probably never doubted. The safety, in fact, of the early settlers consisted in their feebleness, and their dependence upon the tender mercies of the aborigines. The natives had no fear of the starving colonists; and for more than half a century the quiet Englishmen and the unsuspecting and confident Indian dwelt side by side in peace. There were small controversies, it is true; but no wars and no apparent necessity for wars. It was not until the colonists began to grow strong and formidable that serious difficulties arose. It cannot be said that our fathers dispossessed the Indians of their lands, and thus drove them to war of revenge and extermination. The land they occupied was narrow—the land unoccupied, and free to the savage for the chase and war, was about as broad as the continent. The trouble lay deeper. Year after year the Indian discovered an irreconcilable difference between himself and the stranger. From the teaching of the missionaries he learned nothing more than the great gulf fixed between himself and his teacher. From his negotiations with the colonial governments, he learned the world-wide difference between a legislative hall or a cabinet and a council-fire. When he entered the home of the settler, he discovered that the joys of the fireside could never be found in the group squatted beneath the shelter of the wigwam. He felt the antagonism—and his soul burned within him. The strife was not for land; for the land had been purchased, honestly paid for, and voluntarily transferred by title deed. It was for supremacy. And as revenge is stronger than ambition, and hate is stronger than avarice, so the war raged with unspeakable fury, and was as cruel as the passions of a desperate savage could make it. The great contest which grew out of this antagonism, and lasted more than a year, unabated either by the heat of summer or the frosts of winter, threatening destruction to the New England colonies, was known as Philip's war.

With the story of this conflict you are all familiar. The peaceful death of Massasoit at a good old age, after a long life of friendly relations with the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonies; the sadder death of his son Alexander, worried out of life by the failure of his intrigues against the colony, and the exposure of his meanness and his crimes; the gradual development of the worst of passions in the breast of Philip, and his passage from treachery to war are all fresh in the memory of all who have traced the hard path which our fathers traveled in the work of settling these shores. The war which began in Swanzezy on the 24th of June, 1675, reached this spot on the 18th of September,—three months of murder, and fire, and all the bloody horrors of savage warfare.

At the time the war broke out Deerfield had been settled ten years; or had been deeded for the purposes of settlement to John Pynchon that length of time. It was then, as it is now, one of the most delightful spots in New England. Nothing could exceed the beauty of this landscape—the swelling hills and this widespread valley adorned with the majestic forms of the ancient forest trees, grouped in natural loveliness, and arrayed in all that charming variety of colors which make the American foliage from the first faint greenish hue of spring to the gorgeous dyes imprinted there by the maturity and the frosts of autumn. Through all this wealth of beauty the river wound its way, pursuing its inimitable journey from the green hills of Vermont, and the hard slopes of New Hampshire to the sea. The very air here told of peace and rest. And here in all the luxuriance of that natural beauty, and in the wealth of wood and stream, the Indian found his favorite resort. In this town and in the towns of Hadley and Hatfield he mustered a numerous and a powerful tribe. And upon these lands purchased by the settlers, with titles confirmed by the court, the whites and Indians lived together in peace for years.

It is amazing with what rapidity the war, once, opened, spread from village to village, and from tribe to tribe in this wilderness. The spirit of Philip was borne as if by magnetic force throughout the length and breadth of the land; his warriors and his messengers of death traversed these solitudes with speed equal to the magic power which bears us now from the waters of the bay to the shining river in a few evening hours. No sooner had Swanzezy been destroyed and Taunton been attacked, and Middleboro' and Dartmouth been burned, and the whole colony of Plymouth been filled with alarm, than Brookfield was laid in ruins, and Deerfield was a

scene of slaughter. The Pocumtucks had received their orders, and in a day had stepped from the blessings of peace to the misery of war. Having promised to deliver up their arms on suspicion that they might misuse them, they broke their promise, fled to Sugarloaf hill, engaged with Capts. Beers and Lothrop commanding the English here, lost twenty-six of their number, and then sought shelter under the standard of King Philip. The war was now transferred for a season to this valley. Capt. Beers of Watertown, Captain Lothrop of Ipswich, Captain Moseley of Boston, and Major Treat of Connecticut had repaired hither with their forces to protect the settlements. "Hadley was designated as a military post, and a place of deposit for supplies;" and on the first of September it was exposed to a sudden and bloody attack. Here it was that a devoted little band of worshipers were driven from their simple place of worship, and took their stand to defend their homes, with such bravery and deliberation that the historian has felt compelled to attribute their success to the inspiring influence of a mysterious stranger, who found his retreat here, after the bloody days of Charles I. and the Commonwealth. As if those hardy men were not each a hero and an inspiration to himself, the enthusiastic chronicler has dragged Goffe, the regicide, from retirement and placed him in command of a force, every man of which was a commander for himself. I am willing that they who doubt the ability of the American pioneers to defend themselves out of their own brave hearts, should accept the tradition and believe the romantic tale as told by Scott in "Peveril of the Peak," and by Hutchinson in his "History of Massachusetts." For myself, however, I do not feel compelled to attribute the successful defence of Hadley on that trying day to services recorded nowhere in the local annals of the Connecticut river, but found in an anecdote handed down by Governor Leverett,* and accepted by his friends. The beauty of the tradition I admire; but I am ready to believe that the men of Hadley preserved and defended their own hearthstones.*

And now during one autumnal month the valley of the Connecticut from Springfield to Northfield became a theatre of the most savage warfare. The month of September, 1675, two hundred years ago, was long remembered as the month of horrors. The work of the harvest was almost entirely suspended; the only reaper, Death. Early in September ten or twelve of the men of North-

*In leaving Goffe out of the Hadley affair, the Dr. is half right. If he had left out the attack entirely, he would have been wholly right.—[EDITOR.]

field were waylaid and shot. Capt. Beers, with thirty-six men, going to the relief of the remaining occupants of the blockhouses there, was attacked and killed, with twenty of his men. Major Treat, having been sent with one hundred men to the relief of Northfield, in which Beers had failed, succeeded only after the most perilous adventures. Northfield was abandoned. Deerfield was then attacked, the inhabitants were fired upon as they went to public worship, and their houses were burned. Deerfield, too, was abandoned; and the attempt to secure a quantity of wheat which had just been partially threshed by the farmers there before their flight, resulted in the massacre which still thrills me with horror, and the anniversary of which we have met to commemorate. The troops detailed to complete the threshing of the grain were ordered out from Hadley, their headquarters, a company of picked men, under the command of Capt. Lothrop. Having succeeded in threshing the grain and loading it in their wagons, they proceeded on their return, leaving Captain Mosely at Deerfield to protect them against sudden surprise from the enemy. They had proceeded but a few miles on their way, and on the early morning of the eighteenth of September, they reached the scene of the disaster. Over-confident in their own strength and skill, they loitered beneath the tall trees, clad in their first autumnal foliage, and separated to gather the wild grapes hanging in luxuriant clusters over the little stream which their wagons were fording. The beauty of the morning was radiant; the air, just relieved of the summer heats, was laden with the fragrance of the ripening fruit and breathed an invigorating coolness through the "sounding aisles" of the great cathedral of woods. The men were betrayed by the scene. Their broken ranks gave the savage his long sought opportunity. Baffled through the watches of the night, he rejoiced in the morning light which scattered and exposed his victims. In an instant the forest seemed ablaze. From behind hundreds of trees the savages poured their deadly fire. At the first volley many were killed, and the remainder were panic-stricken. In their sense of security they had laid down their arms, which they could not regain; they had broken their ranks, which they could not reform. Lothrop, "a godly and courageous commander," was among the first to fall. The savages, numbering nearly seven hundred, rushed upon the defenceless men, and the work of slaughter was soon complete. But six or seven Englishmen escaped to tell the tale, of whom one had been shot and tomahawked and left for

dead, and another forced his way through the yelling ranks of the savages with the butt of his musket.

"The cruel fate of these unfortunate young men," says Mr. Everett, whose eloquent and touching oration, delivered on the spot and on the anniversary forty years ago, has connected his name with this sad event of our history, as it is connected with so many of the stirring scenes of our national heroism, by those sublime efforts with which he charmed and elevated his countrymen for half a century, "the cruel fate of these unfortunate men did not remain long unavenged. While the Indians were employed in mangling, scalping and stripping the dying and the dead, Captain Mosely, who, as has been observed, was ranging the woods, hearing the report of musketry, hastened by a forced march to the relief of his brethren. The Indians, confiding in their superior numbers, taunted him as he advanced and dared him to the contest. Mosely came on with firmness, repeatedly charged through them, and destroyed a large number with the loss on his side of but two killed and eleven wounded. His lieutenants, Savage and Pickering, greatly distinguished themselves on this occasion. He was, however, so greatly outnumbered that, though he sustained the action from eleven o'clock until evening, he did not succeed in driving the enemy from the field. At this juncture, Major Treat arrived with a hundred soldiers and sixty Mohegan Indians, and, joining his forces with Captain Mosely's, drove the enemy from the field of the hard-fought and murderous action. They fled across the brook about two miles to the westward, closely pursued by the American force, and here the action was probably suspended by the night. A quantity of bones lately found in that quarter is very probably the remains of the Indians who fell there at the close of the action.

"The united English force encamped for the night at Deerfield. They returned in the morning to bury the dead, and found a party of the Indians upon the field stripping the bodies of their victims. These they quickly dispatched, and the remains of the brave young men, or some portion of them, were committed to the earth near the spot which we have this day consecrated anew to their memory."

The stream on whose banks they fell, and whose waters ran red with their blood, has been called from that day, in memory of the disaster, *Bloody Brook*.

"Lothrop's company was known by the name of 'The Flower of

Essex,' 'being all culled out of the towns belonging to that county.' Its fate was 'a sad and awful Providence,' 'a dismal and a fatal blow,' 'a sadder rebuke of Providence than anything that hitherto has been.' The day was 'a black and fatal day,' 'the saddest that ever befell New England.'"

For a time the war ceased in the valley where the destruction and desolation were complete. Of the three English captains placed in command here by the provincial commissioners, Lothrop and Beers had fallen and of the towns planted here, Springfield, Hadley, Northampton and Hatfield alone remained, and these were war-stricken and despairing.

The war was transferred to another sphere. Rhode Island furnished the battle ground for the late autumn and the early winter months; and the bloody conflict of the Narragansett fort had entirely broken the military strength of that formidable tribe. Defeated on their own hunting grounds, the warriors of Philip commenced their attacks on those towns which constituted the western and northern boundry of the Massachusetts Bay settlements, and at Lancaster the heart rending tragedy of Mrs. Rowlandson and her child was enacted; Sudbury and Chelmsford were attacked; Medford and Mendon and Brookfield were burned: Marlboro' was utterly destroyed; "Wrentham, Seekonk, Plymouth, Andover, Chelmsford, Sudbury, Scituate, Bridgewater and Middleborough were wholly or partly sacked and burned." In March, 1676, Captain Pierce and his Plymouth men were ambushed and slain at Pawtuxet, and Plymouth county suffered the severest disaster of the war. In April, Capt. Wadsworth of Milton, with seventy men, was cut to pieces at Marlboro', and nearly the entire force was either slain on the field or murdered with the most cruel tortures. As spring advanced, Northampton, Hatfield and Hadley once more became the scene of savage warfare. Captain Turner lost his life in an attempt to drive the Indians from the falls of the Connecticut, which now bears his name in honor of his memory, and Captain Holyoke, in the prime of his manhood, broke down his strength by exposure and anxiety, and "died before the winter." The struggling warriors now roamed from place to place, without apparent method or well-defined design, and in mid-summer it was evident that the contest "was no longer a war, but a chase." Captain Church and his men were the pursuers, and it was they who were destined to be in at the death. "With a small band of followers Philip had come back to his ancient home. Holding the isthmus, which was the

only avenue for his escape by land, the English pressed him closer every day. One of the tribe, professing to have been offended by the murder of his brother, who was killed by Philip for advising submission, deserted to the English and offered to guide them to the place of the Sachem's retreat. Church, when the news reached Rhode Island, hastened over to Bristol neck, where he arrived at midnight. He marched a party to the neighborhood of the designed spot, and there before dawn they laid down in the bushes. When day broke, the Indians, perceiving themselves to be closely beset, rushed from their hiding place in a disorderly manner, under a heavy fire of those who stopped the way. At one of the points likely to be passed by the fugitives, Church had stationed an Englishman and a friendly Indian, named Alderman, who presently saw Phillip approaching them, half-dressed and running at full speed. The Englishman's gun missed fire. The Indian's took effect, one bullet passing through the heart of the chief and another lodging in his shoulder. He fell upon his face in the mud and water, with his gun under him." Philip's war was ended.

The war left the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay in a sad and stricken condition. At least thirteen towns were wholly destroyed; more than six hundred stalwart and brave men of the colonists fell on the battlefield; many of the survivors were disabled by wounds received in the desperate and bloody encounters; almost every family had a sufferer; more than six hundred buildings were consumed by fire, and the feeble and exhausted colonies, poor indeed before the war, but were poverty-stricken after it, were left with a burthensome war debt. When, on the 12th of August, 1676, Philip fell and the war ended, a land bowed down with grief and hung everywhere with the drapery of woe, turned prayerfully to God, and entered once more upon its work of peace and progress.

The causes of this war let me for a moment discuss. That irritations should have existed between two forms of civilization as antagonistic as the Englishman and the Indian, the Puritan and the savage, is not surprising. That thoughtless and reckless white men, in that day as well as in our own, roused and inflamed all the bad blood of the red man, no one can doubt. But no more. The dealings of the colonists with the natives were just and fair and equitable; their endeavors to civilize them were patient and indefatigable. And when we turn to the bloody deeds performed by the *peaceful* natives at Springfield, and Brookfield, and Lancaster, whose communities had established, as they supposed, the kindest relations

with the aborigines; when we remember that Wattacompanum, the chief Sachem of the Nipmucks, and a professed convert, had been the principal agent in seducing the Praying Indians of Massanamisset from their fidelity, for which he was tried, convicted and executed at Boston, and that Captain Tom, a Praying Indian of Natick, having been entrusted with a command, deserted to the enemy and took some of his men with him, for which he was also hanged, and that Matoonas, the Christian Nipmuck, began the war in Massachusetts by an attack on Mendon—when we recall all this, it is not difficult to understand that the Indian and the white man could not live together—that one must make way for the other. And mindful of the desperate qualities of man which are roused into action by such antagonism and conflict, we contemplate with sadness and horror, the exasperated savage burning, torturing, murdering the armed and the unarmed, strong men and imploring women and children alike, and the wronged and outraged Puritan selling his captives into a slavery worse than death. And we pity the one and forgive the other, while our minds are filled with respect for the high qualities which enabled the liberty-loving founders of this State to bear themselves with self-possession through such trying scenes; and we learn how empires are born. The possession of those high moral and religious qualities which belonged to our ancestors seemed to be assurance enough that human rights would always find here warm and uncompromising defenders; and that the highest doctrines of government and society would find able and fearless advocates. But from the events which fill with romantic interest the early pages of our history, we may learn how, in every crisis American nationality and American institutions would find eager and ever-ready defenders. For so it has proved. The experience of the old Indian wars has not been in vain. Do you turn with amazement to that little armed band gathered at midnight on the green at Lexington? Are you filled with astonishment at the calm courage of the men of Essex and Middlesex, at the bridge at Concord? Do you look with breathless admiration upon the self-possession displayed by the patriots at Bunker Hill, before the imposing approach of the veteran troops of England? Remember that the citizen soldiery of Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill were heirs of the blood and traditions of the great Indian campaigns, and that many a Revolutionary soldier learned his lesson at Louisburg and Quebec. The land was filled with men who had seen service, or whose sires or grandsires had told them of the

adventures, "the hair-breadth 'scares" of those wild, wintry, forest campaigns. And so the sons and grandsons of those who conducted the Indian wars brought their traditions, and their experience in the latter conflicts, to the work of founding our independent nationality.

And more than all this. While we turn with pride to the high and honorable record of these border towns, which met the fury of the Indian wars in their early heroic days, and performed faithfully their part in Revolutionary struggle, we are filled with the tenderest emotions as we rehearse the gallant deeds performed by our sons and brothers in defense of the Flag during the trials and hardships of the civil war for freedom, and into which they brought the nerve and energy of old. The events of *this* imposing chapter in our national history have passed before our very eyes. We have seen in our own day the consummation of that heroism whose career commenced in those forest campaigns two hundred years ago, and as we ponder upon the names of the "Flower of Essex," who fell here on that fatal morning, we are reminded that the honorable career of Pickering, and Mudge, and Tufts, and Stevens, all distinguished, some immortalized, in our later wars, began in the very morning hours of our existence as a people. And so of those towns which they defended. I indeed congratulate them on the part they performed in the great drama of this continent—perhaps of this age. Deerfield and Hadley, Northampton, Springfield and Hatfield, the four that survived the destruction of the ancient border warfare, what an admirable and instructive story they can tell of their services in the late war! How devotedly they stood for that country which was secured for them at such a cost! How true were they to the valor of their fathers! You who sit here cannot have forgotten the prompt and ready response from those who enrolled themselves for active service, almost before the sun which rose on the first day of the conflict reached mid-heaven; those who started forth without counting the cost, obedient to a proud sense of patriotic duty; those who first taught foreign and domestic foes that the Union had its defenders; and who saved the capital of our country until the great armies of the war could be brought into the field. Year after year the call was made; and year after year the same response was given. Three thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine men were enrolled from these towns—Deerfield furnishing 320, Hadley 224, Hatfield 146, Northampton 739 and Springfield 2500—nearly four times as many men as could be called from the three

most important New England colonies at the breaking out of Philip's war. Large sums were expended in bounties to the soldiers, partly contributed by private liberality and partly drawn from the treasury of the towns. Individual and associated effort was unremitting in smoothing the rugged pathway of the soldier, in providing for those whom he had left behind, and in alleviating his toil on the field, and his sufferings in hospital and camp. From your firesides to every battlefield was stretched the silver cord of affection and solicitude, bringing home, close to your hearts, the great events of the war, and binding your familiar and household names to every far-off spot in our land, which the war clothed with immortal renown; for your sons were on every field, your blood was spilled in almost every conflict.

Of this long chapter of heroism here what an awful and impressive beginning have I placed before you; what a radiant close! I see them now, those earnest and manly sons of Puritan warriors and teachers, who had filled the pulpits and town houses and armies of our land, during a century of protest and trial and self-sacrifice and defiance, rising higher and higher in their indignant sense of duty as the fierce periods of our popular declarations were launched forth upon an approving American mind. And can you not feel with them the hot blood coursing through their veins, as the ardent appeals went on. The memory of long and weary trials in the cause of civilization here in the wilderness, of the precepts of those old teachers who were gone, of the bloody seas through which they had been brought to their great assertions of the wrongs of the past, this, and their glowing understanding of the promise of the present hour, and of the future, all inspired their minds with wisdom and their hearts with courage for the occasion. From their humble houses they had stepped forth not to follow but to lead, not to listen but to speak, not only to be taught, but to teach mankind to be true to the highest demands of a free and independent spirit. It was to the voice of popular assemblies like these that our fathers of the Revolution listened; it was the wisdom of such assemblies that guided their councils and gave the American people their greatness. It was this spirit that made these towns heroic when the first shot was fired at Lexington, and true and patriotic when the first gun was aimed at Sumter.

To us, my friends, and to those who come after us, it remains that the blessings created by the stern purpose of the fathers, and secured at such cost of blood and treasure, should be preserved in

all their purity and strength. If the characteristics which distinguish the early days of a nation's existence are preserved until the close, and shape and mould its varied career, what confidence and assurance can we draw from our own. If intellectual ambition, high moral purpose, earnest devotion, honesty and fidelity in public service and patriotic resolution, are virtues which taking early root endure, we have reason to rejoice in what lies before us, and to be unceasing in our endeavor. The men who planted these towns, and defended them with their lives, were the heroes, not of the wars alone, but of all the culture and refinement of peace. They believed in courage, but they believed also in those mental and moral attributes which elevate a people above the most brilliant conquests, and all the acquirements of wealth and power. I cannot then despair; and pointing to the example of those whose memories rise before us on this occasion, I call upon you who are assembled here to imitate their virtues, to keep their faith and to preserve their institutions. So shall they not have lived, and toiled, and suffered, and died in vain.

Varying somewhat from the programme, the oration was followed by music from the South Deerfield Band, and Prof. William Everett of Cambridge, son of the late Hon. Edward Everett, who delivered the memorable address at the dedication of the monument forty years ago, was now presented as the poet of the occasion.

PROF. EVERETT'S POEM.

Hush! This is holy ground!
Be stilled the bustling voices of the hour,
The engine's thundering sound;
The lightning, slave and goad to human power;
Traffic, whose headlong pride
Contemns the homely trophies of the past,—
Splendor, that dares deride
The plain, stern men of old, on whom was cast
The thankless labor of that elder day,
When first arose our star
Guiding with half-seen, flickering light, their way
To make us what we are.

There breathes a fresher gale,—
A deeper note is rippling from the stream,—
Rich with a sacred tale,
Kindled with flashes of a heavenly beam.
Back comes the forest glade—
The uncouth dwellings, clustering low and weak

Within yon rough stockade,
And that rude temple, where the yeomen seek
A blessing on the store, which stubborn toil,
As God and love decreed,
Have wrung from cold New England's churlish soil
Children and wife to feed.

What need of fort or fence?
What foe could make such poverty afraid?
Nor gold nor jewels thence
Could haughtiest monarch tear with gory blade.
Yet, as I gaze, there come
Strange sounds of battle from the thicket green,
The tramp of foot, the drum,
The onset cry, the rattling shot between,
Then groans, and silent all; but now the brook
That from the forest glides
Swells with a crimson flood, an angry look,
And bloody are its sides!

Ay, round those bulwarks rude,
Month after month, must ring the deadliest fray
That e'er with blood imbrued
Our woodland streams; for from Aquidneck's bay
To lone Wachusett's peak,
And from the rock where first our fathers slept,
To yonder silvery streak,
Unseen, yet felt, the trackless savage crept,
Till, like a meteor flash, his brands he threw,
And turned, with hideous yell,
To ashes house and field, to red yon blue,
And this our home to hell.

And he, the arch-fiend, whose name
By kings of old as fierce and crafty worn,
Had won a purer fame,
By Christ's apostle and his preacher borne—
What spectres round him troop
Dark, deadly wasting; as from height to height
He roused, with fire and whoop,
Strong men to death and slaughter; drove at night
The wife to slavery's march through sheeted snow,
Torn by the bullet's smart,
Whereof the self-same stroke was draining slow
Her wailing infant's heart!

Yet that long year of woe,
When week for week fresh nets of horror drew,
Felt not a deadlier blow,
Nor moment fraught with keener anguish knew,
Than when, through Deerfield's glen,
At starving Hadley's call, her food to share,
Marched Lathrop and his men,

And fell unwitting on that ghastly snare,
When swarming forth from out their vine-clad hive
The infernal hornets came,
And sting on sting, made all the copse alive
With darts and wounds and flame!

O what true heartstrings burst
That on their dying pangs should gloat in glee
The dusky crew accurst,
And probe and taunt the white man's agony!
O what rich currents gave
Their ruby tincture to the carpet green
And bade for aye the wave
Be Sanguinetto for our Thrasimene!
And from that stain that spread its awful hue
O'er streamlet and o'er sod,
What stainless spirits broke their way, and flew
Triumphing to their God!

For from Atlantic's tide
To brave old Essex rang a warning tone:
"No more in ships abide,
But arm thy manhood for the forest lone.
Is not this all one land?
Did not their fathers cross my floods with yours?
On mountain as on strand,
One task for sail and plough, for axe and oars?
Child of the sea, wouldst thou my bounty share
That rolls unchecked for all?
No selfish son to tempt my breast may dare;
Go, heed the woodland's call!"

O true and bravely done!
Well wrought the sons of Essex in that hour;
Fair, at the setting sun,
On our high places fell the eastern flower!
O that my lips were mute,
And from his Tent upon the Beach might ring
Above their graves the lute
Whereto the Bard of Essex deigns to sing.
Yet no! 'Twere sin with themes of blood and death
His harmonies to stain
Whose tones are echoing with responsive breath
The angels' tranquil strain!*

Ah, feebly may we feel
The toils and terrors which that legion bore,
We, who on wings of steel
Rush, like the hurricane, from shore to shore;

*I print this in torturing uncertainty whether Mr. Whittier's "Metacom" does not touch this part of King Philip's career. But that beautiful poem has most unaccountably passed out of publication, and all but out of memory.

Less near this glade to them
 Than now from Essex to the Golden Gate;
 More work yon flood to stem
 Than ocean's careless travelers now await;—
 And how by us, whose words the nations belt
 With instantaneous zone,
 Shall their long, tedious agony be felt,
 Ere Lathrop's fate was known?

But shame on all who gauge
 By length or number time's historic springs!
 Woe worth the inflated age
 That hath despised the day of little things!
 They that with Lathrop bled,
 Or tracked with Church the serpent to his lair,
 Left to the race they bred
 The soul to suffer and the will to dare!
 Those that on Louisburg in fury burst,
 Or left their bones to parch
 By red Havana, had their boyhood nursed
 On tales of Deerfield's march!

Then, when their full orb'd-course
 A hundred years from this dark hour had run,
 With sceptre-breaking force
 Pealed at the dawn the shots of Lexington!
 True to their ancient creed,
 "No march too long, no toil too hard to save
 Thy brother at his need"—
 Lo! Empire's road New England corpses pave!
 When Massachusetts, by our sainted chief,
 Her post unflinching took,
 She but renewed the lesson, sharp and brief,
 Learnt here at Bloody Brook!

Three generations pass:
 Again the cry, "Help, brothers, or we sink!"
 And now, in solid mass,
 Like Erie's waters, rolling to the brink
 Of the isle-sundered fall,
 New England's heroes come; the self-same race
 That marched at Hadley's call,
 But thousands now, who to that seed may trace
 Their blood, their fire, their spirit;—and the tramp
 Of this memorial glen
 Has grown to leagues on leagues, from camp to camp,
 Trod by our valley's men!

Looked they not back, our sires,
 To days gone by for strength, as we to them;
 Days when the bigot's fires
 Roared round the soldiers of Jerusalem?

Roll back an hundred years
From Hadley's murder, and her visage grim
The haughty princess rears
That drove God's flock from home to worship him;
And gallant Henry bids on false Lorraine
His mailed squadrons pour
In vengeance of that ghastly day, when Seine
Blushed with the martyrs' gore.

So cheered, they fought alone;
No aid nor treasure came from o'er the sea;
Charles moved not on his throne,
Pillowed on sloth and lapped in harlotry.
What sorrow should he feel
At tales of savage war across the foam,
Before whose scourge of steel
The friends of God and freedom quailed at home?
Alone they fought; save for the feeble aid
The staunch Mohegan lent
Child of the prayers which yet from Natick's shade
Our white-haired Eliot sent.

Alone—No! Heaven supplies
One captain yet to lead its troops to war,
Rising in ghostly guise
As erst, in Spain, the entombed Campeador:
When broke the Indian storm
On leaguered Hadley, and her bravest shrank,
Lo, yon gaunt, grizzled form
Spurs to the front anew her wavering rank!
From that God-fearing, man-defying band,
Which Heaven had willed to fling
The blasting thunders of an outraged land
To crush a perjured king!

Say'st thou 'twas legend all?
A nursery tale, whereat the sage may scoff?
That Hadley's siege-girt wall
Ne'er saw the sword, nor heard the shouts of Goffe?
Amen! There needs not rise
One flesh-robed soul from that stern judgment seat.
At Lathrop's foul surprise
A thousand Cromwells started to their feet!
Ay! by the blood that in our bosoms runs
Drawn from his Ironsides,
Let God so order, and New England's sons
Shall all be regicides!

The sacred vision fades!
Back to their grave the centuries roll again;
Gone are the greenwood glades,
The lowly dwellings, and the vermeil stain,

Yet this memorial hour
 Still o'er the bustling present shall prevail
 To sway with tender power,
 Our hearts and eyes, as breathes its mournful tale.
 So shall the sons uphold the father's name,
 The pilgrims from afar,
 Who conquered wood and savage, frost and flame,
 And made us what we are!

At the conclusion of Prof. Everett's poem which he recited without notes, entering into its feeling with unusual fire and enthusiasm, there was an intermission of one hour for a collation.

The speakers of the day and invited guests were entertained at the house of Charles Arms. Among those who sat at the table, besides the President, Orator and Poet of the day, were Robert R. Bishop,* a Boston lawyer and antiquary, accompanied by his wife; Henry Childs of Buffalo, N. Y., a native of Deerfield, who also brought his wife to share in the pleasures and honors of the day; Edmund Smith of Newburyport, whose collateral ancestor was among the slain in the Bloody Brook massacre; Mr. Allen of Hartford, Ct., whose ancestor, John Allen, was a Deerfield man; Col. Gardner Tufts of Lynn, (now of Concord), who also had an ancestor slain in the Bloody Brook fight, and whose services, in behalf of Massachusetts soldiers during our recent war, will preserve his name as long as our State has a history; Gen. James S. Whitney of Boston, a Deerfield boy, who was Marshal of the Day at the monument celebration, forty years ago; Seneca Arms of Troy, of the Deerfield Arms family; Mr. David Haskins of Cambridge, an antiquary; James C. Arms of Northampton, a native of Deerfield; Rev. J. P. Watson of Connecticut; Col. R. H. Leavitt of Charlemont; Dr. and Mrs. David Rice of Leverett; Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford of Deerfield; Wm. A. Howland of Conway; J. D. Canning, the "Peasant Bard" of Gill; D. L. Harris, President of the Connecticut River Railroad, and Samuel Bowles of the Republican of Springfield; Col. David Wells of Shelburne; R. N. Oakman, Esq., of Montague; Hon. John M. Smith of Sunderland; Rev. F. A. Warfield of Greenfield, and Rev. C. S. Brooks of South Deerfield.

About 3 o'clock, the company re-assembled about the speaker's stand for the remaining exercises of the day. The president introduced as the first after-dinner speaker, Edmund Smith of Newburyport, who said that the wish of his lifetime had been gratified, in visiting the scene of the Bloody Brook fight. Among those massacred on that day was Thomas Smith, who was a brother of James Smith, the speaker's great-great-great-grandfather. The latter, fifteen years after

*Now Judge of the Superior Court,

the battle of Bloody Brook, enlisted in the expedition to Canada and was drowned. An inventory of the effects of Thomas Smith, at the time of his death, is still on record in Essex county, of which the following is a copy:

An inventory of the lands goods & chattels of Thomas Smith late of Newbury who was slayne when Capt Lathrop was slayne taken by Robert Long and Anthony Somerby March 25th 1675:76

Imprimis foure acres of plowland 3 acres of pasture 4 acres salt marsh & 3 acres of swamp or slow land	55-0-0
A yoke of oxen & a 4 yeare old heifer	16-10-0
His weareing apparrel	5-0-0
A chest a cross cut saw a broad axe 2 augurs a maul 2 addes a rule & a raypier	2-8-0
A snapsack & a bible & 2 paper bookes	0-8-0
and debts due to him about	1-0-0
Sum is	80-6-0

the deceased was out in the country service about 7 weeks he was at first corporall & after sergent under the said Capt Lathrop & had all his armes and ammunition well fixt which is all lost except the raypier

the debts that the deceased owes is about 10-0-0

ANTHONY SOMERBY ROBERT LONG.

This inventory red in court held et Ipswish the 28 of March 1676. As attest
ROBERT LORD cler.

There were five men from Newbury killed in the fight, and the way that the rapier, mentioned in the inventory, was preserved is this: John Toppan, a comrade, took Smith's weapon, when the latter had fallen, to defend himself, and succeeded in secreting himself in a dry brook, where, he said, thirteen Indians stepped upon him. He afterwards crawled from his concealment and got home to tell the tale and to deliver to Smith's relatives the rapier. The sword has been handed down since and was exhibited by the speaker to the audience. It was rust-eaten and dilapidated, but more precious to its possessors, who still reside on the homestead owned by the family two hundred years ago, than its weight in gold. Mr. Smith promised that a future Smith should exhibit it at the tri-centennial.

The president here read a letter from Hon. George Grennell of Greenfield, who was the president on the occasion of the celebration at the dedication of the monument. He is now eighty-nine years of age, and on account of ill-health was unable to be present. We give a copy of the letter:

Hon. George Sheldon, Chairman of Committee, &c.—

MY DEAR SIR:—I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 23d ult., informing me of arrangements by the citizens of Deerfield and the members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association in connection therewith, to hold a meeting at Bloody Brook on the 17th of

September, current, to commemorate the bi-centennial of the massacre of Capt. Lothrop with the "Flower of Essex," by Philip's Indians, in 1675.

You are pleased to invite me to be present as a guest on the occasion, an occasion well worthy of grateful, patriotic and pious regard from favored peoples to the memory of forefathers and founders of great Commonwealths.

I thank you, sir, and your committee, for your generous attention, and gratefully accept the invitation. The events to be commemorated have thro' the generations been themes of deep and stirring interest, hardly to be wasted or weakened by the lapse of time.

Such soldiers as Lothrop, such men as his eighty self-sacrificing soldiers, and so bold an enterprise as theirs, are not often found on the pages of our history, or in our traditions.

I find myself named with only three others—Hon. George T. Davis, Hon. J. S. Whitney and Col. David Wells, as the only survivors of those who took part in the gathering that led to the erection of Lothrop monument. I thus find myself in good company.

The delay of this response to your letter has been caused by ill-health. With great respect to yourself and the persons whom you represent, I am, sir, your obt. servant, GEORGE GRENNELL.

NOTE.—Let me say, sir, by way of postscript, I should be glad to become a member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association on the common terms of membership. GRENNELL.

The next speaker was Gen. James S. Whitney from Boston, who thanked God that he had survived until that hour. He didn't come to speak, but to visit the scenes of his childhood, look at the trout brooks, and old Sugar Loaf Mountain that he used to climb with the boys and girls that he loved. He thought that he had met on this day 150 survivors who were present at the dedication of the monument. He had never heard an oration that would compare with the one delivered by Everett, under the walnut tree, on his father's farm. To him there was no place on God's earth like Old Deerfield. It had all the poetry that could surround the human life. The social quality of the inhabitants was of the highest order, and the facilities afforded for true happiness were unsurpassed.

Robert R. Bishop of Newton was next called upon. It was a mistake to call him an antiquary; and talking of mistakes, he said that Deerfield came near being located at Ashburnham. A commission was sent out by the colony to find the best agricultural lands. They went into the region of what is now Fitchburg and Ashburnham, and then went back and said they found no lands suitable for agricultural purposes. Another commission was sent forth, which, by the way of Springfield, came up the Connecticut River valley and founded the settlement of Deerfield. It wasn't necessary to be a descendant of Deerfield to be inspired by the life, death and principles of its found-

ers. "Honor to the dead is the inspiration to posterity," he quoted, and the martyred blood at Bloody Brook should inspire us to deeds of manly, patriotic devotion.

Col. Gardner Tufts related the fact that his ancestor, James Tufts, was one of the slain in the Essex county company.* He left a wife and infant son from whom the speaker descended. He then referred to the last war, with which he was made familiar, and paid the highest respect to the Massachusetts soldiers, who were the best men he ever knew. What had been to him a singular fact was the youth of the men sent forth. Those who are buried in the national cemeteries do not average over 21 years of age. It was the boys who carried on the war.

Rev. C. S. Brooks was the next speaker. He was not an antiquary, but he was glad to welcome the people from abroad to Deerfield and its historic memories. The mountains, hills and landmarks were still standing as they were two hundred years ago. But he had no great love for ancient things. He believed in the new; that the Deerfield of to-day was better than the old, and the valley more beautiful, more hopeful than ever before; and the speaker predicted that America would be a great nation when God and man got it done.

After music by the Bernardston band, Rev. F. A. Warfield of Greenfield, Henry Childs of Buffalo, and others spoke, Deacon Field being the last speaker. The following ode, written for the occasion by Miss Eliza Allen Starr of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., but a descendant of Deerfield, was omitted for want of time before the departure of the trains:

A harvest gathered under arms,
Its threshing floor the field,
And chosen men from Essex guard
The meadows' lavish yield.
Young, chosen men from Essex—soon
Their band has passed "The Bars;"
They urge the teams, for they must see
Fort Hadley ere the stars.
Three miles they march through forests dense,
With eye and footstep grave,
For every sumach's scarlet plume
May prove a lurking Brave.
But now the opening woodland shows
Old Wequamps' beetling crag;
Across their track, in sunlight, bounds
Pocumtuck's antlered stag.

*Tufts was then a settler at Deerfield and was one of the teamsters.—[EDITOR.]

A brook runs, purling, at their feet;
 Each lip its coolness craves,
 And dusty foreheads gaily dip
 Into its shallow waves.

The squirrel chatters overhead,
 While high on clambering vines,
 The purple vintage of the woods
 In tempting clusters shines.

Branch after branch of luscious fruit
 They clutch with eager hands;
 One yell! one flash! how swiftly sped
 Death's ever dread commands.

Flash followed flash, blow followed blow;
 And we still mourn to-day
 "The Flower of Essex" laid so low
 In that short, bloody fray.

The trampled grapes' ripe juices spilled,
 Where brave men yielded breath—
 Life's harvest and its vintage, both,
 Were gathered in by death.

Blood soaked the turf; the stream ran blood;
 Two centuries' storm and rain
 Have left the awful memory fresh,
 Of that most fatal stain.

The peaceful vintage round us smiles;
 The harvest stands in stook;
 But still the spot, since then has borne
 Its name of "Bloody Brook."

Peace to the dust of valiant men
 'Neath yonder shaft enshrined!
 Peace to the dead, whose names, whose deeds,
 A nation holds in mind.

Letters of regret at their inability to be present were received from His Excellency, Governor William Gaston, the poets Longfellow, Holmes and Whittier, Bishop John Williams of Connecticut, Mrs. E. H. Huntington of Cleveland, and others.

A reporter for the Springfield Republican said: The bi-centennial celebration of this year is due to a local historical society that has sprung up within a few years past, from whose origin date all attempts to really organize the ancestral pride and communal instinct of the valley. Its strongest spur was the restoration to the valley and village, seven years ago, of the storied door of the "Indian house," which stood from the savage raid of 1704 until 1848. On the occasion to which we refer, there was a fair held and a small museum of Indian relics exhibited, which brought liberal donations. The "door," with

its scars, was, after that, put into a glass case, and now abides in the hall of the Pocumtuck hotel for the admiration of visitors. Out of the enthusiasm roused at that time, more than anything else, arose the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, composed of present and past residents and children of the valley. The object of this Association is, at present, to gain a fund of not less than \$10,000, and as much more as the generosity of those who care for the preservation of local history shall give them, for the erection of a fire-proof memorial building, wherein to preserve the relics of that remote past which Deerfield shares with few other towns in this region, and of which she now has far more valuable reliquaries than any other town. The past of Springfield is utterly gone, and irrecoverable all its associations, while in that of Deerfield, two centuries ago are nearer to us than one century in the city. Generation after generation have lived on the self-same ground in the up-river town, while here generation after generation have chased each other away, each knowing nothing of the history and inter-relations of the other. So Deerfield is good ground for such a society, and it only lacks that some generous purse without should open to insure the preservation, in this ancient town, of a seldom approached museum of what is to this country its realm and age of romance. This association has been organized for some years, George Sheldon being its President and Nathaniel Hitchcock its Secretary. Mr. Sheldon is becoming noted through the valley, and indeed among scholars he has a much wider fame, as a diligent and intelligent student of history, and an authority in the antiquities of the valley. To this he has devoted his earnest labors. He lately bought the old corner store of the Wares, that it might not fall into the hands of some speculator, just as the town or the association should want to build a school or a hall, or both together, as they ought to be, on the land given by Mrs. Consider Dickinson's will. Mr. Sheldon has his heart in his work, and will succeed; and no more appropriate place for the memorial hall could be found than the site of Parson Williams' old house.

It is this association which has arranged the celebration of this week. It passes for the sixth annual field meeting, but the ceremonies have dwarfed the meeting out of sight. The place where these commemorative services are to be held, two hundred years from the occurrence of the dread event, resembles very little the scene that met the eyes of Lathrop and his fellow-victims. Then it was a wild wood, now there rests a pretty village, that crosses the Bloody brook, and makes it hard to fancy the savagery of Indian warfare there. There is the brook still; there the monument, afore-mentioned; there, even, stretched along a way-side fence, a grape-vine that may be of the same stock

that tempted the gay young soldiers two centuries ago. There used to hang in the dining-room of the old Pocumtuck tavern a quaint old painting of the massacre according to tradition; the soldiers all in regulation scarlet coats, climbing for the clustered grapes, or stretched by the Indian fire in complete angularity on the green-sward below;—a curious specimen of art. The village itself is essentially modern and a great contrast to Deerfield Street.

SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING—1876.

REPORT.

The seventh annual meeting of the P. V. M. A. took place at Grange hall, Deerfield, Feb. 29, 1876. A few visitors were present in the forenoon, and those uninitiated pleasantly and profitably spent the hours previous to the business session in visiting places of interest, and examining the numerous relics owned by the association and members. One of the notable collections is that stored in the old Ware store, and although most of the articles there have been aired in print first and last, still it is well worth a visit to ponder over these interesting mementoes of "ye olden days." At two o'clock p. m., the members were called to order by President Sheldon. At the table in front of the President two or three reporters were seated, and on the table were some of the choicest relics owned by the society.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Time has brought us to the seventh annual meeting of the association. The year has been a period of much interest to the lover of the past. Bi-centennials and centennials of towns and historic battle-fields have taken place, and now we have entered the national centennial year. The association has united with the town of Deerfield in a bi-centennial celebration of the massacre of Capt. Lathrop and the Flower of Essex by Indians at Bloody Brook, which was an honor to the association and town. Our association now takes its place among those of a like character in the land, and its influence is reaching out wider every year. This is through our President in a great measure, who is daily consulted as authority from all parts of the land. In but one year has so much money been paid to the treasury as the past. One of the new members of the past year is Hon. George Grennell of Greenfield. The association has purchased real estate that gives us a locality and is a step towards building a hall.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

1875—Dr.

Feb. 19, cash in treasury,	\$1292 00
Feb. 23, cash from committee of arrangements of the annual meeting,	26 55
Cash from membership and yearly tax,	57 75

Oct. 2, Cash from J. Johnson, the proceeds of the exhibition of relics at the bi-centennial at Bloody Brook,	29 95
Oct. 23, cash from Henry Childs of Buffalo,	5 00
Nov. 27, cash from Anonymous,	15 00
Interest on money deposited in savings bank,	82 18
Cash from sales of photographs of old Indian house,	6 00
Cash from C. Alice Baker of Cambridge,	100 00
	<hr/>
	\$1643 23

Cr.

March 27, by cash paid committee of arrangements for coffee,	\$1 80
Paid George Sheldon for Ware store and land,	1500 00
	<hr/>
From debits deduct	\$1501 80
	<hr/>
Feb. 28, 1876, in treasury,	\$112 43

ASSETS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Real estate	\$1500 00
Cash in treasury,	112 43
Cash voted by the trustees of the old Indian house door,	104 75
	<hr/>
	\$1717 18

The report of the librarian and cabinet keeper follows:

Our collections during the last year have been rich and rare, particularly in the department of local history and genealogy, notably the papers and account books of Major Elijah Williams and his son, Esquire John Williams. Many articles of household furniture and utensils have been received from Mrs. Esther Dickinson and her heirs, and also from Mrs. Catherine W. Hoyt. The fact of our limited accommodations, or rather, no accommodations at all, and consequent inability to exhibit our collections to the public, is too well known to require it to be again stated; and as it is expected that this crying want will receive the earnest attention of this meeting to-day, it is unnecessary that I should enlarge upon it now. The following named persons have contributed during the last year to our collections: Mrs. Catherine W. Hoyt, Mrs. Catharine E. B. Allen, Edward A. Hawks, Mrs. Derixia Nims and Henry C. Haskell, of Deerfield; Mrs. Lucy D. Shearer and A. A. Snow of Coleraine; Deacon Phineas Field, Mrs. Abigail Leonard and the Upton family, of Charlemont; Samuel J. Lyons, Mrs. Oscar A. Hawks, Pliny D. Martindale, of Greenfield; Sereno Hawks, Mrs. Vesta Dudley, Henry J. Dudley, Mrs. David Kimball, Miss Louisa Rice, Mrs. H. C. Rice, of Leverett; Mrs. R. Wyatt of Gill; Jessie L. Delano of Sunderland; Olive W. Anderson of Shelburne; Dr. Edward Hitchcock of Amherst; Fanny and Emily Hinsdale and Richard Hoyt of Bernardston; Samuel Hitchcock of Conway; Deacon Harvey

Barber of Warwick; Joseph U. Houston of Hawley; Mrs. Hawley of Shutesbury; Mrs. Meorry Paine of Montague, and George Wells of Bernardston.

Rev. Mr. Buckingham, chairman, reported for the building committee that they favored building separately, and not in connection with the new academy, as has been proposed; that the society incur no debt in building, even though they find themselves unable to do more than erect and cover a memorial hall at first, leaving the completion to a later date. Other members made statements as to the most desirable method of obtaining funds, etc.*

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, George Sheldon; Vice-Presidents, S. O. Lamb of Greenfield and Mrs. Dr. Rice of Leverett; Secretary and Treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock; Councilors, Rev. E. Buckingham, Zeri Smith, Robert Childs, C. B. Tilton, Martha G. Pratt, Mrs. J. A. Cowing, William Sheldon, of Deerfield; Joseph H. Hollister and Jona. Johnson of Greenfield; J. W. Smith and J. L. Adams of Sunderland; Rev. John P. Watson of Leverett; James M. Crafts of Whately; Miss Mary T. Stratton of Northfield.

Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, having given one hundred dollars, a vote was passed making her a life councilor of the association.

At 6 o'clock supper was served in the town hall and thereafter Rev. Dr. Crawford of Deerfield recited some of the stories told him in his boyhood by his grandparents, good old Scotch people, showing that they were very friendly to the American cause. When some of the King's army, marching to embark for America, called at his grandfather's house for food, and one said, "I shall never be happy till I wash my hands in Washington's heart's blood," "Oh mon," said the grandmother, "you'll never be happy, then!" Following Dr. Crawford's remarks a choir of eight voices sang an appropriate piece, and Rev. John F. Moors of Greenfield read an interesting paper on "The Little Shoe," the special subject considered being a child's shoe worn by Sarah Coleman, a little daughter of John Coleman, who, with other Hatfield people, was taken captive by Indians to Canada in 1677. Sarah's mother was slain, but Sarah endured the fatigues of the long march and lived till ransomed, eight months after. Her father, John Coleman, preserved this shoe. Sarah married a Mr. Field and received the shoe as a legacy, and her descendants, the Fields, have preserved it one hundred and ninety-nine years. It came to the society as a gift from a descendant, Selectman Edwin Bardwell of Whately.

Deacon Phineas Field tremblingly came forward, wearing the cap

*As the steps toward building or procuring a Memorial Hall will be given in a future chapter, the details will be omitted in reports of subsequent meetings.
—[EDITOR.]

worn by his maternal grandfather, Seth Lyman, and saying, "You would scarce expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage," talked most entertainingly of the courtship of John Burk and Sarah Hoyt. He alluded to his uncle's fighting at Bunker Hill and at Bennington, at which latter place Moses Field, in an oak tree, fired the shot which, as Deacon Field believes, did the business for Col. Baum, the English Commander, who fell at that battle. Supplementing Dea. Field's speech the choir sang "Invitation," and the veteran's face beamed as he joined heartily in that ancient melody.

The choir here gave a selection of ancient music, when Mr. Moors was introduced, who, ascending the platform, held up to view a dilapidated, ancient-looking child's shoe, which he declared to be the only remaining relic of one of the Indian raids which brought disaster to the early settlers, in September, 1677, and proceeded to read from manuscript:

THE CAPTIVE'S SHOE.

A HISTORICAL PAPER.

There has recently been given to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association a little worn shoe, coarse and rude in its construction, the only relic now existing of one of the many Indian raids that brought such devastation to the homes and sorrows to the hearts of the early settlers.

In the autumn of 1677, September 19th, just two years after the destruction of the first attempt at the colonization of Deerfield and the terrible massacre at Bloody Brook, a party of twenty-six Indians from Canada, commanded by Ashpelon, descended the Connecticut valley to Hatfield and fell upon that town. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, the men were mostly busy in the meadows, and a few more were employed upon the frame of a house without the palisades. Three men were there shot down; then proceeding to the other houses, nine persons were killed, four wounded, seventeen taken prisoners and seven buildings burned.

The Indians returned the same day, and passing through Deerfield, where a few people were preparing to rebuild their houses, that had been burned in 1675, killed one man and captured four. The fact that the Indian tribes had been nominally at peace with the English colonies for a year before this attack, accounts for the frontier settlers venturing to return and reconstruct their houses; but they kept watch and went to their labors armed, for there was

reason to apprehend that the Indians who had fled to Canada would return to visit their former haunts, and to be revenged upon those who had dispossessed them.

The most minute and probably the most correct account of this assault is from the pen of Quinten Stockwell, one of the Deerfield captives, who must have been one of the greatest sufferers, for three Indians claimed the ownership of him, and he was the victim of such constant cruelties, starvation and threats as could only be devised by three ignorant, vindictive savages. He was engaged in the erection of his house, which had been burned two years before. After a little skirmish, the Indians caught him, bound him, and brought him to the Hatfield party, "which moved," he says, "two contrary passions, joy that I was to have company, and sorrow that so many were in that miserable condition."

"We were pinioned and led away in the night, over the mountain. We were kept bound all that night, the Indians watching us, who, as they travelled, made strange noises as of wolves, owls, and of other birds and beasts, that they might not lose one another and, if followed, might not be discovered by the English." He describes the first night of his captivity. Being extended upon his back, arms and legs fastened to stakes, a cord passing about his neck prevented any movement, "yet," he says, "so tired was I that I slept soundly."

The next day they resumed their march up the valley, frequently crossing the Connecticut, to about thirty miles above Northfield, where they built a long wigwam and remained three weeks. They were pursued as far as Northfield, but not overtaken. If the pursuing party had come upon the Indians, the prisoners would probably have been tomahawked. During these three weeks, a detachment of them went to Wachuset and brought back with them about eighty Indians, men, women and children.

Benoni Stebbins, one of the Deerfield captives, went with the party and managed to effect his escape. It was in this manner: While at Wachuset, Stebbins was sent with two Indian women and a horse to bring in a quantity of dried huckleberries. Taking advantage of the opportunity, he mounted the old beast and hurried off; when the animal was tired, he left him and kept on, being several days without food, and at last arrived safe at Hadley. It might be interesting here to say that Benoni Stebbins built a house where Mrs. Samuel Wells's house now stands, and that he was slain in the great destruction of the town in 1704.

Sometime in October, the Indians, with their prisoners commenced the toilsome and terrible journey to Canada. These sufferers from Hatfield and Deerfield were the first to leave their homes and travel through the dreary wilderness. Hundreds were afterwards compelled to do the same. They suffered greatly for want of food. When they reached Lake Champlain, they stopped to make canoes. "All the Indians went hunting and for several days obtained nothing; then they *powwowed* with no success. Next they besought the English to pray, confessing that they could do nothing, and would try what the Englishman's God could do. Stockwell prayed, as did Sergeant Plympton in another place, the Indians reverently attending morning and night. Next day they killed some bears. Then they must needs make them ask a blessing and return thanks at every meal, but they soon grew tired and forbade it." And so dragged on the weary days, without food, or with no food except the flesh of wild animals, brought in by hunters,—without shelter, with insufficient clothing, with frozen limbs, with constant threats of torture and death, their march a struggle through the snow, till sometime in December the sorrowing people reached Chambly, and were mostly delivered to the French,—pawned for liquor. The fact that the Indians found purchasers among the French indicates one motive that prompted these incursions, and led to the preservation of the lives of their prisoners.

It was first supposed that the captors belonged to the Mohawks, and Benjamin Wait of Hatfield repaired to Albany at once to make arrangements for their ransom; but discovered that the Indians were from Canada, and from the tribes that had been driven from this region on its occupation by the English. Benoni Stebbins, who escaped, brought in accurate information concerning the Indians and their number.

The 24th of October, Benjamin Wait and Stephen Jennings, whose wives and children were of the number, started to redeem the captives. Having obtained a commission from the government of Massachusetts, they went to Albany. They met with great discouragements and hindrances, caused by the jealousy of the New York colony towards those of New England. They were sent to New York as traitors, but Capt. Brockhurst interceded for them, and, the 19th of November, they got back to Albany. There they found a Mohawk Indian, who promised to conduct them to Lake George. He fitted them up a canoe, and gave them

a plan of the lakes they were to pass. They carried the canoe over the land from Lake George to Lake Champlain. After a long detention by ice and head winds, they reached Chambly, the 6th of January. At Sorrell and vicinity they found all the captives, excepting three, Sergeant Plimpton, Samuel Russell, and Mary Foote, who had been slain after their arrival in Canada. Sergeant Plimpton was burned at the stake at Chambly, and his fellow-captive, Dickinson of Hatfield, had been compelled to lead him there. Tradition says he went to his terrible death with cheerfulness.

Two children had been born, a daughter to Benjamin Wait, named Canada, and a daughter to Stephen Jennings, called Captivity. Canada Wait married Joseph Smith, and became the grandmother of the late Oliver Smith. Captivity Jennings married Abijah Bartlett of Brookfield.

The two men went to Quebec and were civilly received by the French Governor, and through his aid ransomed the captives, but this was not accomplished without the promise of the payment of two hundred pounds to the Indians. Having accomplished their purpose, the two men in the spring of 1678, set out on their return with their redeemed families and friends, being furnished with a guard of eleven French soldiers by the Governor. Their progress homeward was slow; sixteen days were spent on Lake Champlain. They reached Albany the 22d of May, from which place a messenger was sent to Hatfield with the following letters, which must have touched the hearts of all who heard them then, as they do ours at this distant period. The first letter was from Quinten Stockwell:

ALBANY, May 22, 1678.

Loring Wife:—Having now opportunity to remember my kind love to the, and our child, and the rest of our friends, though we have met with great afflictions and trouble since I saw the last, yet here is now opportunity of joy and thanksgiving to God, that we are now pretty well, and in a hopeful way to see the faces of one another before we take our final farewell of this present world. Likewise God hath raised up friends amongst our enemies, and there is but three of us dead of all those that were taken away—Sergeant Plimpton, Samuel Russell and Samuel Foote's daughter. So I conclude, being in haste, and rest your most affectionate husband, till death makes a separation.

QUINTEN STOCKWELL.

The second was from Benjamin Wait:

ALBANY, May 23, 1678.

To my loving friends and kindred at Hatfield:—These few lines are to let you understand that we are arrived at Albany now with the captives, and we now stand in need of assistance, and my charges are very great and heavy, and therefore any that have any love to our condition, let it move them to come and help us in this straight. Three of the captives are murdered,—old Goodman Plimpton, Samuel Foote's daughter, Samuel Russell. All the rest are alive and well, and now at Albany, namely,—Obadiah Dickinson and his child, Mary Foote and her child, Hannah Jennings and three children, Abigail Bartholomew, Goodman Coleman's children, Samuel Kellogg, my wife and four children, and Quinten Stockwell.* I pray you hasten the matter, for it requireth haste. Stay not for the Sabbath, nor shoeing of horses. We will endeavor to meet you at Kanterhoock, it may be at Hoosatonack. We must come softly because of our wives and children. I pray you hasten them, stay not night nor day, for the matter requireth haste. Bring provisions with you for us.

Your loving kinsman,

BENJAMIN WAIT.

At Albany written from mine own hand. As I have been affected to yours, all that were fatherless, be affected to me now and hasten the matter, and stay not; and ease me of my charges. You shall not need to be afraid of any enemies.

Copies of these letters were sent to the Governor and Council at Boston, who had previously appointed the 6th of June as a day of fasting and humiliation. After receiving these letters they issued an additional notice to the public, that upon that fast day, the people manifest their sympathy by contributing to the relief of the sufferers, and for the quickening of this work they ordered that the letter of Benj. Wait should be read either on or before that day, in all the pulpits in Massachusetts. The party remained in Albany five days, and on Monday, May 27th, walked twenty-two miles to Kinderhook, where they met men and horses from Hatfield. They rode through the woods to Westfield, and soon reached Hatfield in safety. The captives had been absent eight months, and Wait and Jennings seven months. The day of their arrival was one of the most joyful days that Hatfield ever knew. The ransom of the captives cost over two hundred pounds, which was gathered by contributions among the English.

* "There is two or three Frenchmen, ambassadors, coming to go to Boston."

This sentence was in the original, but was erased. It may be the Frenchmen failed to appear; or Maj. Pyncheon may have sent them back to Albany and made the erasure before the letter was forwarded to the Governor.—[EDITOR.]

Now to return to that little shoe. Among the list of the Hatfield sufferers were: Killed, Hannah Coleman, wife of John Coleman, and her babe, Bethia, also one child wounded, and two children carried into captivity. Sarah Colman, the little child that wore the shoe, endured the hardships of that winter march. Her mother slain, her father left behind. Some kind hearts, either of fellow sufferers or of Indians, moved to compassion by her extreme helplessness, cared for her, and when by means of the great energy and perseverance of Wait and Jennings, the freedom of all was accomplished, this little child was restored to the remnant of her family, the little torn shoe still clinging to her foot. It was carefully preserved as a sacred memento of that sad time, and of that good Providence that had so watched over her. Marrying, the shoe was taken with her, and these past two hundred years, less one, it has been guarded with reverential care, and now, in the breaking up of the Field family through which it has been transmitted, Mr. Edwin Bardwell of Whately, into whose possession it has fallen, has kindly bestowed it upon the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, to be preserved to coming generations as a touching memento of the trials, exposures and sacrifices of those who laid the foundations of our institutions, and who died that we might live.

It might be interesting to add that Benj. Wait, the bold pioneer, acted as guide to the English soldiers in the attack upon the Indians at Turners Falls, May 17th, 1676, and that he lost his life at the burning of Deerfield, in 1704, being one of the Hatfield party that hurried on to attempt the rescue of Deerfield captives, and was killed in the skirmish that took place in the meadows. Stephen Jennings, it is conjectured, lost his life by the Indians in 1710.

After numerous short speeches the meeting dissolved.

FIELD-MEETING—1876.

FIELD-MEETING AND BASKET PICNIC

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

AND BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE FALLS FIGHT,

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1876,

Which all members of the Association are requested to attend, and to which citizens of Falls Fight township and the public generally are invited.

Chief Marshal, - Maj. HENRY KEITH.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. SINGING. By a select choir.
2. ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE ASSOCIATION.
By George L. Barton, Esq., of Turners Falls.
3. RESPONSE. By the President, Hon. George Sheldon.
4. MUSIC.
5. PRAYER. By Rev. C. H. Daniels of Montague.
6. ORIGINAL ODE. By Mrs. Lucretia W. Eels of Deerfield.
7. HISTORICAL ADDRESS. By Rev. John F. Moors of Greenfield.
8. MUSIC.
9. HISTORICAL POEM. By Josiah D. Canning of Gill.
10. COLLATION.
11. SELECT SINGING.
12. SHORT ADDRESSES, interspersed with singing.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS—Rev. John F. Moors, Josiah D. Canning, Albert C. Parsons of Northfield, Rev. Dr. Crawford of Deerfield, Jona. Johnson, Eben A. Hall and Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield.

CITIZENS COMMITTEE (to assist the General Committee in the arrangements)—Timothy M. Stoughton, Nathaniel Holmes, Leonard Barton, Frank Foster, Henry H. Howland, Fred Perry, John H. Clark and Robert Day of Riverside; G. T. C. Holden, Maj. Henry Keith, Cecil T. Bagnall, C. P. Wise, W. D. Russell, N. W. Dibble, George E. Marshall, George L. Barton and Nathan D. Allen of Turners Falls.

REPORT.

Under the auspices of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, which arranged its seventh annual field meeting to match the occasion, some two thousand people, gathered from twenty miles around, have to-day observed, with appropriate exercises, the bi-centennial anniversary of the memorable fight of Capt. William Turner and his company of old-time militia, with the Indians. As might have been expected, the day has been one of great interest to all who have lived in the vicinity, or who have heard their grandsires recite the history and legends of the neighborhood. The place selected for the gathering was a pine grove on a gentle eminence, in one section of the battle ground, which covered half the site of the present village of Riverside in the south part of Gill.

The shorter speeches of the occasion were made by George L. Barton, a member of the Franklin bar and native of historic Gill, who welcomed the Pocumtuck association to the locality famous for bird tracks and Indian story, and by George Sheldon, who responded for the society of which he is President. Mr. Sheldon, whose strong antiquarian tastes are widely known, came down sharply on the vandalism of Boston in demolishing that sacred shrine, the Old South. The ode written by Mrs. L. W. Eels contained a graceful reminder that in "this glorious year," other fields than Lexington, Concord and such like centennial places, demand attention; and other sacrifices than those at Bunker Hill and Bennington are worthy tears—the wars and toils of the fathers in the "stern, sad century before" the Revolution.

The chief feature of the day's program, however, was the historical address by Rev. Mr. Moors.

Upon the arrival of the Greenfield train, soon after ten, a delegation of the residents of Turners Falls was at the depot, with the recently consolidated bands of Turners Falls and Montague City, under the leadership of James O'Donoghue, and directed on this occasion by Wm. L. Day of Greenfield. A procession was formed under the direction of Geo. O. Peabody as Chief Marshal, and N. D. Allen and N. W. Dibble as aids, and a march taken through avenue A, and from thence to the Ferry.

Gov. A. H. Rice sent a letter of regret. Among the invited guests who were present were the Hon. George Grennell of Greenfield, now in his ninetieth year, who said in his quiet way, that he could almost recollect the fight, and John M. Turner of Northampton, who is the seventh descendant of John M. Turner who came over in the Mayflower, and was a brother of the Capt. William Turner who led the Falls Fight. It was half past ten or more before the multitude was called to order, and the exercises opened with singing "The Star

Spangled Banner" by the Urban Harmony Club of Turners Falls, who rendered this popular air with excellent effect. Next in order came the address of welcome:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GEORGE L. BARTON OF
TURNERS FALLS.

We meet to-day upon historic ground, —in God's own amphitheatre, —the blue sky over our heads, the green grass at our feet, fanned by the fresh breezes of heaven, the noble river rolling its wealth of waters toward the sea; we meet, to-day, upon historic ground. History, the story of the past, what other men, in other times, have done and suffered, is a tale whose interest is perennial, but when that tale is associated with localities with which we are familiar, when the memories of our childhood cling around the hills which looked down upon the actors of the drama, when we stand upon the same turf on which they stood and see the same scenes they saw, interest deepens into passion.

Two centuries have elapsed since, on these now peaceful slopes, occurred one of those bloody conflicts which crimson the early progress of our colonial history. Only two centuries and what a change. The same sky, the same river, the same hills,—and yet, could the participants in that conflict stand with us here, to-day, they would not recognize the spot. The forests have been felled, the waters dammed up, the smoke no longer curls from the wigwam, the fire upon its hearth-stone has gone out forever. The hunting-grounds of the savage are the fertile fields of the farmers of to-day. The cattle upon the hillsides low where his arrow struck down the red deer in his flight, and the plow-share upturns his useless weapons and his mouldering bones from beneath the sod. The last of the wretched races, which once swarmed here, has gone to the happy hunting-grounds, and there we are content they should remain—we have no use for them here. The savage wilderness, filled with savage beasts, and yet more savage men, is no more; civilization has wiped it out; and to-day you may see about you the happy homes of a happy people.

It is well, in the hurry and excitement of life, to stop and look back; to count the steps which we have taken, and perhaps, it may be, to thank our stars that the crosses of our forefathers are not our crosses, that their dangers are not ours. It is well to preserve the story of the eventful deeds of the past, and it is a fortune for

which our citizens cannot be too grateful that an association of gentlemen has been formed to save from hungry oblivion our early records and our early traditions. The valley of the Connecticut, at an early period, invited settlers to its fertile meadows, and some of the bloodiest conflicts between those who held and those who took—the red and the white—were fought upon its banks, and some of the best blood of New England mingled with its current. It is, therefore, a field peculiarly rich for the antiquarian and the historian. But not alone for Indian warfare is this spot memorable. The geologist scrapes the earth from the surrounding rocks and reveals beneath, written with the finger of God upon the tablets of the old red sandstone, the records of a pre-Adamite age, ages before the Indian and his white brother fought their fights in these fields. Long before this earth was habitable for humanity, batrachian monsters, unknown and unnamed, sported about this spot, and to-day the inquisitive hand of man unearths their petrified foot-prints.

On coming down to more modern times, we find this place, annually, the Mecca of all the pleasure-loving people from far and near. By a dispensation of Providence,—which was good for the people if not for the fish,—'Lection Day and shad used to come together. Those were the days when, tradition tells us, the fish were so abundant that the more adventurous crossed the river, dry shod, upon their backs, while at the same time they were considered so plebeian a dish, that, when eaten at all, the good housewife always kept an aristocratic codfish ready, for a substitute in case a neighbor should happen to drop in at meal-time. The shad despised for its abundance! May the Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts hasten the return of that happy day. Tradition has told us of the merry-making and jollification which used to mark the celebration of this day. Our predecessors danced and sang, and sang and danced, and raced horses and drank, and drank and raced horses, in a manner the mere thought of which would have made every Puritan pilgrim that came over in the Mayflower faint in his boots. How human nature has changed since then! If I am not mistaken, had it been my duty to welcome them on such an occasion, I could not have done so more acceptably than to invite one and all to take a drink at the nearest booth. How human nature has changed since then, to be sure! These, in brief, are some of the associations which made this spot memorable. I leave it to the orator and the poet of the day to describe them as they deserve.

It is, then, to this historic ground, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, that, in the name of the citizens of my native town, upon whose soil we stand, I welcome you here to-day. Two hundred years ago, yesterday, to-day, or to-morrow, last week or next,—it matters little which,—the men of Hadley, the men of Hatfield, the men of Northampton, the men of Pocumtuck valley, came with fire and sword and swept from where we now stand, the Indians into the river below, their wigwams into the clouds above. I may not be able to give you as warm a reception as your predecessors received then, but I can assure you it is quite as earnest and heart-felt. To-day let us bury the tomahawk and smoke the pipe of peace, while our orators tell you what great things were done here once, and we invite you to look about for yourselves and see what great things we expect to do again.

You, ladies and gentlemen, who have left your daily avocations to spend a *fete* day with us here and talk over the times which are no more and the deeds which can never be done again, we thank you for the honor of your presence, and I have been specially requested by the gentleman who expects to hold the office of President of the association at the next centennial (the tri-centennial, I suppose they will call it), whose name, for obvious reasons, I will not mention, to invite your attendance on this spot one hundred years from to-day, and if you can't make it convenient to come yourselves, send your descendants. And to one and all who have assembled together here to celebrate this memorial day, I bid a hearty welcome. The war-whoop has died out, and the bones of the Nipmucks, the Narragansetts and the Pequogs refuse to dance the war dance, but in their place we offer you the poetry of the Peasant Bard and the eloquence of the orator of the day:

PRESIDENT SHELDON'S RESPONSE.

For the kindly welcome, Sir, which you have tendered the association, and which I have the honor to represent, and for the generous provision made for our reception and accommodation, I would return to you and those you represent, our most hearty thanks. We cannot complain if our reception does differ from that given Captain Turner two hundred years ago. We expected different treatment. Ample notice has been given of our com-

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ing, while you remember, Sir, that his was a *surprise* party. Besides, the aims and objects of the two parties are different. Capt. Turner came to make history. We come to study that history. You know, Sir, this is a place where lasting impressions are made. There was a time when the smallest bird could not put his foot upon your soil but he left his mark there for untold ages. Capt. Turner made such an impression upon the native tribes he found here that it never has been, and never can be, effaced. We do not intend to stamp such a mark upon the natives we find here to-day, but we hope and expect to excite anew that spirit of reverence for our ancestors, which is the strongest bond for our fidelity to the generations to come after us.

I will not go with you to the long ages past to study your history and your surroundings; two centuries shall suffice. Then everything about here was wild and free. The wild Indian and the free Peskeompskut were fast friends. The native shaped his pestle and ground his knife upon the rocks the river had laid bare. The stream gave him the best of fish and bore him freely upon its bosom. The tree it nourished on its bank gave freely its bark for his canoe and for paper on which to make his rude drawings. Native and Nature were in full harmony. Civilization came and all was changed. The wild man could not be tamed or enslaved to labor, and he has disappeared. The river is still here, but with a new name and no longer free. "The Dutch, having taken Holland," sighed for new fields to conquer, and came here. The river submitted to their power; but their bonds were weak, or their guards negligent, and the stream became again free. The Yankees, thinking they could "beat the Dutch," imposed upon it new and stronger chains, and it is now tied to the wheel and forced to shape the white man's utensils and grind the white man's knife; to fashion not only the bark, but the whole tree from its shores, for the white man's canoe and the white man's paper. Its old spirit of independence, however, has not entirely died out. It is not a willing slave. It still struggles to be free and indignantly refuses to yield up the shad and salmon so abundantly bestowed upon the red man in the days of yore; consequently the old Election festival, so tunelessly sung by our native bard, has become impossible. With all this change, we did not expect that our reception should be the same as that tendered those men from down the river, two hundred years ago.

You are well aware, sir, that there is no event more memorable

in the early annals of the Connecticut valley than that which we meet here this day to commemorate. It was more than a bloody conflict between Captains Turner and Holyoke, on one hand, and the Pocumtucks, the Norwottucks, the Squakheags and the Agawams, on the other. Here culminated the struggle between civilization and barbarism in the Connecticut valley, and the tribal power of the red man was here forever broken. From the teeming rapids before us, they had drawn their last stock of shad and salmon, with which their barns on the shore were filled, but of which they never partook. Hard by, upon the broad intervals of the Pocumtuck, they planted—but never harvested—their last fields of corn. From that time and this place, these tribes disappear forever from history. Here, then, the historian of this valley must come to view the last locality where the native tribes of this region appeared in power. On this spot to which you have welcomed us, the spell woven around them by the cunning Philip was rudely broken. Save feeble and impotent attacks on Hatfield and Hadley, a few days later, the Indian, in his national or tribal relations, never again appeared in arms against the settlers of this valley. All their incursions in later years were made as allies of the French in Canada, and almost always under the lead of French officers.

We come hither, this centennial and bi-centennial year, to cherish the memory and exalt the deeds of those who founded this government of the people. This duty becomes the more imperative since the metropolis of New England, to which we have made pilgrimage as the center of patriotic sentiment, has become so recreant to her high trust, that she is celebrating this national anniversary by demolishing the most sacred shrine to liberty within her borders. When the hand of the rapacious Vandal shall have laid low the *Old South!*—an edifice, which, for the wealth of associations clustering around it, is second to none, save Independence Hall, in all our broad land, what hope for *her* as a historic city? Where, in the future, shall we look for our inspiration in the hour of trial? While degenerate Boston is thus grieving the hearts of the faithful few who have toiled to prevent this monstrous sacrilege, surely weaving for herself a robe of sackcloth, and preparing a legacy of shame and righteous indignation for her children, let us in the Connecticut valley do our whole duty. Let us guard securely all our historic ground. Let us build monuments thereon, and teach our children their value in a free country. Perchance, in the years to come, the wronged children of the unfaithful city

may come to us, as we to them of old, for inspiration in their day of need.

We do not claim, sir, that our fathers were free from imperfection, or that their deeds should be the measure of ours, but we do claim that their hearts were right, their motives high, and the results of their action glorious. On the very spot where we are now gathered, acts were committed, two hundred years ago, that are and should be abhorrent to our ideas of right and humanity. But in passing judgment on the events of that day, we must consider that Philip's war was a war of self-defense with the settlers of this valley. Until war broke out, the English and the Indians had lived on friendly terms, to their mutual advantage. The whites had been welcomed here as a safeguard against their deadly enemy, the fierce Mohawk, and such they had proved. The natives had been eager to sell their lands, reserving all that was of any real value to themselves—the right of fishing, hunting and planting—and, as they believed, had the best of the bargain. When, at the instigation of Philip, they commenced hostilities, it was seen by all that the two races could never again dwell side by side as before. Distrust and danger must always exist. Both parties realized this fact, and it became with both a war of extermination. The Indian never complained of Capt. Holyoke for “killing five young and old with his own hand,” for this mode of warfare was fully in accord with his own. Nor must we forget that this act of a truly brave man was also in accordance with the spirit of church and State, and that from both Capt. Holyoke received a full meed of praise. Every savage was considered, in the light of that day, but a visible embodiment of the Prince of Evil, and every sabre cut that went home but a weakening of his power in the land.

I know not what views our orator and poet may take of these things, or how far they may sustain my position. It is said that first impressions are strongest. I have the advantage in that respect, and hope nothing they say will weaken the impression I am trying to make upon the audience, for I must acknowledge, sir, that while defending Capt. Holyoke at such length, I have in mind others also, his companions in arms. In the old burying yard of my native town, at least ten men, who fought by his side on that memorable day, found their last earthly resting-place; men who were prominent and useful in the councils of the home of their adoption, and who went down with honor to their graves. Peace be to their ashes, slumbering in that quiet nook on the bank of the

Pocumtuck! The dews from heaven this morning fell softly upon the green laurel laid yesterday, by filial hands, upon the mounds which swell above them, and I ask that the soft mantle of charity be laid upon any judgment that may seem to rise up against their memory this day.

And further, sir, I have a *personal* interest in the matter; there runs in my veins blood that grew hot, when, on yonder hill, Capt. Turner gave the signal for the deadly onset. Six of my sires must share the praise or blame which is awarded to Capt. Holyoke. When I recall the names of Alexander, Alvord, Atherton and Arms, of Ball, Bardwell, Baker, Barnard and Belding, of Clapp, Chapin, Clark and Connable, of Field, Fuller and Dickinson, of Hitchcock, Hawks, Hinsdale and Hoyt, of Leonard and Lyman, of Morgan, Munn and Mattoon, of Nims and Pomery, of Smead, Scott and Stebbins, of Taylor, Wait, Wells and Wright, as among the heroes of that day, the blood must quicken around the hearts of many of those, their descendants, who are now before me.

After music by the Band, prayer was offered by Rev. C. H. Daniels of Montague. George L. Barton then read the following ode, written for the occasion by Mrs. L. W. Eels of Deerfield:

MRS. EELS' ODE.

Faint and dim are the echoes borne
 From a century gone, before
 That signal flashed from Boston-spire,
 Far out on a midnight shore,
 And onward sped, till rose the sun,
 The immortal day of Lexington.

A hundred years, ere flag unfurled
 And shot was fired by Concord flood,
 The deadlier savage barb was hurled,
 And Pes-ke-ompsk-ut drenched in blood;
 And, mid the roar of rushing waves,
 Rose dying moans of slaughtered braves.

Baptized in blood, the waters bear
 The fallen Turner's deathless name,
 Mingling for aye their ceaseless flow
 With the martyr'd hero's deeds and fame,
 Where cities rise; nor is left a trace
 Along its shores, of the vanquished race.

Oh, not alone, this glorious year,
 Let cannon boom and screaming shell,

Of that proud day, of a nation freed,
And its majestic triumphs, tell;
But valiant deeds of those men of yore
In the fiercer strife, that had gone before.
Nursed by those faithful hearts and true,
Through its early suffering years,
Struggling, the new-born nation grew
Like the Hebrew mother's child of tears;
Trusting alone in her God, to save
Its frail bark rocked on the treacherous wave.
The spark of liberty that flashed
When the foot of the pilgrim prest
The flinty rock of Plymouth, burned
In every patriot breast,
From the first print on New England's shore
To the blood-stained stones of Baltimore.
And, like Clan-Alpine's cross of fire,
From hand to hand the brand was flung,
Down the long years to son from sire
The blazing torch of freedom sprung,
Till the sign of its banner floating free
In the breath of heaven, is liberty.
Then, not alone for one proud day
Let the mightiest anthems ring,
And kings and empires from afar
Their gorgeous offerings bring,
But for woes and the toils our fathers bore,
In the stern, sad century, gone before.

Rev. John F. Moors of Greenfield was now introduced as the orator of the day.

MR. MOORS' ADDRESS.

The event we celebrate to-day was one incident among many which make the years 1675-6 memorable in the history of New England. In the confusion of dates which marks most of our reading of history, we are led to suppose that all the period of the early history of our New England colonies was spent in bloody wars with the Indians; that our fathers and mothers were in a constant fear of their lives from savages lying in wait in every thicket to slaughter them and their children, or to carry them into a captivity more to be dreaded than death itself. But such was not the case. The early colonies for the most part lived at peace with the natives.

In the first spring after the landing at Plymouth, Samoset, an Indian chief, visited the colony with words of welcome, and was received with hospitality. He was soon followed by Massasoit, a chief of great importance, who readily entered into a league of friendship, with a promise of perpetual peace with the English, a league which was faithfully observed for more than fifty years. But few quarrels occurred between the Plymouth colony and the Indians in the period from 1620 to 1675. Hoyt, in his *Antiquarian Researches*, says: "On a review of the incidents connected with the first settlement of Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies, it cannot but appear extraordinary that the planters met with so little interruption from the natives, who generally evinced a peaceable disposition, and admitted the English among them with apparent satisfaction."

This can be accounted for in part by the fact that the colonists took great pains to conciliate the natives. The settlers took no land occupied by Indians but by fair purchase. The instructions given by the English Company to the colonists, were very full and humane upon this point. "Above all," they wrote, 1629, "we pray you to be very careful to do no injury to the heathen people. If they pretend any right of inheritance to any part of the land, we pray you to purchase their title." Those instructions were obeyed, and if the price paid was small, it was all the land was worth.

That the settlers drove hard bargains with the ignorant natives cannot be denied. But the Indians were a hard people to deal with, by reason of both mental and moral defects. As a rule they were treated equitably and generously. It has been somewhat the fashion to extol the Indian, to endow him with noble traits, and to decry the Puritan settlers as hard and selfish, and to represent the Indians as treated unfairly, cruelly,—till they were driven to rebellion to free themselves from the hard yoke of the oppressor, and to regain the lost land of which they felt themselves wrongfully dispossessed. I see no proof in history that such was the case. I have little sympathy with the sentimentalists who take up on the side of the Indian. My sympathies, as I read the history of those times, are with the white settlers in their troubles with the Indians. Winthrop relates that when the small-pox broke out among the Indians, and their own people forsook those who were attacked, the English came daily and ministered unto them. Doubtless the new comers displayed a consciousness of superiority over the natives, but the history of the colonies is full of incidents of kindness and

help to the poor heathen, whose situation was improved by their civilized neighbors.

Another reason for the comparative peace that existed for fifty years between the white settlers, may be found in the small number of the latter and the wide extent of territory over which they were scattered. It is estimated that the Indians who occupied the country of the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies at the time of their settlement numbered, all told, from eight to ten thousand persons; and all New England less than thirty thousand. This number never increased much of any beyond what it was when the settlements began. A wasting pestilence had prevailed among them, and had carried off large numbers. Whole villages had been depopulated. Soon after the arrival of the English, the small-pox broke out among the natives, and was even more fatal than the previous disease. From these causes the Indian population, never large, had been reduced to a small number. "The stranger came and found a vacant domain on which, without wrong or offence to any predecessors, they built and planted. Not an Indian wigwam was to be seen within miles of the spot where they set up their first cabins."

So fifty years in the history of the early colonies were passed. The Indians were not harmed, but in every way benefited by the presence of the civilized and Christian foreigners who sat down by their side. They were paid for their land. They had a market for all they had to sell, for all the corn they had to spare, for all the skins of fur-bearing animals they could bring in. They could purchase blankets, knives, and all articles which would increase their comfort. Palfrey says, "The Indians were benefited on a large scale by the neighborhood of industrious and orderly persons of a different race, who had commodities to sell which it was to their advantage to buy; who were glad to buy what they had in plenty, without knowing how to use, and who were inclined to impart an infinity of methods, unknown to them, of obtaining security, comfort and enjoyment."

In those fifty years, peace and prosperity attended the infant colonies. New villages were springing up, new lands reclaimed to civilized agriculture. From the Penobscot to the Hudson were scattered settlements of English people. These settlements were for the most part near the coast, where fishing divided with farming the interests of the people. Haverhill, on the Merrimac, was a frontier town; Groton, Lancaster and Brookfield were isolated Chris-

tian settlements. From Connecticut, emigrants had ascended the river as far as the rich meadows of Deerfield and Northfield. Northfield was the remotest western plantation. Bancroft estimates the white population of New England in 1675 at 55,000 persons. A peaceful intelligent, God-fearing and God-serving people. It is easy and somewhat in fashion to ridicule our Puritan ancestors; to laugh at their austere manners, their plain dress, their Hebrew names, their stern piety, their detestation of amusements and the amenities of polite life. But the plain facts of history compel us to put a different estimate upon the men and women who endured the hardships and exposures of this wilderness home. They were thoughtful, religious men, who in their own country had contended bravely for civil liberty, because it was the cause of religion, and exiled themselves from home and kindred that they might enjoy the blessings of self-government and virtual independence. They endured great hardships. It could not have been otherwise. But they obtained from their earliest settlement here many of the elements of a complete civilization. If they possessed few of the luxuries which wealth provides, they were free from many of the annoyances to which we are exposed. If their tables lacked delicacies they were sure to be loaded with abundance. Beggary was unknown. Theft was rare. The Sabbath was honored with what we should regard as a too rigid observance. Religious institutions were respected; the children were trained up in the fear of the Lord. The purpose of the leading minds in the colonies was to establish here a commonwealth, where the laws of God should be so respected and honored as to make all other laws well nigh needless.

We have no occasion to be in the least degree ashamed of our Puritan ancestry. As we study the history of the New England colonies from their beginning in 1620 to 1675, we find it the history of peaceful, happy, prosperous communities, of honest, simple-minded, truth-loving men. We look through history in vain for nobler examples of manly virtues than were exhibited by our fathers, who laid the foundations of the institutions which we enjoy. They had their faults, doubtless,—they were men—but *cruelty, unkindness, unfairness* to the Indians were not among them. History records few incidents more noble and inspiring than the faith and perseverance with which the settlers sought to convert to Christianity the heathen among whom they had come to live. The name of Eliot, who earned the title of “Apostle to the Indians,” is

a sacred name in history. It is sad to observe how little those self-denying and prayerful efforts accomplished; efforts that blessed the givers more than the receivers.

We must now turn to a darker chapter in the history of the New England colonies. We must listen to the war-whoop of the merciless savage, as he falls upon some defenceless family, mad with thirst for their blood. We must look to see the smoke and flame arise to heaven from burning villages and towns. We must trace the course of the wily, treacherous sons of the forests, as they lurked in hidden places, that they might catch the white man unawares in his field, his workshop, his home, or house of worship, and drive the fatal bullet to his heart; equally satisfied whether it be the man, the woman, or the infant child, who was the victim of their rage. We must trace, too, the course of the brave settler, transformed from a farmer to a soldier, as, with sad heart and tearful eye, he left his own exposed wife and little ones, to search out the hiding place of his murderous foe, and shot down without mercy those who showed no mercy.

King Philip's war, as it is commonly called, broke out in 1675. Philip, as you all know, was the son of Massasoit, who through his long life had remained a faithful friend to the English. Philip succeeded him after a brief reign by his brother Alexander, and became chief of the powerful tribes of the Wampanoags, or Pokanokets, as they are sometimes called. This tribe occupied the eastern shores of Narragansett Bay, and the country adjacent, in what are now Plymouth and Bristol Counties. From the first, Philip's conduct was such as to excite the suspicions of the English settlers that he was playing a part,—professing friendship—renewing the league his father had entered into, and, at the same time, plotting the destruction of the new settlements—suspicions that were soon fatally verified.

There has been much speculation as to the cause of the war. Philip has been idealized as a hero of romance. He has been represented as a far-seeing statesman, and a skillful warrior, who saw that the time had come when the power either of the whites or of the Indians must yield,—that one or the other must possess the land; and moved by patriotic sentiments resolved to drive the invaders from his shores. It has been the custom to attribute the war to the heroic and noble ambition of Philip, and to picture him going from tribe to tribe, arousing them by appeals to their pride, their honor, and their hatred, to make a simultaneous attack upon

the settlements in their neighborhood. But the later historians, like Bancroft and Palfrey, find no proof of any such combination among the tribes, and none of any such deeply laid and comprehensive plan on the part of Philip as has been commonly attributed to him. "I find," says Bancroft, "no evidence of a deliberate conspiracy on the part of all the Indian tribes." The commencement of the war was accidental. Hoyt, on the other hand, voices the popular opinion that Philip was making for years secret exertions to unite the various tribes for the purpose of exterminating the English. It is only apparent now that collisions were becoming more and frequent between the savages and the whites. Mutual distrust was cherished. The Indians were not so blind nor stupid that they could not see that their more skillful neighbors were increasing in numbers and strength every year, while the power and influence of their own tribes were diminishing in the same ratio. They saw many of their favorite resorts passing into other hands. Their fields for corn were narrowed, their fishing grounds were invaded. They saw that they were the weaker party. Frenzy seized upon them. They rose up to fight without hope, and fought without mercy. The danger that had threatened ever since Philip came to the lead of his clan, in 1662, revealed itself in an attack made upon Swansea, in Bristol county, the town nearest his home, by the followers of Philip, on Sunday, the 20th of June, 1675. Several persons were killed, and "upon their bodies," says a cotemporary historian, Church, "the savages exercised more than brutish barbarities." A knowledge of these events was rapidly spread among the colonies, and a company of volunteers was soon in pursuit. They followed the Indians to Mount Hope. After a brief resistance, Philip fled from the place which had till this time been his home, and was henceforth a fugitive, wandering from place to place, from tribe to tribe, stirring them up to a war of extermination. The war was now actually begun. The passions that had rankled in silence for years in many a savage breast were now fully awakened. The mad spirit of revenge was aroused. The fatal hour of inevitable conflict had struck. Philip and his warriors passed from tribe to tribe, stirring in all something of their own angry and revengeful spirit. Mendon was attacked July 14th; Brookfield was set on fire on the 28th of the same month and abandoned. The Indians, it is said, fell back from these places and joined the tribes in the Connecticut valley, which now became the seat of savage war. Deerfield was attacked and several houses

burned, September 1st. Some men were killed at Northfield two or three days later. About this time, Capt. Beers was detailed, with thirty-six mounted men from the garrison at Hadley, to convey supplies to the fort at Northfield. Capt. Beers passed up the east side of the river and fell into an ambuscade by the Indians, just south of Northfield village, and of the thirty-six men under his command, but sixteen made their escape to Hadley, leaving all their baggage and wounded in the hands of the enemy. The slaughter at Bloody Brook followed in the next month. The story has been so recently told by the graceful pen of Dr. Geo. B. Loring, and the facts are so familiar to you all, that I shall not delay upon it.

The winter of 1675-6 was a dark and sad one, both for natives and colonists. The advantage in the war, so far, had been on the side of the Indians. They had killed many of the settlers and broken up their settlements. But they could but feel that they were the weaker party, and that sooner or later they would be obliged to yield. They had drawn their foes, as yet unaccustomed to Indian warfare, into fatal ambuscades; they had fired at them with fatal effect from behind trees; they had lurked for them in leafy thickets. They had never met the English in open field, but in secret, as beasts of prey. Skillful marksmen, in part provided with fire-arms, conversant with all the paths of the forest, patient with fatigue, mad with a passion for rapine and vengeance, with only the mercy of savages, they were a foe to be especially feared and dreaded.

To the feeble and scattered colonists, the prospect was dark indeed. Their isolated position increased their danger and their sense of loneliness. The husband and father, going out to his labor in the field, must have felt that his own life was exposed every moment to the bullet of a dark and treacherous foe. The mother, left alone in the house with her children, must have passed the hours in mortal fear of an enemy that spared neither sex nor age.

That winter occurred the "Swamp Fight," as it has been called. The Narragansetts were the most powerful of the New England tribes. The colonists regarded them as their most dangerous enemies, and a thousand men, levied in the colonies, invaded their territory, came stealthily upon their cluster of wigwams, which were speedily set on fire, and not only were the savage warriors slain, but their old men, their wives and little ones perished by hundreds in the flames. Much blame has been attached to the English for this

act of cruelty, equaling almost in barbarity the conduct of the savages themselves. It was a terrible thing to do, but we have learned, even in our day, that war in its very nature is full of cruelties, and we certainly can have a feeling of charity, if not of full forgiveness, for our fathers, who had reason to know that there was no safety for them or their families except as this savage element was rooted out of the land. It had become a war of extermination on both sides.

The "Swamp Fight" doubtless had the effect to excite the Indians to new violence. In the spring, the war was renewed with redoubled vigor. Village after village was laid waste; Lancaster, Medfield, Weymouth and Groton were burned.

No story of the Indian war is more full of pathetic interest, and none more fully records the inherent brutality and cruelty of the Indian native than that of Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of the minister of Lancaster, who was captured in the attack upon the town, on the 10th of February, 1676. Early in the spring, the war was transferred to the banks of the Connecticut, and we have come at last to the incident which we commemorate to-day.

The shad and salmon fisheries, for which this spot was famous in former days, had always made this a favorite resort of the Indians. Roving about the country without any fixed abode, there were a few months in the year when they resorted to this spot in great numbers. This was the case in the spring of 1676. A large camp was formed quite near the falls, on the spot now occupied by the Turners Falls Lumber Company, a smaller one on the east side of the river, and another on what is called "Sinead's Island," a mile or two below this place. It appears that the Indians held two boys as captives, named Stebbins and Gilbert. These boys made their escape and found their way to the white settlement at Hatfield, and there gave information of the numbers of the Indians, the place of their encampment, and of their careless and unsoldierlike neglect of precautions against surprise. Quite a body of soldiers, from both the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies, were encamped at this time at Northampton, Hadley and Hatfield. It was resolved to make a night attack upon the Indian camp at the Falls. A force of 160 mounted men, under command of Capt. Turner, was dispatched from Hatfield for this purpose. Making their way by a night march of twenty miles, they passed the ruins of Deerfield, forded the Deerfield river near the north end of Pine Hill, passed over Petty's Plain, and crossed the Green river near Nash's

Mill. In crossing the Deerfield, the guide, by mistake, took them to the west of the customary fording place. The mistake saved them from an attack. Some Indians encamped near Cheapside heard the crossing of the troops, and started to intercept them at the ford; but finding no one there, they hastily inferred it was some moose they had heard, and retired to their own quarters.

Then turning to the east, Turner's party made their way through the forest, following an Indian trail, upon the north edge of the swamp, till they reached the level ground northwest of Factory Village. Dismounting here, and leaving their horses in charge of a small guard, they hastened noiselessly down into the "Hollow," forded Fall river just above the upper bridge, and scaled the abrupt bank on the opposite side and there reached the summit north of Mr. Stoughton's house, and drew up in line on the gentle slope south of Mr. Stoughton's house. The Indian camp was now just before them.

The day was just dawning. All was still and peaceful as a Christian Sabbath day. The only sound to be heard was the morning song of the birds and the monotonous roar of the waters of the "Great River," as they dashed tumultuously over the rocks. The dusky warrior slept in unguarded, unsuspecting security. If he dreamed of war, it was of some distant scene where he carried death and destruction to some settlement of the hated foe. He did not dream how near the danger was to him. The silent signal was given, and the eager soldiers moved silently nearer their sleeping enemy, and at the word of command poured a volley of musketry into those unprotected cabins. The Indians, roused from profound sleep, sprang upon their feet in terror, some crying out "Mohawks!" "Mohawks!" believing, in their sudden fright, that their furious enemy was upon them. They made but a feeble and useless resistance. Many were killed on the spot by shot and sword, others rushed madly into the river and were swept away by its resistless torrent. Report says that 140 persons passed over the cataraet that morning, and that all but one were drowned. But such reports need to be taken with a good deal of allowance. I fancy no one stood on the bank that morning to count them as they took the fatal plunge. Numbers, in such cases, are quite apt to be exaggerated. The oft repeated statement, believed at the time, is that 300 Indians perished in the action. In a report of the battle, or slaughter it might more properly be called, made the following week by Rev. John Russell and others, they say: "As to the number of the enemy slain, many of the soldiers say they guessed them

to be about four score that lay upon the ground. But Sergeant Bardill [Bardwell] saith he had time, and took it, to run them over by tale, going from wigwam to wigwam to do it, and also what was between the bank and the water, and found them about an hundred. Likewise William Drew, a soldier that seems to be of good behavior and credit, saith that, seeing two or three soldiers standing in a secure place below the bank, more quiet than he thought was meet for the time, he asked them why they stood there, and they answered they had seen many go down the falls, and they would endeavor to tell how many. Whereupon he observed with them till he told fifty, and they said to him that those made up six score and ten. We cannot but judge that there were above 200 of them slain." Whatever the number may have been, doubtless a large proportion were women and children. If they lost 60 fighting men, it was more than they lost in any action during the war, except in the Narragansett conflict. The English lost but one man. The Indian camp was completely broken up. "We there destroyed," says a cotemporary historian, "all their ammunition and provision, which we think they can hardly be so soon and easily recruited with, as possibly they may be with men. We likewise have demolished two forges—they had to mend their arms—took all their material and tools, and threw two great pigs of lead, intended for making of bullets, into the river."

The firing soon aroused the other camps across the river and at Smead's Island. A party soon crossed above the falls to assist their companions in their need. Twenty of Turner's men were sent to attack them, while the main body started for the spot where their horses had been left. This little band proved not to be strong enough, and were forced to retire, and with difficulty joined their comrades; and altogether, having recovered and mounted their horses, they started on their return to Hatfield. But by this time, the Indians at Smead's Island had crossed to the west shore and assailed the left and the rear of the English.

It seems to have been no part of Turner's plan to attack the other camps. The English had learned and adopted the Indian mode of warfare, by sudden and unexpected night attacks, and to retire as soon as there is danger that the assailed party may be reinforced. Up to the time of the order to retire and commence their homeward march, it, in the ambiguous language of war, might have been styles a "glorious victory." But from that moment the fortunes of war seem to have changed.

The assault upon their flank and rear by an unseen foe, firing from behind the covert of the trees, caused a sudden panic, heightened by a baseless rumor, which spread among the men, that King Phillip had arrived with a thousand warriors. Order and discipline were lost, the force was broken up into little detached parties, each one intent only on self-preservation. The victory of the early morning, so complete and attended with so little loss, became a stampede for personal safety, a procedure most fatal to themselves and most favorable to their savage pursuers, who assailed each wandering squad and gained an easy victory over them. One party, getting lost in the woods and swamp, were taken prisoners, and the tradition is that they were put to death by burning.

About forty men were lost on the retreat to Hatfield. Of these, several, after wandering about for days, returned. So that the whole number lost in that raid was about thirty men.* The Indians had suffered severely, but the moral effect of the battle was with them. They had driven the enemy back to his own quarters and remained master of the field. They were made bold and exultant. In a few days they attacked Hatfield and fired several buildings. But their power was broken. They had lost heavily in men and means to prolong the war. But few more engagements took place, and these all turned to the advantage of the English. "The enemy was unsupplied, dispirited, without concert, and distressed. It was no longer a war but a chase."

Major John Talcott of Hartford was sent with a detachment of troops from that colony, to co-operate with a force sent from Boston. He was attacked at Hadley, June 12th, but drove the enemy in confusion in all directions. Occasional skirmishes occurred, and the war cannot be said to have ended till the spring of 1678.

It had been to the scattered settlers a terrible period of anxiety and suffering. Every family at night must have felt the danger of a murderous assault before morning. The farmer must have felt that a savage foe might be concealed behind every bush, while at work in his fields.

"The distress that was endured cannot be set forth by a mere inventory of murders and pillages, of massacres and conflagrations, even if the list could be made complete. In Plymouth and Massachusetts there were eighty or ninety towns; of these, ten or twelve were wholly destroyed and forty others more or less damaged by

*The total loss was 41 men, killed.—[ED.]

fire; nearly two-thirds of the whole number. Five or six hundred of the men of military age, one in every ten or twelve of the whole, were stealthily murdered, or fell in battle, or, becoming prisoners, were lost sight of forever; numbers of them being put to death with horrible tortures. Scarcely an English family in the colonies that was not in mourning. The debt incurred by the Plymouth colony is believed to have exceeded the value of the whole personal property of the people. But by years of steady industry and pinching frugality, every penny of that enormous debt was paid, principal and interest. New England never learned the doctrine of *repudiation*.”—[Palfrey’s History, vol. 3, p. 215 (the most valuable aid I have found in preparing this address)].

History and tradition have preserved several instances of personal experience and suffering worth recalling:

Rev. Hope Atherton, first pastor of the church at Hatfield, accompanied the expedition as chaplain, and on his return gave an account of his experience, in a sermon, in which he said: “In the hurry and confusion of the retreat, I was separated from the army. The night following, I wandered up and down, but none discovered me. The next day, I tendered myself to the enemy as a prisoner, for no way of escape appeared, and I had been long without food; but, notwithstanding I offered myself to them, they accepted not my offer. When I spoke, they answered not; when I moved towards them, they fled. Finding they would not accept me as a prisoner, I determined to take the course of the river, and, if possible, find the way home; and after several days of hunger, fatigue, and danger, I reached Hatfield.”* The supposition is, that there was something in the chaplain’s dress that indicated to the Indians that he was a minister, and that their superstitious fears of a minister of religion led them to let him alone. Others have thought

*The paper of which this is an abstract has been long lost and sought for. It has been recently discovered, and can now be traced directly back to the hands of the author. Mr. Atherton never recovered from the effects of his terrible experience, and died June 4, 1677. His only son, Joseph, settled in Deerfield. The paper was loaned to Lt. Timothy Childs, and was seen in his hands by Ebenezer Grant, who, by leave of Atherton, in 1724, sent it to Rev. Stephen Williams, who was then preparing his valuable “Appendix” to the “Redeemed Captive.” Mr. Williams made a copy of this, and doubtless sent back the original to the owner, according to agreement. Who among the Athertons has the *original*?

In 1781, Mr. Williams sends his copy to Pres. Ezra Stiles; and in 1857, Dr. Henry R., son of Ezra Stiles, sends it to Sylvester Judd, and J. R. Trumbull of Northampton has recently found it in the Judd collection of MSS. Mr. Trumbull has kindly sent me a *verbatim* copy, which it seems fitting to print, with the accompanying correspondence, in connection with Mr. Moors’ paper. The story of Jona. Wells confirms the correctness of Atherton’s narrative.—G. S.

that Mr. Atherton's mind was bewildered by his exposures, and that he mistook for facts the fancies of a disordered imagination.

Benjamin Wait, who visited Canada in the winter of 1677-8 and redeemed some Hatfield captives, whose thrilling story was narrated at the last annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, in connection with the "Little Shoe," is said to have served as guide to Capt. Turner and his men, on their march from Hatfield to the Falls. Wait was killed at the time of the attack on Deerfield, in 1704. He was one of the party that pursued the Indians on the retreat, and was killed by them in the meadow north of the town.

The story of Jonathan Wells is the best authenticated of any, and is the most familiar of any. I abridge my account from Dr. S. W. Williams' edition of "The Redeemed Captive." Jonathan Wells was a youth of 17 years. In the early part of the retreat, he was seriously wounded by a musket ball in the thigh, but not so severely as to unable him to keep his seat upon his horse. He became separated from the others, and instead of turning south, as he should, he turned north and went up Green river to some spot near "Country Farms." Here he spent the night. Finding himself weak and exhausted, he thought he should have no further use for his horse, so with more humanity than discretion, he turned his horse loose to take care of himself. Wells built a fire, which came near being fatal to him by spreading among the leaves. In the morning, with his gun as a staff, sore, faint from loss of blood and hunger, he started for his home, distant at least twenty miles. Coming to the Deerfield river, he had great difficulty in crossing, by reason of his wound and the swiftness of the current. He succeeded in fording the stream, but at the expense of the ammunition he depended on for his defense. He frightened off an Indian he saw approaching by pointing his gun soaked with water at him. Finding that the Indians were near at hand, his only thought was to hide from them. He found two logs lying near together; he crept between them and covered himself over with rubbish. Soon the tread of the Indians was heard about him, but he dared not look out from his hiding place. When the noise had ceased, he crept out from his covert, and pursued his journey. He found some horses' bones, which he picked, and some bird's eggs. This was all the food he could obtain till he reached Hatfield, where he arrived on Sunday, at noon, forty-eight hours after the retreat from the Falls. He suffered severely and a long time from his wounds, but

finally recovered, and became a leading citizen in this region. He removed to Deerfield and was the chief man of the town at the time of the assault in 1704. He was in command of the small force stationed in a house which stood near the one now occupied by Mr. Josiah Fogg, and which withstood the attack of the enemy. Early the following morning, Wells led his little party into the meadows in pursuit of the savages, who were busy in preparations for the long march with their prisoners to Canada. A sharp skirmish ensued, but the attacking party was obliged to retire with a loss of nine men.

Capt. William Turner, who commanded the English forces, was a Boston man, "a tailor by trade, but one that for his valor has left behind him an honorable memory." He had been prominent in the controversy respecting *Baptism*, which had agitated the Massachusetts colony a few years before. He came from Dartmouth, England, "having been a regular walker in the order before he came to this country." The magistrates, with the mistaken idea that they could annihilate obnoxious opinions by severe measures against the holders of those opinions, proceeded, in October, 1665, to disfranchise five persons who held the obnoxious doctrine of baptism by immersion; of these, Wm. Turner was one. Shortly after, we find him in prison for his heretical opinions. How long he remained in prison, I am unable to learn, but he seems to have been active in maintaining worship after the Baptist form in the spring of 1668. A public dispute was held in the meeting-house of the first church in Boston, between six of the ministers of that region and a company of Baptists. The dispute lasted two days, and, strange to say, came to nothing. The Baptists wouldn't be converted to the doctrines of their opponents, who, being the stronger party, proceeded to sentence them to banishment from the colony, and declared them liable to imprisonment if they returned. The sentence of banishment is a curiosity. I give only the substance: "Whereas, the council did appoint a meeting of diverse elders, and whereas, Thomas Gould, William Turner (and others), obstinate and turbulent Ana-Baptists, did assert their former practice before these elders, to the great grief and offense of the godly Orthodox—to the disturbance and destruction of the churches—this council do judge it necessary that they be removed to some other part of this country, and do accordingly order said Gould, Turner, etc., to remove themselves out of this jurisdiction." Among those on whom this sentence was passed was Wm. Turner. But so strong

was the remonstrance against such oppressive proceedings that the sentence was never carried into execution. This was the end of the controversy with Baptists.

The persecuted tailor of 1668, appears again as Capt. Turner in the spring of 1676, leading eighty nine foot soldiers from Marlboro to Northampton, and is soon in command of the troops at Hadley. Bachus, in his "History of the Baptists of New England," from which I get this information, relates that "in the beginning of the war this Wm. Turner gathered a company of volunteers, but was denied a commission and discouraged because the chief of the company were *Ana-Baptists*. Afterwards when the war grew more general and destructive, and the country in very great distress, he was desired to accept a commission." Under date April 25, 1676, he wrote to the Council of Massachusetts as follows: "The soldiers here are in great distress for want of clothing, both woolen and linen. Some has been brought from Quabaug, (Brookfield) but not an eighth of what we want. I beseech your honors that my wife may have my wages due to supply the wants of my family. I should be glad if some better person might be found for this employment, for my weakness of body and often infirmities will hardly suffer me to do my duty as I ought, and it would grieve me to neglect anything that might be for the good of the country in this day of their distress." This has the ring of true patriotism in spite of his imprisonments and persecutions. In 1667,* the Baptists found themselves compelled to make a defence against the charge of "disobedience to the Government." In that defence they say, "Both our persons and estates are always ready at command to be serviceable in the defence of the country; yea, and have been voluntarily offered on the high places of the field in the time of the country's greatest extremity; among whom, was Wm. Turner, whom they pleased to make Captain, who had been one of the greatest sufferers among us for the profession of religion. He was a very worthy man for soldiery,—and after that, by him, who was then Commander-in-Chief, an instrument in the hand of the Lord, was the greatest blow struck to the Indians of any they had received, for after this they were broken and scattered, so that they were overcome and subdued with ease." His wife in a petition to the Council says her husband voluntarily and freely offered himself, and was then in the service of the country with his son and servants. The

*Some error in this date; perhaps 1687.—ED.

Council granted her seven pounds. When the expedition started for the Falls, Captain Turner commanded. He seems to have been a man of skill and courage, but, enfeebled by sickness, he had not bodily strength to act with energy. In the retreat he was shot by the Indians through the thigh and back, as he was passing Green River (near Nash's Mills). His body was afterwards found not far away. And the place where we are assembled has naturally and appropriately been called after his name.

Capt. Samuel Holyoke of Springfield, the second in command, seems to have been the real hero of the day. It is related that he dispatched five Indians that morning with his sword, and the spot is still pointed out under an overhanging cliff, not far from "Burnham's Rock" where the exploit was performed. I should not like to affirm strongly that exactly five Indians perished that morning by Capt. Holyoke's sword; but if frequent repetition would make the story good, it would be amply verified. Holyoke commanded the rear on the homeward march, and often drove back the insulting foe as they pressed upon the retreating column. In one of these conflicts his horse was shot under him, on which the Indians rushed up to seize him, but drawing his pistols, he shot the foremost which checked the others, and some of his men coming to his aid he escaped their grasp.

After the death of Captain Turner, the command devolved upon Holyoke, who led a hundred and thirty men back to Hatfield. He won enthusiastic praise for the courage and conduct which, in such woeful circumstances, had averted a worse calamity. But the day was fatal to him. He was twenty-eight years old, but his strength was broken and he died before the winter, at Springfield. He belonged to the family which has furnished a name to the mountain and city of Holyoke.

It is interesting to read the list of the soldiers in this fight, and to observe how many of the familiar names of this region at this time are found there; in many cases, doubtless, the ancestors of those who now bear his name. I can give only a few, viz.: Arms, Field, Bardwell, Hitchcock, Hoyt, Clapp, Chapin, Dickinson, Hawks, Lyman, Munn, Mattoon, Nims, Sheldon, Stebbins, Smead, Wells. I think our worthy president must have had about sixteen great-great-great-grandfathers in the Falls fight.

Sixty years after this event, in January, 1736, the General Court made a tardy acknowledgment for the important and perilous service rendered on this occasion, by a grant of a township of land to

the survivors of the fight and to the descendants of those who were dead, which was called Fall town, afterwards incorporated as Bernardston. There has been a good deal of conjecture as to the number of Indians encamped about here at the time of the fight. Hoyt says, indefinitely, "several hundred." Rev. John Russell, the minister of Hadley, writing to the Council of Connecticut, May 15th, 1676, only three or four days before the battle, says: "This morning there came into Hatfield one Thomas Reade, a soldier who had been taken captive. He relates that the Indians are now planting at Deerfield, and that they dwell at the Falls, on both sides of the river, a considerable number, yet most of them old men and women. He cannot judge that there are above sixty or seventy fighting men." An Indian, taken prisoner a few days before, reported *one thousand fighting men* up the river; which reminds us of the reports we used to hear in the late war from "the reliable contraband." In the excellent history of Northfield recently published, the idea is conveyed that the number of Indians was large in this region; but that they were scattered into parties employed in planting corn, some at Northfield and some at Deerfield. If this was the case, we should infer that the persons attacked and killed in the "Falls fight" were chiefly the old men, the women and children. A few years ago, an Indian grave was opened but a few rods from where we are now assembled, containing thirteen skeletons; of these but one seemed to be the bones of an adult man. It is a conjecture that these were the bones of persons slain at the massacre, but it is not certain, for this region was a camping ground for the Indians for many years. These thirteen seem to have been buried at the same time.

The name of Philip, the Indian chief, is intimately associated with all these scenes of blood-shed and cruelty. The affrighted English settlers evidently regarded him as the inspiring and evil spirit of the war. In their fears, they made him ubiquitous, hurrying to and fro, stirring up the spirit of hatred and revenge. Tradition associates him with every attack upon the whites, as superintending the slaughter of Lothrop's men, at Bloody Brook, in the autumn of 1675, and spending the winter and spring of 1676 at Northfield. The very place of his encampment is pointed out, on the bluff overlooking the river, just west of Stebbins' ferry. We have seen how a rumor of his approach, at the head of a large troop of followers, on the morning of the fight here, caused a panic which led to the confused and fatal retreat.

But there is no reliable foundation for any of these stories. Philip was never seen by the English in any battle. It is not at all probable that he was in this neighborhood during the autumn of '75, nor late in the spring of '76. Mrs. Rowlandson, in her thrilling and painful narrative, speaks of meeting Philip at Squakeag (Northfield), on the 9th of March, O. S., 1675. "I went to see Philip," she says; "he bade me come in and sit down, and asked me if I would smoke." She speaks of seeing him again the next month (about the 16th, O. S.), at Wachuset. There is no evidence that he ever returned to this region after that, or that he had any hand or voice in "the unpleasantness" at South Deerfield or Turners Falls. The story of his death, on the 12th of August of that same year, has been often told. Worried, disappointed, deserted, the haughty chieftain turns his face towards Mount Hope, the home of his childhood, and where were the graves of his fathers. His wife and son are taken prisoners. "My heart breaks," says the rough, tattooed chief, in the agony of his grief, "and now I am ready to die." Hunted backwards and forwards, he is driven at last like a wild beast to his lair, where he was closely besieged by Capt. Church. In attempting to escape, he is shot down by an Indian friendly to the whites. "He fell upon his face, in the mud and water, with his gun under him." I have said that my sympathies were with the English settlers in this quarrel, so I am reluctant to add that his hands were cut off and carried to Boston. His head was brought to Plymouth and exposed on a pole, on a day appointed for public thanksgiving; his body was quartered and hung upon trees,—a monument of shocking barbarity. His son was sold as a slave to the West Indies.

Few characters in history have had more conflicting judgments passed upon them than had this Indian warrior.

It was the fashion of the writers near his time to heap upon him the most opprobrious epithets, as "miscreant," "contemptible coward," and the like, and yet they feared him as they did the prince of darkness. In the reaction that followed he came to be spoken of as one possessed of all manly and kingly qualities; as a wise statesman and skilful warrior, to be commended for his patriotism in loving his native land, and for his bravery in defending it. The most fulsome panegyrics have been expended upon him as a prince, a patriot, and martyr. But this representation is probably wider of the mark than the other. Modern historians agree in painting him as a disgusting savage, with all the vices of his race—lazy,

careless, treacherous; sometimes wayward and turbulent, sometimes timorous and submissive. There is no evidence of his ever having shown courage or magnanimity. My favorite authority, Palfrey, says, "the title of King, which it has been customary to attach to his name, disguises and transfigures to the view the form of a squalid savage, whose palace was a sty; whose royal robe was a bear skin, or a coarse blanket, alive with vermin; who hardly knew the luxury of an ablution; who was often glad to appease his appetite with food such as men who are not starving loathe; whose nature possessed just the capacity for reflection and the degree of refinement which might be expected from such a race and such habits of life. To royalty belong associations of dignity and magnificence which it is not now worth while to attempt to dissect. The Indian *King* Philip is at all events a mythical character."

It would be pleasant to spend a few minutes in closing in drawing the contrast in the scene before our eyes to-day, and that which they looked upon who saw it two hundred years ago. It would be pleasant to contrast our country now with what it was two hundred years ago, but those contrasts will be abundantly drawn by those who will follow me, as they have been by those who preceded me. My story is told; a sad, fearful one; and, if I have wearied you with its length, I hope you will give me the credit for much that I have omitted that I ought to have said.

REV. HOPE ATHERTON'S DELIVERANCE.

[See note, page 348.]

MR. JUDD :

I enclose you a correct copy of the Rev. Hope Atherton's letter, I mentioned, etc., hoping it may be of value to your purpose.

I remain, yours truly,

HENRY R. STYLES, M. D.

New York, No. 1 Wall St., Sept. 19, 1857.

MR. ATHERTON'S STORY.

[Read after his sermon, Sunday, May 28, 1676.]

Hope Atherton desires this congregation and all people that shall hear of the Lord's dealings with him to praise and give thanks to God for a series of remarkable deliverances wrought for him. The passages of divine providence (being considered together) make up a complete temporal salvation. I have passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and both the *rod* and *staff* of God delivered me. A particular relation of extreme sufferings that I have undergone, &

signal escapes that the Lord hath made way for, I make openly, that glory may be given to him for his works that have been wonderful in themselves and marvelous in mine eyes; & will be so in the eyes of all whose hearts are prepared to believe what I shall relate. On the morning (May 19, 1676) that followed the night in which I went out against the enemy with others, I was in eminent danger through an instrument of death: a gun was discharged against me at a small distance, the Lord diverted the bullet so that no harm was done me. When I was separated from the army, none pursued after me, as if God had given the heathen a charge, saying, let him alone he shall have his life for a prey. The night following I wandered up and down among the dwelling places of our enemies; but none of them espied me. Sleep fell upon their eyes, and slumbering upon their eyelids. Their dogs moved not their tongues. The next day I was encompassed with enemies, unto whom I tendered myself a captive. The Providence of God seemed to require me so to do. No way appeared to escape, and I had been a long time without food. They accepted not the tender which I made, when I spake, they answered not, when I moved toward them they moved away from me. I expected they would have laid hands upon me, but they did not. Understanding that this seems strange and incredible unto some, I have considered whether I was not deceived; and after consideration of all things, I cannot find sufficient grounds to alter my thoughts. If any have reason to judge otherwise than myself, who am less than the least in the Kingdom of God, I desire them to intimate what their reason is. When I have mused, that which hath cast my thoughts according to the report I first made, is, that it tends to the Glory of God, in no small measure; if it were so as I believe it was, that I was encompassed with cruel and unmerciful enemies; & they were restrained by the hand of God from doing the least injury to me. This evidenceth that the Most High ruleth in the Kingdom of men, & doeth whatever pleaseth him amongst them. Enemies cannot do what they will, but are subservient to over-ruling providence of God. God always can and sometimes doth set bounds unto the wrath of man. On the same day, which was the last day of the week not long before the sun did set, I declared with submission that I would go to the Indian habitations. I spoke such language as I thought they understood. Accordingly I endeavored; but God, whose thoughts were higher than my thoughts, prevented me, by his good providence I was carried beside the path I intended to walk in, & brought to the sides of the great river, which was a good guide unto me. The most observable passage of providence was on the Sabbath day morning. Having entered upon a plain, I saw two or three spies, who I (at first) thought they had a glance upon me. Wherefore I

turned aside and lay down. They climbed up into a tree to spie. Then my soul secretly begged of God, that he would put it into their hearts to go away. I waited patiently and it was not long ere they went away. Then I took that course which I thought best according to the wisdom that God had given me.

Two things I must not pass over that are matter of thanks-giving unto God; the first is that when my strength was far spent, I passed through deep waters & they overflowed me not, according to those gracious words of Isa. 43, 2; the second is that I subsisted the space of three days & part of the fourth without ordinary food. I thought upon those words "Man liveth not by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord." I think not to too much to say, that should you & I be silent & not set forth the praises of God thro' Jesus Christ, that the stones and beams of our houses would sing hallelujah. I am not conscious to myself that I have exceeded in speech. If I have spoken beyond what is convenient, I know it not. I leave these lines as an orphan, and shall rejoice to hear that it finds foster Father's & Mother's. However it fare amongst men, yet if it find acceptance with God thro' Christ Jesus, I shall have cause to be abundantly satisfied. God's providence hath been so wonderful towards me, not because I have more wisdom than others (Danl 2, 30) nor because I am more righteous than others; but because it so pleased God.

H. A.

Hatfield, May 24th, 1679.

Judd says Atherton crossed the Connecticut and came in to *Hadley*. Stephen Williams, in the appendix to *The Redeemed Captive*, says he came in to *Hatfield*. The "deep waters" above mentioned were probably the Deerfield river, which he must have crossed. Atherton was on the west side Saturday night; the spies he saw, Sunday morning, would naturally be on the west side. Why should he *cross* the river that was such a "good guide unto" him?—G. S.

"Extract from letter (dated June 8, 1781) of 'Stephen Williams, Longmeadow,'" which accompanied the above letter, addressed to President Styles:

In looking over my papers I found a copy of a paper left by the Rev. Hope Atherton, the first minister of Hatfield, who was ordained May 10, 1670. This Mr. Atherton went out with the forces (commanded by Capt. Turner, captain of the garrison soldiers, and Capt. Holyoke of the county militia) against the Indians at the falls above Deerfield, in May, 1676. In the fight, upon their retreat, Mr. Atherton was unhorsed and separated from the company, wandered in the woods some days and then got into Hadley, which is on the east side of Connecticut River. But the fight was on the west side. Mr. Atherton gave account that he had offered to surrender himself to the enemy, but they would not receive him. Many people were not willing to give credit to his account, suggesting that he was beside himself. This oc-

casioned him to publish to his congregation and leave in writing the account I enclose to you. I had the paper from which this is copied, from his only son, with whom it was left. The account is doubtless true, for Jonathan Wells, Esq., who was in the fight and lived afterward at Deerfield, and was intimately acquainted with the Indians after the war, did himself inform *me* that the *Indians* told *him* that after the fall fight, that a little man with a black coat and without any hat, came toward them, but they were afraid and ran from them, thinking it was the Englishman's God," etc., etc.

After reading Gov. Rice's letter, President Sheldon introduced Rev. John P. Watson of Leverett, employed by the P. V. M. A. as an agent to solicit funds for a Memorial Hall. He made an earnest appeal for the cause in which he was enlisted. This was followed by

J. D. CANNING'S POEM.

Here, on this storied shore, within the sound
Of these old voiceful waters, have we met
To spend a profitable hour, and muse
Upon the past,—two hundred years ago.
And while we contemplate the present scene,
We, too, may give to Fancy latitude,
In speculation on what here shall be,
When centuries again have lapsed away.

And it is well at times to rest from cares
That all engross us, and to step aside
From life's highway, its dollars, din and dust,
To Nature's calm retreats, and let our souls
Be fed by her sweet whisperings,—the same
Forevermore, as yesterday, to-day.

Communing with the spirit of the Past,
And conversant with annals of the Old,
We dwell upon Time's workings, and take note
That he, though ever restless, changeful, swift,
Is like a rapid, overflowing stream,
Bearing away our cherished fantasies,
Yet leaving on the shore for us to see
The solid grains of fertilizing Truth.

Lo! this is consecrated ground we tread!
The soil, the rocks, the very air we breathe
Are full of memories of a vanished race,
Who here had being, and who cherished life
According to the light to them vouchsafed,—
Called "nature's darkness" by the sons of light.
Here Clio paused, and wrote a bloody page,

Whose color darkens and whose interest grows,
Dark'ning and deep'ning with the lapse of Time.

O, Nature! let a son of thine bespeak
For thy poor children grace of charity!
Our eyes, to-day, feast on thy fairness;—see
Thy panorama, mountain, flood and field
Spread out in beauty, with the moon of May
Renewing verdure to these shoring fields;
While the broad bosom of our Indian stream
Mirrors thy beauties sweetly as of yore.
Thy look impresses us; thy promptings say:
This is your country! love it!—well you may.

Is it a wreath of mist from yonder flood,
Like to a human form, which there I see
On yonder islet that subtends the fall?
Or the grim spirit of the sylvan chief,
Wrapped in his robe of pride and dignity?
Is it the anthem of the thundering tide,
Where Turner battled and the Indian died,
The voice I hear? or does the spirit speak?
O, listen well!—I act interpreter:

Did we not love it too? This goodly scene
Was our ancestral heritage; our right,
Our title, from the Great Original.
Here were our lares, our penates here!
Our bones are mingled with the soil you till;
Our implements of warfare and the chase
Your ploughs uncover from their rest of years.

Our spirits note the ploughman, as he turns
Up to the sunlight of the white man's day
The things that once were ours, and hear him say:
This was the Indian's! and with curious eye
Inspect it for a moment—then move on,
Without a pang of pity in his breast
For all the Indian's wrongs; without a thought
Save "might makes right,"—the adage of his race.

Were we not men, and, like your selfish selves,
Called the Great Spirit *Father*?—brothers all?
Wild and untutored,—*savage*, as you say,
But, for all that, your Father's children, too,
By Nature nourished, and to Nature true?

Where slept the pity that you since have shown
To your black brother, whom you *could* enslave?
What blessed spirit from the Good on high
Prompted your hearts to give *them* liberty,
Yet generous mercy to *our race* deny?
Did he possess the soil he trod upon?

Were his such pleasant, goodly scenes as this,
 Its teeming soil, its wealth of food and game?—
 Speak! was it Christian charity alone,
 Or did the elements political,
 More potent still, combine and underlie
 The glorious act that goes for Mercy's own?

Alas for human goodness! We had lands,
 And timbered hills, and food-supplying streams,
 And mineral grounds, rich with the precious ores.
 You came, and looked upon, and saw them good.
 Then Envy sowed her seed; her rank roots grew
 And filled your hearts with covetous desire,
 Born of the power that wars against the good.
 Rest for your arms, rest for your marching feet—
 No rest was yours, till, with a conscience seared
 By "might makes right," we're gone, and you are here!

No sachem of your race who aims to be
 Its mighty chieftain, and none other who
 Desires a seat in your great council lodge,
 Declares his purpose and intent to be
 To see wrong righted; that his charity,
 Broad like a mantle, wraps *all* in its folds;
 That at his hands our wasted nations shall
 Receive the honest justice that you boast
 Dwells in your temples reared for her abode.

No! such avowal would at once dispel
 His hopes, and strike his aspirations dead.
 His people crave our lands,—those lands will have,
 And still make show of Christian charity.
 Grant us a pittance, that the world may see
 Their generosity; and still excite,
 By studied arts, our tribes to useless strife,
 That the same eyes may see how prompt they are
 To plunder and possess in Justice's name.

A prophet of your nation once has said
 Words that should ope your ears again to hear:—

"But I can see another sight,
 To which the white man's eyes are blind:
 His race may vanish hence, like mine,
 And leave no trace behind,
 Save ruins o'er the country spread,
 And the white stones above the dead."

The voice is hushed; but still the form is there,—
 Mighty *King Philip*! Time makes bare to-day
 Fair Truth; e'en as the day-king, brightening,
 Dispels the shrouding and distorting fogs
 That supervene, at times, autumnal frosts.
 Kingly METACOM! warrior, patriot, sage!

Now that thy bones are dust, thy country ours;
Now that Time's hand has poured for centuries
Its Lethean waters o'er the bloody past,
We can review thy actions, and can pass
Unbiased judgment on thy motives true.
Maligned as savage, underprized as man,
Thy soul was with that real greatness rich
Which stamps the nobleman of Nature's own
Distinctive from the misnamed counterfeit.
Condemned by us because thou didst possess
Those lofty qualities which we admire
And glorify, when with us they appear.

No bard with song-wrought laurels crowned thy brow;
No orator thy great deeds magnified;
No press spread forth to an admiring world
Thy statesmanship and patriotic worth;
No grateful country could reward thy deeds
With honors high and fame's emblazonry;—
Nor didst thou covet these. Thy piercing ken
Read through the darkness of futurity
The doom so surely waiting for thy race,
And thy great heart to mighty effort stirred,
Counting life nothing in Oppression's yoke.

Rest, spirit, rest!

The sounding aisles of free New England's woods,—
Her life-blood, gushing from the shaded fountains
That slaked thy thirst, still trickling from the hills
With murmured plaint,—and, ceaseless, leading all,
Von torrent's voice, deep, solemn, and sublime,
Thy requiem shall be!

The wraith has vanished! Still another form
Of eager, restless air, in place succeeds,
Lacking the sachem's pose of dignity.
Is it his voice now speaks? or varying airs
That change the toning numbers of the fall:—

Behold me, ENTERPRISE!—spung from the Plough,
The Axe, Loom, Anvil, and the Common School,
I claim high ancestry in all; but first
My filial pride acknowledges the *plough*.

I am the spirit that in early days
Did build your barges, and contrive the ways,
Obstructions conquering, that Commerce might
The waters of your river utilize,
And bring the recompense that all derive
From well-timed industry. I, too, am he
Who, tiring of the locomotion slow,
Laid down the iron rails these shores along,
Brought forth the iron horse and harnessed him,

To thunder through your valley with his freights,
And wake the echoes with his rousing shrieks.

I, too, am he who laid this mighty work
At Nature's own suggestion, and have turned
The tireless energies of this mad tide
To work for man and his aggrandizement.

Yonder you see beginnings; but the end
Is in the future far; when you who speak
And you who listen long have passed away;—
Yea, when the children of your children's child,
As generations shall in turn succeed,
Shall hither gather to renew this day,—
Scarce this sweet spot they'll find, this cool retreat,
These verdant pines, this grassy shade they'll see,
But blocks of brick and stone, and graded streets;—
Nature displaced by crowned and regnant Art,
And Trade's confusion dinning in their ears.

Here, where the fisher stood and speared his prey,
Here, where the Indian, happy in the wild,
Thanked the Great Spirit for this paradise,
Shall stretch the broad highways from shore to shore,
And din of traffic and its roar shall drown
The thunder of the falling flood below.

That vision vanisheth! What *do* I see?
Faces of friends, dear and familiar all.
Welcome! thrice welcome to my native haunts,
To interchange those kind amenities
That lighten life's sad burthen, and inspire
The soul to dwell on something else—beyond!

After a collation had been served, the meeting closed with numerous short speeches.

ANNUAL MEETING—1877.

REPORT.

The meeting was called to order at half-past two o'clock p. m., Tuesday, Feb. 28th, the President in the chair.

The report of the Secretary, presented immediately after the opening of the meeting, gave an account of the work that had been accomplished during the year, and indicated an increased amount of interest exhibited in the work of the society, and was full of encouragement for the future. Two members have died during the year and five new ones have been secured. The Treasurer's report accounted for the receipt of \$208.13, with outgoes to the amount of \$10.25, leaving in the treasury \$197.88; the total assets of the society were represented to be about \$1800. These two reports were adopted.

The officers elected for the year ensuing are as follows: President, George Sheldon of Deerfield; Vice-Presidents, Rev. J. P. Watson of Leverett, Austin DeWolf of Greenfield; Secretary and Treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. R. Crawford of Deerfield; Councilors, Rev. E. Buckingham, Zeri Smith, Chas. Jones, Wm. Sheldon, Mrs. Julia A. Allen, Charles Hagar of Deerfield, Jonathan Johnson, G. A. Arms, F. M. Thompson, of Greenfield, Whitney L. Warner of Sunderland, Henry W. Taft of Pittsfield, Dr. David Rice, Mrs. Delano C. Kimball, of Leverett, A. C. Parsons of Northfield. The Councilor's meeting being about to take place, the regular session of the society was adjourned to seven o'clock in the evening, at the Town hall.

Having made choice of George Sheldon as cabinet-keeper, and Chas. Jones, Zeri Smith and Rev. Dr. Crawford, a finance committee, the Councilors adjourned until the last Tuesday in February, 1878.

Many interesting relics were scattered around upon the tables and hanging against the walls of the room, which repaid careful examination. Letters written as far back as the year 1729, carefully framed for preservation, parchments penned in 1686, also framed, were exhibited; while a very curious and valuable engraving, representing various English sporting scenes, by a native of Prague, an eminent artist in his

day,—born in 1607,—attracted much attention. This valuable acquisition was presented by Miss Carrie Davis of Greenfield, who accompanied the gift with the statement that it had been among the most cherished relics belonging to her father, the late Wendell T. Davis, and that she believed it would have been his wish to have given it into the care of this association. We examined with much interest a very curious map or plan of the Deerfield Meadows, known in those days as the "Commonfield." This plan, defining the lines and boundaries of the owners of the land very minutely, was made by David Hoit, Jr., from surveys made by him in the year 1793. A silver tankard of ancient design and pattern, presented by Samuel Barnard to the First church of Deerfield, in 1763, an autograph bill of Paul Revere, specimens of pottery picked up on these hills, and other ancient specimens.

The President read a letter written by Sarah Burke to her husband, Capt. John Burke, a century or more ago, and at its close called upon Dea. Field to complement it. The deacon responded with a very interesting account of the courtship of the pair, showing that in those days, as well as now, the course of true love did not always run smooth. The President, at this stage, with a very grave face, announced that a new candidate was about to be presented for membership, the youngest applicant to date. This personage claimed to belong in a measure to the society, as his first appearance in private life took place one year ago, during the exercises of the annual meeting of the association, February 29th, 1876. So, in the character of the centennial, leap-year, memorial baby, and dressed in clothes that had clothed no baby during seventy years and more, the President took in his arms and presented to the association Master Alfred Henry Childs, who, if he lives until Feb. 29th, 1878, will have his second birthday. Dea. Field, placing himself by the infant's side—a striking contrast—moved that a collection be taken up to make this baby a member of the association, and immediately proceeded to put his plan into execution. Rev. Mr. Watson then made the following motion:

Resolved, that we adopt the son of Henry S. and Lucy E. Childs as the junior life member of this association, constituted by voluntary contribution and the proceeds of the day, and that we enroll him as the centennial memorial offspring, with the name of Alfred Henry Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association Childs.

At the evening meeting, after a bountiful supper, Nathaniel Hitchcock explained the uses of the old-fashioned spinning machinery with practical illustrations.

Miss C. Alice Baker then read the following paper:

MINISTERS AND MEETING HOUSES OF YE OLDEN
TIME.

When John Hooper declared he would rather decline his promotion as Bishop of Gloucester, under Edward Sixth, than wear the Episcopal surplice, he took the first step in a religious revolution, of which the New England of to-day is the ripened fruit. In John Endicott at Salem, a few decades later, cutting the red cross from the King's colors, we have the second act in the drama of American civilization. The impulsive bravery of the daring captain, in testimony of his principles, excites the admiration of each succeeding generation, while the self-possession and fortitude of the martyred prelate, make little or no impression. For centuries, from Leif Ericsson to Ferdinando Gorges, there sailed up and down our coast, the bold and restless viking; the hardy navigator eager for fame; the commercial adventurer seeking for gain; the penniless favorite flourishing his royal patent; all prospecting, some kidnapping, but none finding rest for the sole of his foot. At length there dropped a frail blossom of spring, on the bleak New England shore,—and the precious seed of the Mayflower took root! When men were driven for conscience' sake to seek a lodge in this vast wilderness, then God gave the increase. To recall the prominence of the religious influence, and the important part played by the ministers of religion in the early history of New England, is the object of my paper. In this brief sketch of the ministers and meeting houses of the olden time, there is nothing original. You may read the story for yourselves where I have read it,—and where others before me have read it; in the colonial laws; in the quaint language of the crumpled and almost illegible records of our old towns and churches, in their printed and manuscript sermons, in the interleaved almanacs, private diaries and correspondence piously preserved by their descendants, and now jealously guarded in our city and State libraries. These men tell their own story. 'Tis a plain, unvarnished tale of hope and faith and courage; not always of charity, but always of disinterestedness and uncompromising integrity.

In speaking of the settlement of New England, Cotton Mather says: "The reasons of this undertaking should be more exactly made known, especially unto the posterity of those who were the undertakers, lest they come at length to forget and neglect the true interest of New England." It is often denied that the religious

zeal of the Puritans led to the settlement of Massachusetts. Coit, one of their most bitter maligners, labors to prove that it was the desire for ascendancy in political power that brought them hither, and that they "never dared a billow" till they had driven sharp bargains with stock companies for their temporal advantage. In refutation of this we have no scant testimony of the Puritans themselves. What was it but the concern of the Patriarch White, for the souls of the Dorchester fishermen, that led to the settlement at Cape Ann? It was the consultation of certain religious men of quality with White about making some "plantation in New England, . . . where non-conformists, if they should transport themselves to America, . . . might enjoy the liberty of their own persuasion, in matters of worship and church discipline without offence to others not like minded with themselves,"—that resulted in the formation of the Massachusetts Bay Company, and the sending of John Endicott to Salem. The first letter of instructions from the Company to Endicott declares that, as "the propagating of the gospel is the thing we do profess above all to be our aim in settling this plantation, we have been careful to make plentiful provision of godly ministers." The first words of the journal of Francis Higginson, one of these godly ministers, corroborates this statement. Says the Rev. John Higginson, "this is never to be forgotten, that our New England is originally a plantation of religion, and not a plantation of trade. Let others who have come over since at sundry times remember this, that worldly gain was not the end and design of the people of New England, but religion." John Norton, with other of the Puritan preachers of Massachusetts, writes: "We chose rather to depart into the remote and unknown coast of the earth for the sake of a purer worship, than to lie down under the hierarchy, in the abundance of all things, but with the prejudice of conscience." The *Magnalia* declares the sum of the matter to be that "from the beginning of the Reformation, there has always been a generation of godly men desirous to pursue the reformation of religion according to the word of God," . . . "but the reformation in England was laboring under a helpless retardation," . . . and "they were driven by the mistakes of a few powerful brethren, to seek a place for the exercise of the Protestant religion according to the light of their consciences in the deserts of America." To this, Coit replies, that they had toleration and were free from persecution in Holland, being driven thence by no oppression, but by the ambi-

tion for absolute power in church and State. But Bradford makes it plain that the difference in manners, morals and language, made it impossible for the English reformers to live longer among neighbors, whom, "after ten years' endeavor they could not bring to any suitable observance of the Lord's day," without "which they knew all practical religion must wither miserably."

Some years after the settlement of Boston and the surrounding towns, a Massachusetts preacher, exhorting a down-east congregation, urged them to prove themselves religious, otherwise they would defeat the main end of planting. "Sir, you are mistaken," said one in the congregation, "you think you are preaching to the Bay people,—our main end was to catch fish." In this anecdote we not only have the reiteration of the purpose of the founders of Massachusetts, but its full recognition at that period by their neighbors. To fully appreciate, however, the disinterestedness of their self-exile, we must glance at the previous condition of the Puritans. As the reformation in England had found its first adherents among poets and princes, so in later times, the advocates of Puritanism were men of letters and of high estate. "The Puritanism of the first forty years of the seventeenth century," says Palfrey, "was not tainted with degrading or any ungraceful associations of any sort. The rank, the wealth, the chivalry, the genius, the learning, the accomplishments, the social refinements and elegance of the times, were largely represented in its ranks." The early magistrates and ministers of Massachusetts, were graduated from the two famous English universities. From Emanuel, and wealthy old Trinity colleges at Cambridge, came Winthrop, and Cotton, and Wilson, and Higginson, and Eliot, and Hooker, and Shepard, and many more. At Brasenose, and among the beautiful gardens and unrivaled architecture of Magdalen college at Oxford, the student life of Mather, and Davenport and Vane was passed. Not only were they men of liberal education, but of birth, estates, and influence in England. Unlike the sterner Separatists, they loved the church of England, regarding it as their "Mother," and making broad distinction between the true Protestant church of England, and that Romanizing faction, which Mather stigmatizes as "certain little-souled-ceremony-mongers." They loved their native land, and for no mere worldly reasons would they have abandoned it. They were preaching to wealthy parishes in the stateliest of English churches. Beloved and respected by their Bishops, who realized that Episcopacy could

ill afford to lose their valuable talents, they were offered favor and preferment, if they would but yield conformity in one act, upon a single occasion. "But the good hand of God so kept me," says John Cotton, "that I durst not buy my ministry so dear,—and yet my ministry was dearer to me than any preferment."

Dame Margery Tilney,—when one midsummer day, in the year of our Lord one thousand three hundred and nine, you "layed the first stone of the goodlye steeple of the Paroshe church" of old Boston, you builded better than you knew! Deep under the channel of the rapid Witham flowing hard by, were laid the courses of the foundation of that noble tower. Far out across the Lincolnshire fens, blazed the lanthorn, lighting the mariner on a stormy sea. For miles around could be heard the peal of its great bell, summoning the worshipers to the sanctuary. But little dreamed Dame Margery,—centuries after lying in effigy in old St. Botolph's, a smile on her alabaster face, her pale hands crossed on her cold breast,—how the peal of its great bell would call the people to the enjoyment of a purer religion, thousands of miles away, in a new world!—how the light from its lantern would stream out farther and farther, with a clear, strong light, guiding many a soul-tempest, tossed on a stormy sea of doubt, to a peaceful haven; or how the foundations of that goodlye steeple, would broaden and deepen beyond the rapid river, beneath and across the wide ocean, and uphold a new church, in a new Boston, in New England. Old Boston church! "the best and fairest in Lincolnshire," says the chronicler, and "served so with singing, and that of cunning men, as no parish in all England." With the pinnacles and battlements of its lofty stone vaulted tower; the deep-toned chime of bells; the niched buttresses of its elegant gothic porch; the exquisite tracery and sweeping arches of its doorways; the richly stained glass of its finely proportioned windows; its clustered pillars supporting its groined ceiling of Irish oak; the spacious chancel with its splendid brass candelabra, twelve feet high; the magnificent altar and costly skins to lay before it, and altar cloths of sundry colored silks, and pyx and chryamatory of silver gilt; the communion table of English oak (elevated eleven steps above the floor), with its heavy flagons, chalices and patines of frosted silver, richly chased and gilt; the carved lectern with superb hangings; the priestly vestments, three of "redde silke with moon and stars, a sute of blewe silke, and a blewe bawdekyn cope with unicorns,"—another of "sattin of Bruges," another of "barred sylke with pelycanes," and

"two copes of red velvett embroidered with eagles." Look on this picture, and then on this: A half-cleared wilderness, — a handful of people summoned by beat of drum to a low, one-storied building, with mud walls and a thatched roof, without pulpit or pew, without even a pitch-pipe for a musical instrument, with pewter plates and wooden cups for its communion service. Then say what selfish ambition, what expectation of personal aggrandizement, or of ascendancy in political power, could have brought John Cotton from old Boston church to new? A man of such power and influence that one of his contemporaries who was still suspected, though he had often compromised, cries out that he "envies Cotton, who does nothing by way of conformity, yet hath his liberty?" a man so respected that even the worst disposed hesitate to testify against him: so popular a preacher that he drew crowds from the towns about. Will you say that he fled for his life; for all that a man hath will he give for his life? No cowardly fear impelled him, but the rare wisdom that to live for a principle is often more heroic than to die for it. "To choose rather to bear witness to the truth by imprisonment than by banishment," he says, "is indeed, sometimes God's way, but not in case men have ability of body and opportunity to remove, and no necessary engagement to stay. Nevertheless, I conferred with the chief of our people, and offered to bear witness to the truth I had preached and practiced among them even unto bonds, if they conceived it might be any confirmation to their faith."

If I seem to have slighted the Separatists, in this sketch of the character and aims of the first founders of Massachusetts, it is not that I honor the Pilgrim less than the Puritan. Whether we contemplate the Pilgrim starving at Plymouth, or the Puritan, scurvy-smitten at Salem, reduced to a few ground nuts and clams for food, yet still thanking God that they were "permitted to suck of the abundance of the seas, and of the treasures hidden in the sand," it is a sublime spectacle. The choicest grains of the siftings of three nations were planted in Massachusetts. "By their fruit ye shall know them."

So mindful of their errand into the wilderness were our forefathers, that their first work was the organization of a church. I have said that they loved the church of England. To creed and Bishop they did not object. Accident, or in a more Puritanical speech—a remarkable Providence, prevented Episcopacy, divested of those forms which the Puritans called "idolatrics," from becom-

ing the established church of New England. Exposure in tents, and disease contracted on shipboard, had prostrated many of Endicott's company. There being no physician among them, Endicott sent for medical aid to Gov. Bradford at Plymouth, and Dr. Fuller was at once dispatched to his assistance. The good doctor, who was deacon as well, naturally told Endicott much about church affairs at Plymouth, and in his letter thanking Bradford for his courtesy in sending Fuller, Endicott expresses satisfaction with his account of the principles of Plymouth church government.

A month later, the wild strawberries and sweet single roses of this "new Paradise of New England" gladdened the eyes of Higginson and his sea-worn companions. Five weeks after their landing they proceeded to form a church. Influenced, no doubt, by Endicott's representations, sympathizing more or less with their Separatist neighbors, anxious for their fellowship, and unwilling to offend them, they began to realize that there was now no convenient halting place for them, short of the severest simplicity in a religious system. Alone in the wilds of America, far away from the oppressions of the established church, they found themselves more ready than they had thought, to break away entirely from its canons. Their eyes no longer dazzled by the splendor of its pageantry, they saw clearly their way to religious liberty. Thus the early New England church, modeled after that of the Pilgrims, took the form of a pure Congregationalism, than which none can be simpler. Any number of men and women, above half a dozen, wishing to become a church, notified the magistrates and asked the assent and fellowship of pre-existing churches. A day of fasting and prayer being appointed, they met together. There was no formal statement of peculiar doctrine. Simply confessing God as their Creator, and Jesus Christ as their Savior, and professing to have been born anew into a holier and better life, and promising to take the Bible as their guide, they covenanted together and with God for mutual watchfulness and helpfulness towards a Christian life, for the maintenance of Divine worship, and for the careful observance of its ordinances. The church thus instituted, claimed the right to order its own affairs, to elect and inaugurate its own officers, to accept or reject applicants for membership, and to pronounce censure upon any erring member. The full number of church officers was five: A pastor and a teacher, (also called Elders) a Ruling Elder, Deacon and Deaconess. Paul, whose general distrust of widows seems to have been as great as Mr. Weller's,

made special exception in favor of such widows of sixty as might be generally useful in the church. Accordingly, at Amsterdam, an ancient widow was ordained as Deaconess. On Sunday, she sat in a conspicuous place, with a birchen rod in her hand, and kept the little children in great awe from disturbing the congregation. On the week days she ministered to the sick, assisted the poor, and was obeyed as a mother in Israel. As far as I can learn, however, the office was a nominal one in New England.

The Deacon kept the treasury, collected and disbursed contributions, provided for the communion service, and attended to all the temporal affairs of the church. The office of Ruling Elder (soon merged in that of Deacon) was at first important. To see that none in the church lived extravagantly, idly or falsely,—to preach in case of absence or illness of the ministers—to pronounce sentences upon those censured, were but a small part of his duties. The two chief offices of the church, distinct in name at first, were soon combined in one, as the duties of pastor and teacher were scarcely distinguishable. Both administered the sacraments. Both censured the erring. The former exhorted the hearers to make practical application of the doctrine set forth in the elaborate sermons of the latter. Elected by the church to which they were to minister, a simple imposition of hands by the elders of the same sufficed for their ordination. No ordaining council or brother ministers examined them as to creed or character. No charge as to what they should preach was given them.

"These earliest churches," says a recent writer, "were a prophecy of the nation." With Congregationalism in its primitive form as the base, no other superstructure could have risen than a Republic.

The connection between church and State was in the beginning a very comely one. The magistrates defended the church against heresies; the ministers supported the authority of the magistrates. When Pastor Wilson goes to England to bring over his wife, Gov. Winthrop is left at the head of the church, as being with Elder Nowell best qualified to lead the devotions. Such political benefits were expected to the colony from Cotton's ministry, that it was proposed that his salary should be paid from the public treasury. Though this was not done, his counsels in State affairs were promptly obeyed. The share of the ministers in the early politics of Massachusetts has been thus pithily stated: "The General Court made the laws, the church members the General Court, and the clergy the church members."

The ministers seldom interfered in political disputes unless requested by the magistrates, but vexed questions were usually referred to them for settlement. They assisted in framing the laws; they preached at the election of civil and military officers; they went as chaplains in the expeditions against the Indians. They wrote State papers, and were also the historians of the time. They went on important embassies to the home government. Their patriotism was bold and outspoken. When Randolph came with the summons for the charters, the question whether to give them up or brave the King was referred to Increase Mather. He hoped there was not one freeman in Boston who would be guilty of submission, and backed his decision with Scripture texts. The record of the every-day life of the Puritan minister is one of severe and unceasing labor. In their preparation for the service of the Lord's day, their habits of study might be profitably imitated by the more modern divines, who frequently dash off a sermon between Saturday's matinee, and Sunday morning bell-ringing. Said Shepard, the "soul-ravishing" preacher of Cambridge, whose sermons were always finished before two o'clock on Saturday afternoon,—“God will curse that man's labors, who goes lumbering up and down in the world all the week, and then on Saturday afternoon goes to his study, when, as God knows, that time were little enough to pray and weep in, and get his heart into a frame fit for the approaching Sabbath.” However few or simple his audience, the minister felt that a superficial sermon would be an offense against the Most High.

“If God should be provoked by the unthankfulness of men to send the plague of an unlearned ministry on New England, soon will the wild beasts of the desert lye there, and the houses will be full of doleful creatures, and owls will dwell there,” writes Cotton Mather. Increase Mather spent the greater part of every week day studying sermons. Friday it was finished, Saturday committed to memory, to be preached without notes on Sunday, a few texts being written on a scrap of paper to aid him in case he should loose the thread of his discourse. Only once, and that in his old age, did he ever have to refer to it, and then he notes it sadly in his diary, as a sign of failing power and a warning that his departure is nigh. In the very titles of these old-time sermons there is an attractive grotesqueness. Take this for instance, “The Lord High Admiral of all the seas adored,” on the miracle of Christ's walking on the water; or this, “Christ's Fan in His hand.”

What would be thought of a minister nowadays who should parade his domestic affairs in the pulpit? A Medford preacher, having a sick slave, preached from the text, "My servant lieth at home sick." On the occasion of his marriage to a beautiful brunette, the same minister took for his text, "I am black but comely, oh ye daughters of Jerusalem"; again, on the day of his publication to his third wife, from *Canticles* iii, 5, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth"; and the Sunday after his marriage, his bride being presumably in a conspicuous place in the congregation, "This is my beloved and this is my friend, oh ye daughters of Jerusalem."

Let me give you the outline of one of these much studied sermons, a by no means exaggerated or exceptional one. First, of course, the text, with "Observations" firstly and secondly, then "General Introductory remarks," also firstly and secondly; then the "Heads of Doctrine," three in number. Do not delude yourselves good people, the end is not yet! Here is something that out-hydras hydra. No sooner does our pulpit Hercules make way with the first head than two new ones spring up, and from these two, five, and from these five, eleven; and then "The Improvement," a six-headed monster; "The Second and Third Heads of Doctrine" follow in regular succession, each with a whole brood of "objections and answers," "a few words of exhortation and counsel," extending to fifthly, with "Motives and Encouragements," reached by a sort of multiplication by division process, a sum total of eighty-four heads! A very Cerberus of sermons! But there were giants in those days, and there were no prodigies of theological valor to which they were not equal! I do not so much wonder, however, that their parishioners (sitting on hard benches for hours every Sunday and taking notes of these complicated discourses) should so often have inscribed on their pastors' tombstones that they were "painful preachers." That the people really liked these long sermons appears from the following affidavit made by one Brown of Pequonnock Parish in old Windsor: A minister having been called there, and suddenly dropped before settlement, petitioned for damages. Brown testified that he was "one of the committee that called the minister, but perceiving great uneasiness among the people, and particularly at the shortness of his sermons, he prayed Mr. Fuller to apply himself to his work and lengthen out his sermons, that if possible he might gain disaffected persons." Fuller replied that "he should not concern himself about it, if they were but Orthodox they were long enough for

Pequonmock." The Court sustained Fuller in the opinion that Orthodoxy, not length, was the main point.

Exchange of pulpits was so infrequent, that as late as 1762 I find a vote of the church to sanction it. Cotton of Plymouth congratulated his cousin Mather on his last sermon, and hopes he won't borrow the help of any young, weak preachers till "he has warmed his new meeting-house with many a pretious sermon." The preparation and preaching of the Sunday sermons was but the beginning of the minister's labors. Besides the famous Thursday lecture, there were so many others, that, in 1639, the General Court was obliged gently to suggest to the Elders, the "propriety of considering the length and frequency of these meetings," as being burdensome to the people. During the week, too, the minister went from house to house, catechising the children and servants, to be sure that the heads of families did not neglect their duty. From officiating at funerals and weddings they were at first exempt, though they usually attended both. Marriage was regarded as merely a civil contract, and the dead were buried in unconsecrated ground, without prayer or preaching. Later, however, wedding as well as funeral sermons were expected from the minister, and the duty became somewhat onerous, when marrying and burying three wives was not uncommon. There were also numberless days of Thanksgiving and Fasting. Fasting was the staff on which they leaned in all emergencies. In Barnstable, they fasted "to beg of God to bow Mr. Thatcher's heart to accept their call." In Boston, to deplore the prevalence of small-pox, and the general decay of piety. There were Fasts because of "blastings and mildew, drought and grasshoppers, caterpillars and the sins of New England." No healthful game of ball on the village common, no pleasant stroll on the hillside in search of mayflowers or liverwort, no toothsome desert of pancakes and cider, made part of the Puritan Fast Day. For all such occasions the minister must have ready a powerful protest against prevailing sins, to which the people must listen, under penalties for non-attendance. Doubtless, on some Fast Day that sermon was fulminated against "Several Profane and Superstitious Customs," wherein the preacher denounces cock fights in a manner that would delight the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, condemns New Year's gifts as a paganish rite, and pancakes on Shrove Tuesday as a "heathenish vanity." "What is the meaning of your pancakes and your frit-

ters?" he cries. "Do you think that God is pleased with your superstitious cakes?"

Other cares pressed heavily on the ministers. That arch incendiary, Philip, was abroad, comets blazed in the heavens, earthquakes shook the bowels of the earth. These portents filling the air were tokens of Divine anger on account of the people's sins. Especially on account of Sabbath breaking and the wearing of periwigs. "Have not burdens been carried through the streets on the Sabbath?" groans Mather. "Such monstrous periwigs as some church members indulge themselves in, which makes them resemble the locusts that come out of the Bottomless Pit, whose faces were as the faces of men, but they had hair as the hair of women." Against the fashions they had to preach a perpetual crusade. Against the "immoderate great vayles," with which every woman persisted in covering her face in public, till Cotton preached them off. Against the frizettes of the elder women, and the cutting, curling and immodest laying out of their hair,—the bare necks and arms,—"or, as it were, pinioned with superfluous ribbons, both on hair and apparel of the younger sort."

"Banging" and "pull-backs," you notice, are by no means modern inventions. Against paint and powder, one warns the women that "at the resurrection of the just, there will no such sight be met as the angels carrying any painted ladies in their arms to meet the Lord!"

The most violent declaimer, however, makes a delicate distinction in favor of the use of false hair and cosmetics to repair the ravages of time and disease! In reforming the fashions, however, the ministers were less effectual than the earthquake, which is said to have reduced the size of the woman's hoops. It is a comfort to some of us to know also that there were Rebekahs and Alices in those steady-going days, that tried the ministers' patience. "Two young women, Rebekah Adam and Alice Pennel, having been guilty of consulting an ungodly fortune-teller, with desire to be informed of some future things, this day made penitent acknowledgment of that miscarriage, and so the church was reconciled unto them." Poets, as well as preachers were they, writing with equal facility, jocose anagrams on the personal characteristics of the living, eulogistic epitaphs on the dead, and such remarkable productions as the "Day of Doom." Synods and Conventions, too, the ministers attended,—not rolling in palace cars to some fashionable watering place, there in marble halls faring sumptu-

ously every day, but plodding afoot, perhaps to Cambridge, boarding economically in the college commons for sixpence a meal. Not to return refreshed by mutual interchange of cheerful results of past labors, but trudging wearily homeward, overburdened with the report, that notwithstanding the vigilance of the shepherds, eighty-two errors of doctrine were devouring their flocks. Then with what indefatigable zeal they hunted down these heretical wolves. Why dwell upon the picture of religious fanaticism, pushed to irreligious persecution? Its details are familiar. Lady Deborah Moody, excommunicated for not believing in Infant Baptism; Roger Williams, banished for declaring that he owed obedience to a higher law than that of a Massachusetts Magistrate; Anne Hutchinson, for expounding the Scriptures according to her own judgment; Quakers, branded as Rogues and sold as slaves—their ears cut off, their tongues bored with hot irons—women stripped to the waist, tied to the tail of a cart and whipped from town to town, “to the outwardmost town of our Jurisdiction,” as the statute reads, with banishment or death as the climax of their sufferings. The responsibility of these horrors, as also of those of the witchcraft tragedy, must rest with the ministers, by whom they were incited and sanctioned. Far be it from me to gloss over the fact, yet it is equally true, that it was not simply for a difference in religious beliefs that the sectary suffered, but for his threatened subversion of all for which the Puritan had paid so dear. The germ of a nation was struggling for an existence. Rank and vile weeds, as the Puritan viewed them, menaced the growth of the young plantlet and must be rooted out. With Puritanism the Quaker had nothing in common. The world was all before him. He was free to go, to stay was death. “His life absent rather than his death present,” was what the Puritan desired; yet still he lingered “upon no other ground for ought that could appear but to make disturbance.”

Ministers were at first paid by voluntary contributions, taken up every Sunday, but soon, a less precarious method was adopted. Their salaries ranged from £160 in the Bay settlements to less than half that in the frontier towns. This must not be reckoned as five gold dollars to the pound, for their pay was in provisions, rated much above their money value, or in wampum and skins. The town usually gave them their wood, a small glebe for cultivation, and a house to live in. If he were a bachelor, he might let the house to “such as would not damnify it.” With their

frugal habits this, with the trifling perquisite called "the strangers' money," sufficed for their support, though it left them no surplus for fine broadcloth.

Rev. Seaborn Cotton writes to his mother in 1661, "I hope to see you in March, if I can get any cloathes to weare and money to bring me, for at present I am almost naked of both." I have read in the original manuscript, letters to Increase Mather, from the sister of the regicide Whalley, (Mrs Jane Hook of Half Moon Alley, London), "who hearing how welcome ye old cloathes were to those poor ministers, last yere, adventures to send a few more," with "two pare of gloves" for Mather himself. Again she writes, "Sir, a few cloathes and £6 in money you will reseve; all from a good God." "Sir, I beg your prayers and aaccept of what ye honored benefactors has ordered. I had not time to mend them as I should. Oh, Sir, I beg your prayers, 20s. of this money for Mr. Wilson from Mr. J. Ginkins and a coat; ye rest as you judge fitt." Alluding to these very clothes, Rev. Samuel Mather in Milford writes in 1678 to Increase, "Very welcome will they bee if they come to hand; I have need enough of them."

Their private life, as we catch a glimpse of it through their diaries and correspondence, was very human. Their love letters, though quaint and stilted, are tender and dignified. Their course of true love was not always smooth. To loving unwisely, and marrying indiscreetly they were not always superior. From envy, anger and uncharitableness, they were not wholly free. They had their share of earthly joy and sorrow. In their letters, such creature comforts as green galloon and black sewing silk are strangely intermingled with anxieties about their college sons, and much petty gossip, with prayers for "as yet unregenerate" daughters; and into discussions of abstruse theological questions, creeps here and there a bit of pathos, like this on a baby's death: "Myselfe and Dearest heartily salute you and yours. She is most desolate and pensive, and did yesterday night fall afresh to mourning as if she had nothing else to doe."

So simply, laboriously, prayerfully, passed the lives of the ministers of the olden time. If they were overzealous in detecting, and severe in punishing the sins of others, they were no less keenly introspective and sternly self-accusing; as humble in receiving reproof as they were fearless in giving it. Take them for all in all, I think we must admit that they were guided by the fear of

God,—an overmastering desire for righteousness, and an unflinching devotion to what they regarded as duty.

Venerated while living, they were honored in death with magnificent funerals. Their congregations often contributed more to bury them than for their annual support; a somewhat doubtful compliment, but the fact remains. Among the burial charges of a Boston minister I find, "shoes and clogs," "hose and gloves," a "necklace for the negro," "shoe buckles, handkerchiefs," with "a large beaver hat and a light gray bob-wig" for a brother minister.

For another minister's funeral, "Six gold rings for the bearers, and one for the candidate preaching in his place," 18 "pairs men's white leather gloves," for attending ministers, and a certain sum paid the committee to "look to the burning of wine and the heating of cider." The accounts show that about the same amount of rum, lemons and sugar was required "for burying the minister," as for "raising the meeting house."

PART II—THE MEETING HOUSE.

Let us glance now at the ancient meeting house. Be it understood that I use the word advisedly. The figure of speech by which we designate the thing contained as the container, must not be credited to our fathers. The word church was applied by them solely to a company of professed believers. I have sought carefully, but in vain, for a single exception to this use of the word church. Not once is it used for the edifice in which public worship was held. To this, the word meeting house is unvaryingly applied. It was their only common meeting place, and with their usual plainness of speech, they called it their meeting house. It was never set apart as a sacred place by dedicatory services,—that would have savored of Popery. No odor of sanctity pervaded it,—and feeling no special reverence for the building, they used it as convenience required. Town meetings as well as public worship were held in it. Before their fears of the Indians were allayed, ordnance was mounted on its roof; it was palisaded and guarded at night. For many years the town ammunition—powder, lead, and weapons were stored there; and there the people rallied in any sudden alarm. Under some spreading elm or oak, or in winter, in some kitchen, our fathers first worshiped. But as soon as a shelter was provided for their families, we find them laying the foundation of a meeting house. The meeting houses during the colonial period (that is from 1630 to the Revolution)

were of three styles of building, the outlines of which you have upon the wall before you. There were, of course, in many towns, exceptional and intermediate buildings, but these are the typical forms.

The primitive New England meeting house was a low, one-story structure, usually of logs daubed or filled with clay, sometimes of coarse boards, with a steep, straw-thatched roof; no chimney, a narrow door and three or four windows, or rather window openings, covered with oiled paper, which admitted the light and excluded the weather, each protected on the outside by a heavy wooden shutter that was swung back during service time. Its interior was equally rude. Walls of hewn logs, or roughly sheathed, a plain table within a railing as a pulpit, two rows of long, low, wooden seats without backs, for pews, separated by a narrow aisle from the pulpit to the door. The first meeting house of Salem was a little more pretentious, having a small gallery in the roof, apparently reached by a ladder. In 1639, it has a "catted chimney 12 feet long and four feet high above the top of the building." As you may have surmised, this was made of cat sticks, piled in a double cob work, the interstices filled, and the inside daubed with clay. As I find on Cambridge records an early order that "no man shall build his chimney of wood," and as New England meeting houses were not generally heated for more than a century later, I conclude that "catted" chimneys were found unsafe.

The second was a great improvement upon the first. It was either one or two stories high, nearly square, with a four-faced, pyramidal or hipped roof, as it is called, with a small turret for a bell at the apex. A porch, with perhaps folding doors in front, casements swinging outward, with diamond panes set in lead. The interior had a pulpit, Elders' and Deacons' seats at different elevations below and before the pulpit, the same rows of seats in the body of the house, two side aisles with here and there a wall pew, and a gallery opposite the pulpit. The bell rope hung from the turret, through the roof down into the broad isle where the bell-ringer stood. The old South in Boston, before its spoliation, was a good specimen of the third type of New England meeting houses, both externally and in the interior. Longer than wide, a somewhat steep, two-sided roof, window sashes with small square panes of glass, a tower at one end starting from the ground (and seemingly built to enclose the gallery stairs that the body of the

house might be left clear), surmounted by a belfry and spire. The main entrance in the tower and two other doors with porches. The interior having galleries at the two ends and on one long side, with singers' seats in the latter fronting the pulpit, which occupied the center of the other long side of the building. Over the pulpit, whose top was eight or ten feet above the floor, was suspended the sounding board.

The completed structure was the work of years. There were no rich men in the congregation then to advance the money for the building, securing their payment by a hundred thousand dollar insurance on the minister's life. At first, a few pounds in money or wheat or lumber were subscribed, which eked out by the day's labor of those who had nothing else to give, barely sufficed to build the walls. The next year perhaps we find a vote of the town "to clab up the meeting house," "to hang the casements," or "to shingle the turret," the next to "set a comly cover or canope over the pulpit," and "to put caps on the doors." In this way, slowly, and with toilsome self-sacrifice, on the part of the people, the galleries one by one are built, the hour glass is bought, the dial post is planted, and the horse block (an appendage as necessary to the meeting house in those days as the pulpit), put up at the porch. There is something inspiring in the steadfastness of purpose with which, year by year, little by little is added till the last farthing is paid to that cunning artificer, Deacon Shem Droune of Boston, and the gilded cockerel perches triumphantly on the tip of the spire! Even then, how poor and comfortless the structure. No paint, outside or in, the pulpit and gallery front sometimes "colored;" oftener like the seats and pews, of unpainted boards. The latter and the pulpit cushionless, except when some deacon's wife, of rare taste, sent a pillow in a clean white case every Sunday morning to cover the sacred desk. The inside walls plastered up to the plates, perhaps, but the beams and timbers of the roof open to view. Among the items of an ordination in 1772, I find men appointed to "keep the beams clear and not to suffer any person to go up inside the roof."

The edifice being ready for occupancy, a committee was chosen "to dignifie and seat the meeting house," as it is worded in the records. It must be remembered that at first, instead of pews there were in the body of the house a row of long seats on each side of the broad aisle, narrow alleys between these and the side walls, and a bench extending all round the walls under the win-

dows. The men usually sat at the right of the minister as he faced them; the women on the left. But as to the "special seat" each man or woman should occupy, the individual himself had no choice. To the tact and discretion of a committee of the leading townsmen, the responsibility of apportioning the seats was given—two others being chosen (usually from the Selectmen,) first to place the committee and their wives. The instructions given to the committee vary in the different towns. One curtly orders them to "give the men dignity in seating according to the minister's rate they pay." In one the committee are directed to "have respect to estate, office and age." In another, "1st to age, 2nd to office and lastly to rates or taxation." In a third, "1st to the aged who served the town, 2d to those that have borne commissions; and after these dignitaries were seated, to take the tax list as a guide." A peep into one of the earlier meeting houses would have shown us the congregation arranged in this wise:—In the front seats on the right, the town officers and aged men who had before served in that capacity; behind them, all who could claim any military title; then, those who were known as Mr. or Dr. in the community, and finally the rest of the men, with due respect to age and to the proportion of church and town taxes paid by them. In corresponding seats on the left were their wives. The boys, on the benches by the wall, under watch and ward of the tythingman. The young men and maidens in the gallery, parted from each other by a high railing, and ascending by separate stairs. Such was the internal arrangement of the meeting house, until in some such way as the following pews were introduced. The town, out of respect to the minister, first built one for his family against the wall by the side of the pulpit. One for the deacons' wives would naturally follow. Then some ambitious townsman would petition for leave to build a pew for himself. On Medford records, May 25, 1696, I find it "voted that Major Nathaniel Wade shall have liberty to build a pew in the meeting house, when he shall see reason to do so." Similar grants appear on all the town records about this date. As late as 1711 there were but two pews in Woburn meeting house, the ministers' and deacons' wives. In 1716, the town gave the daughters of four of its principal families leave to put up a pew, which caused so much ill feeling that the permission was revoked. In Windsor, in 1718, three young men were granted "liberty to make a pew over the women's stairs, provided they fill said pew and doe not hinder the light." Instances might be mul-

tiplied, but these will show the prevalence of the custom. These permits have careful limitations as to size, shape and position. The pews must be against the wall. Major Wade's is "not to goe beyond the first bar of the window." If relinquished by the builder, they revert to the town, upon payment of the original cost; and the right of the town to "seat other persons therein," is often reserved. The next novelty was the granting liberty to the privileged pew holder, "to make a door into his pew on the outside of the meeting house." The exterior must have presented the appearance of an enormous dove cote, while this custom was in vogue, but as it added neither warmth nor beauty to the house, it was of short continuance. Owing no doubt to the jealousies occasioned by the granting of these privileges, we find the towns taking the pew matters into their own hands, building a certain number of wall pews, and assigning spaces for others. So by degrees a row of wall pews took the place of benches. The next step was the building by the town of what are called "border pews" in the records, which was a row of square pews surrounding on three sides the long seats which still occupied the middle of the house. Thus, on each side of the broad aisle were the long settles; behind these, and on each side of the side aisles, was a row of square pews. Little by little the long seats were shortened and their occupants driven into the galleries, or transferred to the pews, till finally the whole floor was monopolized by large square pews. These were about four feet high, panelled and finished at the top with a balustrade. The seats, narrow and high, extending round the sides of the pews, were hung on hinges, and in prayer time buttoned up against the sides to give more standing room. Each pew had small tables folding back in the same way, used by the head of the family in taking notes of the sermon, a universal custom in those days. The wall pews were elevated ten inches above the floor; the body pews five inches; all of course without carpet or cushion. The minister having chosen his pew, it was dignified as No. 1. The rest were then numbered to correspond, according to their supposed desirability, and seats in them apportioned in accordance with the rule adopted,—in some cases age, in some titles, in others rates paid taking precedence. In some towns, after the minister had chosen his pew, the rest were classified into a number of ranks, and all the people into corresponding ranks, those of each rank drawing lots for the choice of the pews of that rank. I confess I see no reason for considering the pews nearest

the door in the broad aisle, at Northfield and elsewhere, as more desirable than those nearest the pulpit. My unregenerate mind at first conceived that it might be because they afforded a possible chance of escape from the eighty-headed sermon, but unfortunately I discovered three constables appointed by the statute, "to attend att y^e great doores of y^e meeting house, every Lord's Day, to keepe y^e doors fast, and suffer none to goe out before y^e whole exercise bee ended."

During these gradual changes the seating committee held full sway. According to the various requisites I have before mentioned, they decided who should occupy the first pews built by the town, who might build on the allotted spaces, and in short, the place of every man, woman or child in the congregation. As removals, deaths and marriages were not infrequent, the process of reseating was necessarily an oft repeated one. Instructions for reseating differ little from the original order, except that "in reseating, the committee are not to degrade any." It is not to be supposed that their decisions were always satisfactory. Human nature was pretty much the same then, as now, and there are always those who estimate their own dignity and usefulness higher than they are rated by others. With the utmost deliberation and conscientiousness on the part of the committee, offense was often given.

Disputes sometimes waged high, now and then a new committee was chosen, and redress of supposed grievances was more than once sought from the General Court. That the majority of the people took their allotted places without complaint, and that a system so repugnant to our notions of equality should have lasted so long, seems to confirm Dr. Ellis' theory, namely: That the committee which seated the meeting house, and the worshippers, who ratified and accorded with their disposal of the pews, so far from proceeding by a scale of fictitious, social distinctions, set up by human pride, intended to follow—and thought they did follow—the express indications and directions of the Divine will.

Let us suppose that the seating committee has done its work for the year, no matter what, a century and a half, or longer, ago, and the congregation are gathering for public worship, no matter where. The sentry keeps a sharp lookout for Indians. A man, beating a drum or blowing a trumpet, paces up and down a platform on the lipped roof. For this service and sweeping the meeting house he receives from three to five dollars per annum. May-

hap it is a woman who rings the bell and sweeps for even less. From far and near the people come. "Any that doe slothfully lurke at home, may be fined, or edged for a second offense, and none dares plead distance as excuse for absence, since the Selectmen were empowered to sell Goodman Ward's farm, that he may live nearer the meeting house and be able to attend meeting." Some who live near are already here. They are poring curiously over the latest notice on the publishment post. Here comes a man on horseback with a bundle in his arms. The women crowd around the horse block as he dismounts, and he gives the little bundle to the most motherly looking. Surely, it is not his baby boy, born last night at midnight? Yes, for the father will not risk the precious soul of his child, even though to the unbaptized infant is assigned the easiest room in hell. After the sermon he will present him for baptism, and take him home at noon to his anxious mother, with a scriptural name longer than himself. To-morrow she will kiss them both, but not to-day, for that is against the statutes. Yonder is a group from the ferry. As none may enter the canoe before the magistrates and elders, they somehow were left behind, and are hurrying as fast as they dare; for there are heavy penalties against running and riding fast on the Lord's Day.

Here comes a constable with his tip-staff, leading a young man whom he has found solacing himself with his pipe on his long walk to meeting. He has no money to pay his fine, and must sit in the stocks near the meeting house door during service time, where all the people will see him as they come out. Poor fellow! he thinks he will never again be caught "taking tobacco within two miles of the meeting house on the Sabbath." So, on foot, on horseback, singly, or on pillions, (some of the old women and little children in ox-carts, perhaps,) they come. Some tie their beasts to the palings, others under housels they have had leave to build near by.

Entering the meeting house they take their allotted places. All the married men and women, the elderly people, and civil and military dignities in the seats and pews below, according to rule; the unmarried of both sexes in the galleries, with a high paling between them; the boys under sixteen, on the pulpit and gallery stairs, if the latter are not yet removed to the tower; otherwise in "hinde seats," or corner pews in the galleries, always with tything men, "to keep them from playing or sleeping;" the younger children on little benches in the aisles, by the side of the pews or seats, into which they often creep to huddle round the mother's

foot-stove. Those who are too young to sit alone are in little cages in the pew close to their mothers. The negroes, slaves or free (every town had several of both), are on wall benches in the gallery (men and women apart of course); in the upper one, if there are two tiers of galleries; or perhaps their dark faces are peering out from those two queer crannies opening upon the gallery from the tower. There are two square pews built for them at the head of each staircase in the tower, from which they are entered. They are sufficiently elevated above the gallery pews, to be very conspicuous from below. They are arched over the top, balustraded in front and so arranged as to prevent any communication with the other seats in the gallery. They resemble the mezzanine boxes in our theatres, and the boys call them the "swallows' nests." Very near the pulpit on either side sit the aged deaf, the men on the right, the women on the left; adjoining the pulpit in front, the Elders, if there be any; a step lower down, the two Deacons in their respective seats. The most elderly man of most distinguished birth or service in the community is honored with a seat at the communion table. He, as well as the Elders and Deacons, facing the congregation. About the doorways the guard is seated; each man with his bandolier slung over his shoulders, his matchlock close at hand. There is a rustle at the door. It is the minister? No, two constables, leading in a culprit. He wears a white paper cap, on which his sin is written, and is placed conspicuously on the stool of Repentance in the broad isle. Or it may be some wretched Hester Prynne will sit there, her heart slowly breaking under the Scarlet Letter on her breast, till the tortured soul comes to question man's mercy and God's justice.

And now the minister comes in—wearing a skull-cap and bands, and Geneva cloak, or in the later costume of flowing wig and gown, with his cocked hat in hand. The people all rise as he enters, and remain standing till he is seated. The sexton takes his seat at the head of the pulpit stairs, sets the hour-glass, and the services begin with the prayer of invocation; then comes the singing, a sore subject, and one that rent the churches with fierce contentions for many years.—Where are the singers? Have the committee forgotten to assign them seats? I hardly know where to look for them. It will depend upon whether the congregation are singing in the "Old way," as they call it, or by rule. If the former, there is neither chorister nor choir, but the Psalm is read a line at a time, by one of the deacons, and sung by all the people,

line by line. But if "singing by rule" has been adopted, we shall find the chorister with his choir of forty or fifty in the rear seats of the broad aisle below, or in the front seats of the galleries, bass and treble in opposite galleries, tenor and alto fronting the pulpit, Let us wait and see. The prayer over, one of the deacons rises, and in tremulous voice announces that this morning they will sing the old way, and this afternoon by rule, and proceeds to read the Psalm from the Bay Psalm Book. Be not so sorrowful, good Deacon; it is wisely ordained that in all things the old shall give place to new. To Sternhold and Hopkins succeeded your Bay Psalm Book, and after that will come in turn Tate and Brady, and Watts. No wanton "chanting to the viol" doth yet afflict you, and for many years yet, you shall lead the singing in the "Old way" at the communion service. The other deacon sets the tune—York, Canterbury or St. Martins—gives the pitch from his pitch-pipe, and reads one line of the Psalm, which all the people sitting sing with fervor, if not in time and tune, and so on, alternately reading and singing through ten or twelve verses. There is no reading of the Scriptures. By-and-by the town will vote "to make a place for the Bible on the pulpit," and then it will be read, ("not dumb reading,") but with comments. With a clatter the seats are fastened up and the congregation stand during the long prayer of nearly an hour. Another psalm, and the sermon begins. All rise at the reading of the text to receive the word of God in a reverential attitude. The older people take notes of the sermon. Slumber not good people, lest the sleepless tythingman rap your head with the hare's foot at one end of his pole, or tickle your face with the hare's tail if you are of the gentler sex. The sermon ended, the baby is presented for baptism. Perhaps the terrible sentence of excommunication is pronounced against some offending member. Then all go up to the deacon's seat with their contributions, money or "other chattels"—first the chief men and elders, then those of less estate, strangers, and finally "all single persons, widows and women in absence of their husbands." Another prayer, another Psalm, and the long service is ended. Those who live near go home; some stay in the meeting house talking in groups, but there is no "profane discourse, jesting or irreverent behavior," and a special tythingman "attends on Sabbath day noons to keep the boys in order."

We will follow those who wend their way to the noon houses. These, also called Sabbath Day houses, are small, one-story build-

ings near the meetinghouse for the accommodation of those who live too far to go home at noon. They have a chimney and are furnished with a few chairs, a table, a Bible, one or two iron skillets for warming food, and some pewter mugs and plates. In the morning, on their way to meeting, women who are obliged to walk through dust and mud stop here and change their stockings. Many leave their lunches, and a fire is kindled. At a time when a warm meeting-house was an unknown luxury, the blazing fire of the noon house was a great relief. Shivering we crowd about the great hearth stone, and the frugal meal, seasoned with Scripture texts, is soon eaten. Then refreshed and comforted we replenish our footstoves for the afternoon service. This ended, we will lock the noon house door and return to our several homes.

The history of the ministers and meeting-houses of old Deerfield is yet to be written. Our ever vigilant President has lately rescued from a wood-box some scraps of valuable material for such a history. How much has already been used as kindling stuff, I dare not think, nor how much more may be destroyed in that annual devastation known as "spring cleaning." That such things are possible, make it imperative upon us to build a hall, where all the precious memorials of the piety and patriotism of our fathers may be preserved.

To deck the graves of our heroes with laurel,—to erect monuments in remembrance of those distinguished in their country's service, is indeed praiseworthy. Still more should it be our duty to unite in building a shrine where each may reverently deposit the relics of his ancestry, that the memory of the least as well as the greatest among those who planted for our harvesting may be honored by succeeding generations.

Judge Samuel B. Williams' address, which followed, was full of admirable things. Having alluded to the beauty of the village, and his own long absence from it, he spoke of the place fifty years ago. At that time, he said, Deerfield supported its own merchants and mechanics. Then there were as many as three stores at a time, selling dry goods, groceries, hardware and all the usual variety of goods kept in country towns. Among the mechanics there were the printer, book-binder, blacksmith, shoemaker, saddler, tailor, cabinet-maker, hatter, cooper, tanner, wheelwright, watchmaker, etc. The speaker referred

particularly to the pewter button factory of Nathan Catlin. After the death of the proprietor the place was used for cutting and lettering gravestones and many of the slabs in the old cemetery near the river were fashioned there. A story of close economy was told of one of the stores of the village to which the speaker was sent, when a lad, to buy a cent's worth of snuff for an aged relative. The snuff was done up in brown wrapping paper, and the boy admonished to tell his aunt that the next time she must send her box, as wrapping paper cost money. There were two school houses there—one at the north end of the street, and the other on the lot now owned by Mrs. Higginson. Among some of the old people who have passed away and left no descendants was Mr. Birge, who used to hold the doctrine, as he put it, that "the prelibation, or foretaste of a thing, is better than the fruition or full enjoyment thereof."

Judge Williams gave an interesting sketch of the old academy. It was founded in 1797. The first preceptor was Enos Bronson, who was succeeded by Claudius Herrick, who, in turn, was succeeded by the father of Richard Hildreth, the historian. When Judge Williams became a pupil, in 1811, Daniel Wells, of Greenfield, afterwards Chief Justice Wells, was preceptor, assisted by Israel Wells of Shelburne, as usher. Soon after this Pres. Edward Hitchcock took charge of the academy, Miss Orra L. White, afterwards his wife, being preceptress.

The speaker, in alluding to the scarcity of horses in Deerfield fifty years ago, the ox being the beast of burden, told of a man who walked to Shelburne to borrow a horse to carry him to Greenfield and back. He then spoke of the various crops cultivated in Deerfield at different times—first cattle raising was the business of the farmer, then broom corn, and now tobacco. That tobacco was cultivated at an early day is evident, for it is recorded that during an incursion of the Indians, in 1696, a child escaped by "hiding under some tobacco in the chamber."

The old meeting house, built in 1729, and taken down in 1825, was described with its doors on three sides, its outside stairway leading to the gallery, and its 120-foot spire, thought to be the best proportioned in all the region. When the latter was taken down, word was sent out, and people gathered from neighboring towns to see it done. In conclusion, Judge Williams expressed his pleasure at being able to return to the home of his fathers after fifty years of wandering.

The address was excellent and highly appreciated, especially by the older people present.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney concluded the exercises of the evening, reading in a bright paper the "Story of the Old Brass Kettle."

SOUNDING BRASS.

BEING A RIGHTE TRUTHFUL HISTORIE OF Y^e ANCIENT TIME.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity"—which is love—"I am becoming as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

It was Sergeant Wright who repeated the words thoughtfully to himself, nearly two hundred years ago, while his gaze was riveted upon the glowing rim and cavernous hollow of a ponderous brazen object. It was not a bell, though there was metal enough in it to have formed a very respectable one for the village church.

At that early day bells were not common in New England; in the seaport towns that formed the colony of Plymouth, the faithful were summoned to church by the blowing of a conch shell; at other towns there are records of a "*peece*" being fired, or of a drummer being paid to beat a reveille for sleepy souls. In Deerfield, where the events we are about to chronicle took place, the practice seems to have been to simply hoist a flag at the time appointed for public service. Any of these means, except the drum, appears on some accounts preferable to the modern church bell. To any one who has resided in a Catholic country, where the ringing of bells, from matins to vespers, is incessant, to one with recent memories of college days, of being rung up in the morning before having his sleep out, rung to prayers before he had finished his breakfast, rung to recitation before he had mastered his lesson, and rung to bed before reaching the "*Yours truly*" of his love letter, the Sabbath bell is not likely to suggest ideas of a devotional character. After all, is it not essentially a relic of barbarism, a pagan institution like the beating of gongs in the Chinese ceremony of chinchinning the moon? The blowing of the conch shell is not open to the objection of degrading association; it must have called to mind the trumpets and ram's horns in the awe-inspiring Hebrew ceremonial. Fancy instead of the ding-dong of sounding brass in most village churches, that can sometimes hardly be distinguished from the locomotive bell, the clear liquid notes of a silver bugle, similar in character to one of the musical infantry calls, flung by the echoes from hill to hill, and dying faintly away over the meadows and along the river. Even the custom of firing a cannon, one great noise, heard at the furthest boundaries of the parish, and then done with, would be better than the continual repetition of the strokes of a bell, now violent and quick, as though calling out all

the hose and hook and ladder companies of the fire department, now slowly dying away, tantalizing the listener with the expectation that now at last they are really going to cease, only to bitterly disappoint him by breaking out again with renewed clamor. Most beautiful of all must have been the silent lifting of the flag, a symbol which Evangelist Bliss has taken from the signal service in "Hold the Fort."

Wave the answer back to heaven,
By Thy grace we will.

And how popular such a summons would be with the ungodly—leaving them in peace to enjoy their Sunday morning nap!

But we are wandering from our subject. Suffice it to say that the object of sounding brass into which Sergeant Wright was looking was not a bell. Neither was it a cannon, for a howitzer of that calibre, or a few smaller pieces of sounding brass, would have prevented the sad tragedy of the Indian captivity, and in that case the events herein chronicled would never have transpired. Sergeant Judah Wright was looking at Mr. Hoyt's brass kettle. He was billeted upon the family, and had so won the hearts of all but the mother, by his ready helpfulness and kindness of manner, that they had come to consider him as one of their number, and had almost forgotten the arbitrary way in which their acquaintance had begun. His frequent presence in the kitchen, and assistance in the labors of the family, was not, however, altogether of a disinterested nature, being prompted by the same feeling that caused Jacob's fourteen years of servitude for Rachel to seem but a day—"the love he bore her."

If Jean Ingelow had lived and written at that time, the Sergeant might have borrowed a verse or two to explain his love for Goodman Hoyt's kitchen:

For there his oldest daughter stands,
With downcast eyes and skillful hands,
Before her ironing board.

She comforts all her mother's days,
And with her sweet, obedient ways
She makes her labor light.

So sweet to hear, so fair to see!
Oh, she is much too good for me,
That lovely Mary Hoyt.

She has my heart, sweet Mary Hoyt:
I'll e'en go sit again to-night
Beside her ironing board!

Ah, that flat-iron! It was while beneath her deft fingers it passed swiftly over the smoking linen, that "the iron entered his soul;" iron, we mean, of the nature from which Cupid forges his arrow-heads.

Matters came to a crisis in the spring of 1703. The family had "gone a-sugaring" in Mr. Hoyt's "plantation" of maples, and the Sergeant and Mary had been left to watch the great kettle of sap as it seethed and boiled over the coals. The text which heads our story was one from which the Rev. John Williams had preached on the preceding Sunday, and the sermon had been the subject of conversation for that day.

"I fear me much that thou art but as that kettle, Judah," was the remark of Goodwife Hoyt as she moved away after another bucket of sap—"mere sounding brass and a tinkling cowbell!"

Rognish Sally Hoyt, the younger sister of modest Mary, could not forbear a saucy fling at the lovers.

"Yea, Judah, art thou like the kettle," she said, striking it a rap with the paddle with which she was stirring its contents. But the kettle, full to the brim of syrup, failed to respond with its usual resonant ring. "Hearest thou, Sergeant? It is no more 'sounding brass,' the reason thereof being that it is so filled with fire and sweetness that it can hold no more. The same being a token, brethren, as our godly pastor would say, that the heart of our beloved brother Sergeant Wright is so filled with that charity which is love, that he hath lost his proper and natural brazen-facedness, and can no more convey the knowledge of his condition to the lady of his choice than can this kettle utter the clamor which is natural unto it."

"Go thy ways for a saucy hussy," exclaimed Mary with a sudden consciousness, and with a mocking laugh the merry girl was gone. But the fat was in the fire, and when Goodwife Hoyt returned with more sap, she found the syrup there too, and the Sergeant kissing the unresisting Mary behind a neighboring maple. For which wanton proceeding the good woman, since she could not banish him from her family, sent away her daughter to dwell with a distant relative, saying ere she went:

"I do prophesy that this silly affection will presently fail; so long as I have a tongue in my mouth I will speak against it, for the knowledge that I have of Sergeant Wright tendeth not to edifying."

The Sergeant did not reply verbally; but when Mary in her exile opened her Bible to the chapter containing the text which had led to a declaration, she was attracted by another which bore marginal notes in a well known hand and which seemed to answer for him:

“Charity,” which is love, “*never* faileth; but whether there be *prophecies*, they shall fail; whether there be *tongues* they shall cease; whether there be *knowledge*, it shall vanish away.”

Time passed on, and one winter’s night the French and Indians burst upon the little town of Deerfield, and carried it away captive. The last sight that the Sergeant caught through the open kitchen door was of the great brass kettle which he and Mr. Hoyt had the night before filled with wort or new beer, standing by the side of Mary’s ironing-board; then the blazing timbers fell over both with a deafening crash, and he was marched away with pinioned arms.

The horrors of that captivity are too well known to need repetition. Through them all Sergeant Wright, by his manly heroism and patient endurance, his care for Sally and filial devotion to Mrs. Hoyt, at last so won her unwilling heart that she was constrained to admit that the old prejudicial knowledge which she had of him had vanished away.

The efforts put forth by the French to induce the captives to remain in Canada are notorious. A young French officer having fallen in love with Sally Hoyt, a Jesuit priest endeavored to persuade her to the marriage. After a sermon from the texts Deuteronomy xxi., 10–13: “When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord thy God hath delivered them into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captive, and seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire that thou wouldest have her to thy wife . . . then she shall remain in thine house, and thou shalt be her husband and she shall be thy wife,” and 1 Timothy v., 14: “I will, therefore, that the younger women marry,” etc., he addressed her personally before the congregation. Sally, remembering how her random shaft had in time past stirred up Sergeant Wright to an expression of his feelings, and having in mind a bashful lover, a certain shock-headed Ebenezer Nims, more generally known as “the Nims boy,” for whom she had an inexplicable good will, and who had been “captivated with her,” as the ancient chronicle stated with more truth than it knew, answered adroitly, that she had no ill will toward marriage as a state, but that she preferred to wed with one of her own people, and requested

that "inquisition should be made" whether there were not one willing to become her husband among the captives. A cold shudder ran down Sergeant Wright's spinal column. Who could the child mean but him? Had she misinterpreted his brotherly care and affection? And yet she knew of his love for her sister. It was with a great sigh of relief that he saw "the Nims boy" suddenly start from his seat, a timid, shrinking boy no longer, but transformed on the instant by the girl's challenge to as brave a knight as ever tilted in tourney for lady's love, and running the gauntlet of the eyes of friend and foe, place himself at her side.

The wily Jesuit was caught in his own toils; he acknowledged it by marrying them upon the spot, and adding by way of benediction to the usual Latin formula—"Mulier hominis confusio est."

When the younger sister marries before the elder it is the custom, in some parts of the country, to bring in the brass kettle and make the slighted one dance in it. Neither sister nor kettle were present on this occasion, but the time was not far distant when both would be found again. The captives were to be returned. Sergeant Wright had believed all along, in spite of the mountains of difficulty in the way, that this would be; and yet he said to himself on that homeward march, "Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity," which is love, "it profiteth me nothing." And in the joy of their first meeting, the only words that Mary Hoyt could utter were: "Charity suffereth long—beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things; endureth all things; charity *never* faileth."

On their wedding day they visited the site of the old homestead. There, in the hollow that had been the cellar, lay the old brass kettle, and in it a flat-iron that had fallen off Mary's ironing-board. The wort with which the kettle had been filled had prevented it from entirely melting, and since she could not dance in it at her sister's wedding, she was lifted in it now by her husband and danced in it at her own.

The kettle has been preserved as a relic by the Wright family. It hangs in the upper part of the old mansion, and is so arranged that by pulling a cord below, the flat-iron strikes against it, and so awakens the servants. And this story, which began with a tirade against bells, ends in finding its beloved kettle transformed into one; yet to the whole line and genealogy of the Wrights, by whom it has been cherished, it has brought its blessing of faith and hope,

and though but a bit of sounding brass, yet in all its history to these presents it lacketh not that charity which is love.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The text for the above story was found in the remains of a brass kettle melted down in the fires of Feb. 29, 1704. It was given to the Association by Luke Wright, late of Deerfield, to whom it had descended, and the main incidents of the story are facts.

The bottom of this kettle, which escaped fusion, was trimmed off and made into a culinary vessel about four inches deep. In this form it was used by the descendants of Judah Wright for many generations. It is found inventoried in the estate of one of them a hundred years ago. The curator heard of this relic through Mrs. Mary Wright Davis of Somers, Conn. When found, it was in use as a bell, with a flat-iron attachment, as described by Mrs. Champney. It now rests in Memorial Hall, keeping company with an oak chest carried out from the burning house of David Hoyt, and rifled of its contents by Indians. This chest was inherited and presented to the Association by Mrs. Davis.

THE NINTH ANNUAL MEETING —1878.

REPORT.

The ninth annual meeting of the Association convened at Old Deerfield, last Tuesday, Feb. 26, and a more fitting place for such a gathering cannot be found. This old town abounds in legends and traditions, and saw deeds now famous in history almost before her sister towns could boast of "blazed" paths through their forests. She is the elder sister, and, as such, deserves the honor of being the centre toward which the affections and the donations of all interested in antiquities should flow. Then, too, the old Academy building, about which cluster so many memories dear and venerated, is an appropriate place, not only for the annual gatherings, but also for the preservation of those valuable relics of which the society has become possessed. The building has now become the property of the Association, and it would be in accordance with its spirit to let it remain in its present state as long as possible, making as little alteration as can be, and repairing only enough to keep it from going to ruin and decay. Here the Association could hold its meetings, and here deposit its valuables. The building itself would be a relic, and one of the most valuable. During the past year quite a large number of specimens have been added, among them being Jonathan Johnson's valuable and extensive collection of Indian relics, secured through the generosity of Henry Childs of Buffalo. The Secretary's report showed that during the past year four of the Association have been claimed by death,—Judge Grennell of Greenfield, Smith R. Phillips of Springfield, Luke Wright of Deerfield, one of the corporate members, and Aaron Arms of Bellows Falls, Vt. The membership now is one hundred and eighteen. The report of the Treasurer showed the assets of the Association to be \$2000 in real estate, and a small balance in cash. The committee chosen last year to dispose of the real estate in the hands of the Association and purchase the old Academy, reported that they had transacted the business referred to them and had now the deed of the property desired, paying \$500 as the difference between the two lots in question. There then arose a lengthy discussion concerning the advisability of disposing of a portion of the newly acquired lot, and removing the old wooden ell, connected with the main building. It was finally decided to give the supervision

of the building into the hands of a committee, with power to sell the ell, but not to dispose of any of the land. The committee thus chosen consists of George Sheldon, George A. Arms, Rev. Dr. Crawford, Nathaniel Hitchcock and Charles Jones. The officers chosen for the ensuing year are: George Sheldon, President; Rev. John P. Watson, and Samuel O. Lamb, Esq., Vice-Presidents; Nathaniel Hitchcock, Secretary and Treasurer; Rev. Dr. Crawford, Corresponding Secretary. These officers constitute the Council, with fourteen others, as follows: From Deerfield, Rev. Edgar Buckingham, Zeri Smith, Charles Jones, Mrs. Julia A. Allen, William Sheldon; from Greenfield, Geo. A. Arms, Jonathan Johnson, Francis M. Thompson; Leverett, David Rice and Mrs. D. C. Kimball; Sunderland, John M. Smith; Northfield, Albert C. Parsons; Whately, James M. Crafts.

After the business meeting the company proceeded to the town hall, where an ample collation was in readiness. This being disposed of, and considerable time remaining before the evening session, many repaired to the old Academy and took a look at the relics there stored. The society have there the nucleus for a splendid collection, and we look forward to the time when Old Deerfield shall have, in the old Academy building, one of the finest collections in the country. The Association invites all to save ancient papers, books and relics of every sort, and preserve them for this collection. Many articles considered next to worthless by their possessors, may be really valuable and worthy of a place here.

The evening exercises commenced promptly at seven o'clock. The President read an article giving the early history of the Deerfield Academy, with short sketches of some of its earliest teachers. A quartette consisting of Henry M. Jones, W. D. Harris, C. L. Brown and H. S. Childs, furnished excellent music for the occasion. The appropriateness of the songs, "My Grandfather's Clock," "Roll Back the Years" and "The Old School-house," will not be questioned; nor is it questioned that they were finely rendered. The historical address by Miss C. Alice Baker appears in other columns. It is quite long, but, delivered in Miss Baker's pleasant manner, it held firm attention to its close. The door to the old Indian house stood near, and the speaker's apostrophe to that old relic, as she turned and addressed it, was stirring and grand.

Committee of Arrangements, J. H. Stebbins and wife, J. B. Hitchcock and wife, Charles Jones and wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, Mrs. Lurane B. Wells, Mrs. Julia A. Allen, C. A. Stebbins and wife, Mrs. E. W. Stebbins, Mrs. Edward Wells, E. A. Hawks and wife, Albert Stebbins, E. J. Everett, Miss Helen T. Sheldon, F. W. Stebbins and wife,

Mrs. R. F. Brown, Miss Nellie Porter, Miss M. G. Pratt, Mrs. Frank Nims.

HISTORY OF THE FOUNDING OF DEERFIELD ACADEMY,

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Soon after the war of the Revolution, when its feeble echo, the Shay's Rebellion, had died away, the people of Deerfield seemed newly aroused on the subject of education. In the spring of 1787 the town was divided into school districts, the relative population of which is pretty accurately shown by the money allowed each. This was, to No. 1, Town Street and Cheapside, 40£, 14s.; No. 2, Bloody Brook, 10£, 15s.; No. 3, Wisdom, 5£, 5s.; No. 4, Wapping and Bars, 9£, 10s.; No. 5, Mill River, 8£, 4s.; No. 6, Great River, 5£, 4s.; a little more than one-half appears to be in No. 1. In this district two schools were kept, but a need was felt for better accommodations and a higher grade of instruction. To meet this lack, fifteen citizens of the village, viz.: Maj. Selah Barnard, Maj. Seth Catlin, Dea. Jona. Arms, Ens. Joseph Barnard, Simeon Harvey, Samuel Field, Esq., Col. Joseph Stebbins, Eliphalet Dickinson, Col. Thomas W. Dickinson, Aaron Arms, Dr. Elihu Ashley, Capt. John Locke, John Williams, Esq., and Zur Hawks, met Oct. 8, 1787, and formed themselves into a sort of a corporation, under the title of "Proprietors of the New School." Westwood C. Wright was employed, and before the first of January, 1788, a schoolhouse was built on the spot where Philo Munn's shop now stands. Each share in the corporation represented two scholarships, and the school could not exceed thirty pupils. The shares were transferable to such parties only as the corporation approved. At a meeting of the proprietors, Jan. 21, 1788, it was agreed to pay 6s. a week for the schoolmaster's board; to keep the school from 8½ to 12 A. M., and 1½ to 5 P. M. A committee was raised to appraise firewood, making the standard, oak, at 6s. per cord; and another committee to prepare a code of rules and orders. The cost of the building and expenses for the first quarter was 150£. Free-grace Reynolds was the first teacher. Mr. Reynolds was born in Somers, Ct., 1767, graduated at Yale in 1787, was licensed to preach in 1790; of this license he availed himself so far as to preach to one parish in Connecticut, nine in Vermont and seven in Massa-

chusetts, his last settlement being at Leverett, Dec. 5, 1832. He left there in 1837 to spend his last days in Wilmington, Mass., it is to be hoped, in peace. The corporation was officered by John Williams, Clerk; Selah Barnard, Treasurer; Selah Barnard, Jona. Arms and John Williams, Assessors. The school proved a success, and I notice it as the germ from which, ten years later, the Deerfield Academy sprung.

The act establishing this last institution was approved by Samuel Adams, Governor, March 21, 1797. The men of the old corporation named in this act were John Williams, Seth Catlin, Joseph Stebbins and Joseph Barnard. The papers of the Academy corporation were destroyed when the house of the secretary, Dexter Childs, was burned, and no connected account can be found of the preliminaries for organizing this new enterprise. It appears that the money for putting up this building was raised by a general contribution among the men of Deerfield in sums of from twenty to one hundred dollars, amounting to about thirteen hundred dollars, and notes for payment were given March 30, 1797. At the same date about fourteen hundred dollars was raised by subscription as a permanent fund. This was in sums ranging from twenty to one hundred and fifty dollars secured by bonds at six per cent. interest. A sample bond has been shown here to-day; six at least of these bonds were running so late as 1830. This was the nucleus of the fund lately transferred to the Trustees of the Dickinson Academy.

The first meeting of the Trustees was held April 18, 1797, at the tavern of Erastus Barnard, the house now standing south of the ruins of Pocumtuck hotel. Rev. Roger Newton of Greenfield, was chosen President; Rev. John Taylor, Vice-President; Dea. Jona. Arms, Treasurer; and Dr. Wm. S. Williams, Secretary; all of Deerfield; a committee was chosen to buy an acre of land of Seth Nims, on the south part of his home lot. This is the land on which the Academy now stands; it cost \$333.34. A committee was also chosen to report a plan of a building. June 18, this committee reported in favor of a brick structure 60x26 feet, two stories, with a piazza at one end, and a cupola on the roof; this report was accepted, and Esq. John Williams, Joseph Barnard and Maj. David Dickinson chosen a Building committee. At a later meeting the piazza was cut off, and the width made 28 feet. In this form it was built the same year. In 1797 the fund was increased by a grant from the Massachusetts Legislature of one-half of a town-

ship of land in Maine. No account of the disposition of this land has been found.

At a meeting of the Trustees, Dec. 31, 1798, "A number of gentlemen and donors to the Academy," so reads the record, "considering the present occasion, and wishing to be instrumental in promoting the convenience and gratifying the curiosity of a respectable concourse of spectators, pray that leave may be granted them to illuminate the Academy building to-morrow evening; and from the best information, we presume a great number of strangers will attend which cannot be provided for in the manner in which our inclination suggests; we therefore beg permission for once, the occupancy of the hall for the evening." What the "inclinations" of the petitioners might "suggest" did not appear to the guardians of the property, and the request was promptly refused. After a personal interview, however, and grave deliberation, a guarded assent was given.

January 1, 1799, was a gala day in Old Deerfield, and an important era in her history. On this day the Academy was formally opened, and dedicated by a sermon in the meeting-house from one of the Trustees, Rev. Joseph Lyman of Hatfield. The meeting being adjourned to the Academy, Roger Newton, President of the board of Trustees, formally inducted Enos Bronson into the office of Preceptor of the Deerfield Academy, and delivered him the keys of the building. Of the illumination and occupancy of the hall, no report has been received.

The first quarter closed March 25, 1799, with forty-nine pupils. The average for the year was sixty-seven to the term; a total of two hundred and sixty-nine; of these, sixty-eight only were from Deerfield. Northampton sent nineteen; Greenfield, eighteen; Conway, seventeen; Northfield, thirteen; Hadley, eleven; Brattleboro and Sufield, each ten; Shelburne, eight; Amherst, Hatfield, Springfield, Vt., and Wilmington, Vt., each six; Ashfield, five; Coleraine, four; Albany, Dalton, Ashby, Guilford, Greenwich, Hawley, three; Hardwick, Longmeadow, Royalston, Springfield and Whately, two; and one each from Brookfield, Buckland, Easthampton, Great Barrington, Heath, Lebanon, N. Y., Montague, New Salem, Putney, Vt., Southampton, Stockbridge, Warwick, Westhampton, Westfield and Worthington. The quarter bills paid by the pupils for the year, amounted to \$690.88.

Generous donations were made to furnish the philosophical apparatus and endow the library, notably by David Wells of Green-

field, Abigail Norton, Jona. Arms and Col. Asa Stebbins of Deerfield. In 1806, Col. Asa Stebbins presented a "Planetarium" and "Lunarium," and his name was ordered to be engraved thereon. Many similar votes were recorded by the Secretary.

For ten years the school had been prosperous, and proved by its usefulness its right to be, the wisdom of its founders, and its good management. Larger accommodations were now required, and, in 1809, the Trustees voted to enlarge the building by the addition of another story, and a wing thirty feet square on the north side. The Preceptors had hitherto short terms of service. Mr. Bronson, the first, but one term; he was a graduate of Yale, 1798, and died in 1823; John Williams, Jr., was usher. His successor, Claudius Herrick, was of Yale, in the same class with Mr. Bronson; he entered the ministry in 1801, and died in 1831. Mr. Herrick delivered an oration at Deerfield, July 4, 1800, which was printed; a mutilated copy of this is in our hands; our Association would be thankful for a perfect copy for our collection of local books. His son, Edward Claudius Herrick, born in New Haven, 1811, was the learned Librarian of Yale College, from 1842 to 1858. He contributed to the American Journal of Science valuable papers on etymology, meteorology and astronomy. Elijah Alvord of Greenfield was usher. Samuel Fisher, who had also been usher under Mr. Herrick, was promoted to the head of the Academy, to be followed in one year by Henry Lord, of Killingworth, Ct., a graduate of Yale in 1801. He became a minister, and died in 1834. John Hubbard, who succeeded Mr. Lord, was born in Townsend in 1769, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1785. He was a man of considerable note; Judge of Probate for Cheshire County, N. H., from 1798 to 1802; when he came to Deerfield. He left his office here to become Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Dartmouth; was author of Rudiments of Geography, American Reader, and other publications, and died at Hanover in 1810. His successor, Allen Greeley, a graduate of Dartmouth in 1804, was here but three terms; he became a minister, and was tutor at Middlebury College and lived till 1866. His classmate, Avery Williams of Leverett, a graduate of Deerfield Academy, who followed him for two terms, was also a minister, and died in 1816. The next Preceptor was John Chester of Wethersfield, Ct., a graduate of Yale in 1804, a classmate of John C. Calhoun; he began to preach at Hartford in 1807, became a D. D., and died in 1829. He was succeeded in 1806 by Hosea Hildreth, a graduate

of Harvard in 1805; he became a minister, and died in 1835. He was father of Richard Hildreth, the celebrated journalist and historian, who was born here in the Dr. Willard house, June 28, 1807. Mr. Hildreth's assistant was Israel Wells of Shelburne. The first Preceptress was Miss Eunice Woodbridge, engaged for the summer term of 1802; her career in this field came to an untimely end by marrying one of the Trustees, Esq. John Williams. At the annual meeting of the corporation Mr. Williams had been chosen on a committee "to manage the interests of the Trustees." As far as the interests of *one* Trustee was concerned he appears to have been eminently successful in his management. He had been a generous benefactor to the Academy, and might have looked upon the whole transaction in the light of an Indian gift. It was, however, as we shall see, a dangerous precedent. Undismayed by the fate of her predecessor, Sally Williams, a graduate of Deerfield Academy, which she entered at the age of twenty-one, next entered the office; she was a relation of Esq. John and probably furnished by him as a substitute for the late Miss Woodbridge; she remained two years; cause of her exit unknown; she died March 28, 1845. Miss Jerusha Williams, descendant of our first minister, was preceptress from 1806 to 1811.

At the period we are considering, this institution stood in the front rank of the Academies in the land. With an established reputation, and enlarged facilities for usefulness, the Trustees hoped by pursuing the same policy to place it, at the end of a second decennial, on a still higher plane. Time will not allow a discussion of the reasons why they were, in some degree, disappointed.

In 1810, the enlargement of the building was completed, as we see it to-day. Twelve rooms were fitted up for boarders, a bell bought to call them to time, and Asahel Wright engaged for a steward. At the opening of the Academy under the new establishment "the preceptors and teachers, besides teaching the arts and sciences, were directed to instill into the minds of the pupils moral and Christian principles, and form in them habits of virtue and the love of piety." The standard of admission was raised, the study of natural history, natural philosophy and logic encouraged, and "no person was suffered to attend to painting, embroidery or any other of the ornamental branches to the neglect of the essential and fundamental parts of education." It was under this rule, perhaps, that for many years there was no chattering of foreign living, and no jargon of the dead languages heard within these walls. Adiso-

nian and Johnsonian mother tongue were good enough for Yankees in those days. For the regulation of affairs at the school, a brief code of by laws, of only thirty-six articles was provided. A few extracts will be made for the benefit of the boys and girls who may think the regulations of to-day rather "strict." Pupils of different sexes were not allowed to meet upon the grounds or within the walls of the Academy except at meals and prayers, nor walk or ride or visit together, under a penalty of one dollar. None were allowed to be absent from meeting, Sunday, Fast or Thanksgiving day, under a penalty of one dollar, and a fine of one dollar was sure if they didn't behave well when there. For walking in the streets and fields, or visiting, Saturday night or Sunday, there was a fine of one dollar. No playing cards, backgammon or checkers in the building, without a loss of the inevitable dollar, if detected.

It is to be hoped that the pupils were well supplied with pocket money, otherwise there must have been a great commotion amongst the "dollars of the *fathers*" about which so much is said now-a-days. Perhaps it was at the suggestion of these said fathers that a close board fence was built from the south side of the Academy across the yard to the road, to keep the boys and girls apart. Of course, separate entrances to the building and separate school-rooms were provided. Playing ball or similar games near the Academy was prohibited under a penalty of six cents, and a fine of six cents for any found out of their rooms during study hours. The morning prayers were at five o'clock, or as soon as it was light enough to read, with a fine of four cents for absence and two cents for being tardy; study hours commenced an hour later. Fines were imposed for damage to library books or books belonging to each other, at the rate of six cents for a blot, six cents for each *drop of tallow*, for every leaf torn six cents an inch, for every letter written on it, inside or out, two cents, for every mark or scratch two cents. After numerous other offenses were provided with suitable penalties, the Preceptor seems to have had a general commission to impose a fine of fifty cents whenever he had the tooth ache, or the wind happened to be in the East.

The first Preceptor I have found under the new establishment was Rev. Edward Tucker. The little information I have had of his locality and character was obtained through a story—too long to repeat here—told by Judge Samuel Williams, to whom I refer all enquirers.

Aaron Arms, a Deerfield boy, a graduate of Deerfield Academy

in 1809, and of Yale in 1813, came fresh from the latter institution to preside over the former. This he did with credit and success for two years, when he left to read law. He was admitted to the Franklin County Bar in 1817. He died in 1849.

Another Deerfield boy, born in 1793, whose entire school education was obtained at six winter terms of this institution, while working as a farm laborer the rest of the year, was the next Preceptor. And although for many years the moving spirit and President of Amherst College, and the recipient of high honors from Harvard and Yale, he was never a graduate of other institution than this. President Edward Hitchcock is too well known to need any notice from me; but I am tempted to say a few words for the benefit of the younger of my hearers.

While a pupil three months, and farm laborer nine months in the year, he had developed an ardent love for studying the science of nature that marked the coming man. His favorite study was astronomy, and this he pursued with an ardor which nothing but physical disability could subdue. When the astronomical apparatus in the academy failed to meet his wants, his ingenuity was equal to devising and manufacturing instruments to supply his requirements. Notable specimens of these efforts will soon be in our hands, to be forever kept within these walls, so intimately associated with his early life and labors.

It was while Mr. Hitchcock was at the head of this Academy that he boldly entered the lists in a contest with the astronomers of Europe, and came off victor, after a sharp and prolonged contest; astonishing the magnates there by his skill and power. It is risking but little to say, that but for a partial failure in his eyesight, Dr. Hitchcock would have made a place for himself by the side of the leading men of the world, in this, his first chosen field.

While holding the office of Preceptor he found time to make the necessary astronomical observations for the almanacs which he published in 1813-14-15-16 and '17. That he did not meanwhile neglect his duties as a teacher, is proved by the fact that one of his pupils—now among us*—in addition to the required “essential and fundamental parts of education,” found time to learn the paths of the planets, and to calculate eclipses of the sun and moon. Perhaps she might fail to-day, being some fifty or sixty years out of practice, but I question whether another person now in town, not

*Rebecca Jackson of Newton—now Mrs. Ephraim Williams.

a pupil of Mr. Hitchcock, can, or ever could, trace the trackless spheres through space and mark the moment and manner of their meeting.

But the young astronomer developed another weakness besides that of his eyesight. During all the years he labored here as Preceptor he had an able assistant in Miss White—Miss Orra White. She, too, could calculate eclipses, and she calculated to, and did, eclipse from her unsophisticated superior all the shining lights of her native town.

Amid all his exacting toil with

“Mural arch

Or zenith sector, or the quadrant’s limb,”

with telescope and astroscope, with planetarium, with lunarium and orrery, calculating the reciprocal attraction and repulsion among the heavenly bodies, it is not surprising that he could get his *orrery* and *Orra White* a good deal mixed up, nor, finding attraction without repulsion among earthly bodies, that he should get confused by conflicting facts and turn to his assistant for an explanation of this puzzling phenomena. Her interpretation being satisfactory, it was natural that he should pause here and set up a White stone in his life’s journey, to mark this mutual discovery of a great natural law. We are now prepared to believe—having before him the example of the Trustee who enticed away the first Preceptress—that when leaving this institution in 1819, he made no scruple of engaging Miss Orra to go with him as his assistant for life.

The income and tuition for bills for 1812 was \$555, in 1813 it was \$385, with no essential change until the last year of Mr. Hitchcock when it fell off to \$289. The last two terms of 1819 were exclusively a girl’s school, the income from which was only \$89, which proves conclusively—something,—but I don’t know what. And so the second decade of the life of Deerfield Academy closed.

And here I close, leaving a rich field for future research, for sketches of teachers, the career of pupils, the many friendships here begun which culminated in matrimonial alliance (myself having a personal interest in one event in this line) and the thousand and one incidents of school life giving only a bare and imperfect list of the Preceptresses and Preceptors after 1819 to its union with the High School: Miss Mary Bancroft, sister of the historian, Sarah B. Goodhue, Jane Pidgeon, Martha Harding, Emily Draper, Charlotte Catlin, Hannah Ripley, Harriet R. Stone, Mary Willard,

Mrs. S. B. Lincoln, Lucretia Wilson, now Mrs. Eels, Martha Carter, Eliza A. Starr, Mrs. C. M. Crittenden, Ellen Gage, Mary Cruttenden, Sarah B. Willard, Susan M. Lane, C. Alice Baker, Mary E. Young, Emily Poor and Mrs. V. M. Howard. Jona A. Saxton, Henry Payson Kendall, Rev. Joseph Field, Judge Frederick H. Allen, Rev. Zenas Clapp, Rev. Joseph Anderson, Rev. Charles G. Corse, Rev. Winthrop Baily, Luther B. Lincoln, C. M. Crittenden, John M. Thompson, H. K. Warriner, I C. Brown, R. D. Smith, Benj. S. Lyman, Rev. Horatio Alger, George W. Bartlett, Virgil M. Howard.

After singing by the choir the principal address of the occasion followed.

ENSIGN JOHN SHELDON.

BY C. ALICE BAKER OF CAMBRIDGE.

A noted place is the Plym's mouth in Old England. On its blue waters have floated ships of Tyre and merchantmen of Massilia, Keltic coracle and Roman galley, Saxon keel and Norman corsair. Gallant fleets with fair foreign brides for English princes, have sailed into Plymouth harbor. Hither, too, came false Philip of Spain, on his way to his luckless wedding; and hence the pride of England's navy went out to chastise his insolent Armada. Not for these will the Plymouth of England be forever famous; nor because it was there the Black Prince landed with his royal captives, after Poitiers; nor because Drake and Hawkins, and other noted navigators, proceeded thence on their voyages of discovery;—but because it is the port from which those nobler heroes, our Pilgrim Fathers, sailed, when they came to establish freedom and justice in the New World, planting here the world-renowned colony of Plymouth in New England—the little seed which has grown and blossomed into the grandest Republic on the globe.

Ten years later than the Mayflower, with no less precious burden, and following in her track, another ship sailed out of Plymouth harbor. Before the landing of the Pilgrims, the coasts of Massachusetts Bay were familiar to the West of England seaman, and in 1623 “the merchants of the western counties had grown rich on the profits of the New England fisheries.”

Among the more moderate Puritans of the West Country was Rev. John White, rector of Trinity church in Dorchester. Though

his name is believed to have headed the list of the "adventurers for New Plymouth," thus showing his sympathy with the pilgrimage, he seems at the same time to have been a man to whom, personally, the mere externals of religion were of no vital consequence. Quaint old Fuller describes him as "a constant preacher, so that in the course of his ministry he expounded the Scriptures all over and half over again. * * * A good Governor, by whose wisdom the town of Dorchester (notwithstanding a casual merciless fire) was much enriched,—knowledge causing piety, piety breeding industry, and industry procuring plenty into it. * * * He absolutely commanded his own passions, *and the purses of his parishioners*, whom he could wind up to what height he pleased, on important occasions." His motives and agency in the settlement of Massachusetts are well known to every reader of our early history. In 1629 he wrote to Endicott "to make a place for sixty more families from Dorsetshire, to arrive the next spring," sundry persons from that and the adjoining counties being desirous to come over and settle together as an independent community.

A great ship of four hundred tons—the "Mary and John"—was chartered at Plymouth, and in March, 1630, "many goodly families and persons from Devonshire, Dorsetshire and Somersetshire," began to assemble there. "Great pains," says the historian, "were evidently taken to construct this company of such materials as should compose a well-ordered settlement." Here were those two reverend servants of God, Mr. John Warham and Mr. John Maverick, as the spiritual guides of the company. Here were Ludlow and Rossiter, whose position as magistrates of the company entitled them to be the political counselors of the plantation. Here Captain John Mason, and others of military experience, to whom they could trust in case of Indian attack. Here, too, were many whose names are familiar to us, through their descendants, in this valley,—men past middle age, like Thomas Ford and William Phelps, with grown-up families and ample fortunes, whose presence lent dignity and character to the emigration; others, like Israel Stoughton and Roger Clap, stout-hearted, strong-armed young men in the prime of life, both married and single, on whom the brunt of the actual labor of the new settlement would rest.

With them to the embarkation came the faithful pastor, John White. He had been the soul of the enterprise, and they were many of them his friends, neighbors and parishioners. How solemn must have been the scene!—unequalled except by the memor-

able parting of Robinson and his flock, when, gathering them together in the new hospital for a day of fasting and prayer, he preached to them, as he and they well knew, the last sermon they would ever hear from his lips—his final words of encouragement, as they bade farewell forever to home and native land.

In the afternoon of the same day the people organized themselves into a church under the ministers whom he had appointed, they formally expressing their acceptance of the office without further ordination, and on the 20th of March the John and Mary dropped down Plymouth harbor and took her solitary way across the ocean. "We were of passengers many in number, of good rank," says Roger Clap; "so we came by the good hand of the Lord through the deep, comfortably, having preached or expounded of the word of God every day for ten weeks together, by our ministers." After a passage of seventy days, the ship arrived at Hull. The place provided for the colony by Endicott was on the Charles River. Whether Captain Squeb supposed he had reached there, or whether he dare not venture farther into the bay without a pilot, is uncertain; but much against their will, he put his passengers and their cattle ashore on Nantasket point. Ten of the party, putting some of the goods into a boat, set out in search of a place for a permanent settlement. Threading their way in and out among the islands, they finally landed at Charlestown, went up the river as far as Watertown and camped for a day or two on a spot to this day known as Dorchester fields.

"We had not been there many days," says Roger Clap, who was of the party, "though by our diligence we had got up a kind of shelter to save our goods in, but we had order (from the ship) to come away * * * unto a place called Mattapan, because there was a strip of land fit to keep our cattle on. * * * so we removed and came to Mattapan."

The story of the first settlement of Massachusetts is so simply told by the actors in this grand drama, that we can hardly realize the magnitude of the enterprise. Think of the luxury and ease relinquished, the sorrow of parting forever from home and country, the anxieties, discomforts and dangers of a ten weeks' passage, and the terrible wilderness to be subdued before the most common wants of life could be supplied!

Notwithstanding the scarcity and sickness of the first year, the colony at Mattapan, which in honor of the patriarch White, had received the name of Dorchester, grew and prospered. But the

current of emigration, already set firmly to the westward, was not to be stayed at Mattapan. Rumors of rich bottom-lands on a great river to the west bred discontent with the rocky soil on which they had first planted themselves. This, fostered by the political ambition of some who were disappointed of preferment in Massachusetts, led the Dorchester colonists to determine upon removal.

"Come with me now," says Cotton Mather, "to behold some worthy and learned and genteel persons going to be *buried alive* on the banks of Connecticut, having been first slain by the ecclesiastical persecutions of Europe." At midsummer of 1635, a few pioneers from Dorchester reached the Great River, and near the Plymouth trading house, set up two years before by William Holmes, began to make preparation for a settlement. On the 15th of October, "the main body of the emigration, about sixty men, women and children set forth from Dorchester on the long and toilsome journey to the valley of the Connecticut. Like a bit of romance from the middle ages,—like the vanguard of some great army of Crusaders, seems the march of this valiant little band.

Day after day in the beautiful October weather, driving their cattle before them, they wound their way through the trackless wilderness, a compass their only guide. The brilliant leaves of autumn fluttered softly to their feet as they tramped through the tranquil forest, singing their pious hymns; and the frolicsome squirrel, scared from his harvesting, ceased his chatter as they passed. With prayer and praise for fourteen days they journeyed on, but when they reached their destination, the autumnal glory had departed, the leafless trees sighed and shivered in the wintry gale, and the cold, gray river gave them sullen welcome. I will not dwell upon the horrors of that winter. The spring brought many of their friends, who had been left behind at first, and the little settlement, known to us in later times as Windsor, was baptized anew with the name of Dorchester, dear to the hearts of so many of those weary Pilgrims.

Among "the precious men and women," whom we may suppose to have come with the Dorchester Company in 1630, and to have borne their share of the trials and sufferings of the new settlements, were Isaac Sheldon, his wife, whose name is unknown, and their infant son. Of his ancestry, we as yet know nothing. The name was at that time an *honorable* one in England, and is still found among the nobility and gentry of several English counties. In the list of "The worthies of Somersetshire since the time of

Fuller," I find the name of "that most munificent and generous prelate," Gilbert Sheldon, born in 1598, "descended from the ancient family of Sheldons of Staffordshire," and Archbishop of Canterbury in 1663. Isaac Sheldon's name appears in Dorchester in 1634, as of Warham's congregation, but not of the church. He removed to Windsor with the emigration of 1635, and there we find him four years later, the owner of a house, barn, orchard and home lot. The following, from Windsor town records, evidently referring to his son, then a young, unmarried man, seems to prove that Isaac, the elder, was not living at this date:

Sept. 13, 1652. It is assented that Isaac Sheldon and Samuel Rockwell shall keep house together in the house that is Isaac's, so they carry themselves soberly, and do not entertain idle persons, to the evil expense of time by night or day."

In explanation of the above, it may be said that the statutes of our fathers for the prevention of vice were many. The family was next in sacredness to the church. Every newly-wedded couple was expected to set up a home, and at once to enter upon household duties. In good old Colonial days, the young husband could not lounge away his evenings smoking at his club, while his bride dawdled away hers in the pretty gossip of boarding-house parlors, and married persons of either sex, remaining long in the colony without their respective partners, were made to send for them, or were themselves ordered back to England as disreputable. No inhabitant was admitted unless approved by the town, and every householder was called to strict account for his visitors, and made answerable for their good conduct and solvency.

In Windsor, "no master of a family" might "give habitation or entertainment to any young man to sojourn in his family, but by the allowance of the town," and "no young man that had not a servant, or was not a public officer, might keep house by himself without permission from the town under a penalty of 20s a week." Wherefore, in 1652, his father being dead, Isaac Sheldon, Junior, then about twenty-three years of age, obtained permission to live on the homestead, and to take as his companion, Samuel Rockwell, a son of one of the early settlers also deceased. The arrangement was of short duration, for Isaac having married Mary Woodford in 1653, sold out to Rockwell the same year, and with his wife and infant daughter, removed to Northampton, among the first settlers of that town.

Isaac and Mary Woodford Sheldon were blessed with thirteen

children. John Sheldon of Deerfield, their second son and third child, was born in Northampton, Dec. 5, 1658. Among the companions of his childhood, were John and Benoni Stebbins, sons of John Stebbins of Northampton, and grandsons of old Rowland Stebbins of Springfield. In 1679, while yet lacking a month of his majority, he married their sister, Hannah Stebbins, she being then but fifteen years and four months old. The boy husband and his child wife remained in Northampton until after the birth of their first two children; but the pioneer spirit was born in him, and we find him soon, with his young family, among the founders of a frontier settlement, as her father and grandfather had been before him.

In a former paper before this Association, I have detailed the unsuccessful attempts at the settlement of Deerfield up to 1682. Among the very first of those by whom the town was permanently established, were John Sheldon and his wife's brothers, John and Benoni Stebbins.

John Sheldon is first mentioned in the town records of Deerfield in 1686, when he was chosen on a committee "to lay out all the woodlands." By this same meeting the Dorchester schoolmaster, John Williams, was called to be their pastor. The same year Sheldon was chosen on the first board of Selectmen, and re-elected almost every year until 1704. The legislative and executive powers of this board were then very great.

When in 1689, the people rose in their strength against Andros, and a "council for the safety of the people" headed by old Simon Bradstreet, the last of the Puritans, summoned a convention of delegates from the several towns of Massachusetts to deliberate upon the future government, it was a bold but justifiable act. Successful or not, it was treason,—and if unsuccessful, its movers would pay the penalty. No town meeting appears to have been called in Deerfield, but John Sheldon did not hesitate. He, as Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, took, with them, the responsibility of sending Lieut. Thomas Wells as delegate to the convention, signing with them his credentials as "*We the Town of Deerfield.*" After the terrible massacre of Schenectady in February, 1690, the town of Deerfield erected a stockade around meeting-house hill, and "voted that all persons whose families cannot conveniently and comfortably be received into y^e houses y^t are already upon meetinghouse hill, and shall be within the fortifications,—such persons shall have habitations provided for you, within said

fortification at the Towne charge," and Sergeant John Sheldon, with two others, had "full power to appoint where every person's hous or cellar shall stand, and what biggness it shall be."

On the death of Lieut. Thomas Wells, in 1691, his brother Jonathan was appointed in his place, and Sheldon, who had been also recommended by John Pynchon for the lieutenantancy, was made ensign. In 1693, we find him deacon of the church; the next year, on the committee to build a new meeting-house, and on various other committees; and, in 1696, on the committee to seat the meeting house. In 1697, he, with Jonathan Wells, was appointed to look over old papers and "direct the Town Clerk to record such as should be recorded." To the discretion and labors of this committee, we owe the preservation of four pages of very valuable matter on our book of town records. On these records, I find no busier man than John Sheldon, none whose voice was more often sought in the prudential affairs of the town. He was chosen to measure the meadow lands, and to settle the bounds between neighbor and neighbor. He served as tythingman and school committee, and was very often moderator of the town meetings. In short, John Sheldon was one of the most prominent men in the early history of Deerfield, successfully administering those important town offices, which require the most prudent foresight, and the most candid and impartial judgement. But while under the watchful care of John Sheldon, and others as faithful, the puny infant settlement was struggling for an existence, the mine for its destruction was already in train. Glance for a moment at the situation: Romish New France in the north; Romish New Spain at the south; between these, as between the upper and nether millstone, Protestant New England and New Netherlands occupying the debatable ground; for years a political struggle for territory between the three last named: The Lieut.-General of Canada sends over the ice and snow and nails his arms to the trees on the English limits; the English quietly push towards Acadia, and hold their ground at the Great Bay of the North; the treacherous savage, ready to trade his peltry or sell his prowess to the highest bidder, to-day tears down the King's crest from the trees and carries it in derision into Orange [now Albany], and to-morrow begs the Lieutenant-General to send him "black gowns" to teach him about the Frenchman's God. There are plots and counterplots. The black gown writes to Canada "that the Governor of New York, who is coming to speak to the Five Nations, has sent a shab-

by ship's flag, bearing the arms of England, to be set up among them, which is still in the Mohawks' public chest and he knows not when it will see day."

Complications arising from the accession of the Prince of Orange, and later, the succession of Anne to the English throne, afford the excuse for more open hostilities. In the French state papers of the period may be found the links of that chain by which the pastor and people of Deerfield were to be held in bondage. There, in detail, is the policy of the French, which is by embroiling the eastern Indians with the English, under the pretext that the latter have encroached upon their hunting grounds, to incite them to fall upon the frontier towns, and then, under the plea that being at war with the English they can no longer live on English soil, by promises of support and protection, to induce them to remove near to Quebec and Montreal, whither they will attract much trade, and where they will become a powerful ally of the French in the prosecution of the war.

There are the protests from the Canadian Governor against the trespasses of the English; threats of the French King of what will happen to Boston if the English do not keep within their limits; the fears of Frontenac that the Acadians may incline to the English, "as they are too far from French succor in case of trouble" between the two nations. There are instructions from the French minister to the Governors of Acadia and Canada, so to manage affairs that the Abenakis shall find it more advantageous to live by war than by the chase; notes on the political services of Fathers Rash and Bigot; letters of commendation and gifts of money to Father Thury for *his* share in the bloody work; reports of the conferences of the Chiefs with the Governor at Quebec, with the diplomatic falsehoods and fair promises of the latter; lists of presents and supplies for the Indians: "Brazilian tobacco, vermillion, kettles of all sizes, blue serge," a jacket with gold facings, a shirt, hat, pair of shoes and stockings for one of the chiefs, and a "shift for his daughter, of whom he was very fond;" orders for "tufts of white feathers," costing a few centimes in Paris, to designate the savages in night attacks; weapons; and provisions—flour, molasses, butter and "plenty of *brandy*, without which they will not act efficiently."

Ever since the building of her stockade, Deerfield had been in a state of alarm. Repeated sallies had been made by the enemy, and several of the inhabitants had been killed, and others carried

into captivity. The distress of the people will be seen from the following extract from a letter of their pastor to the Governor and praying for an abatement of taxes, and dated Oct. 21st, 1703:" "We have been driven from our houses and home lots into the fort, some a mile, some two miles, whereby we have suffered much loss, * * * the whole town kept in; our children of twelve or thirteen years and under, we have been afraid to improve in the field, for fear of the enemy; * * * we have been crowded together into houses, to the preventing indoor affairs being carried on to any advantage, and must be constrained so expend much to make any comfortable housing if we stay together in cold weather, so that our losses are far more than would have paid our taxes. * * * I would humbly suggest your Excellency to do what may be encouraging to persons to venture their all in the frontiers, * * * and that they may have something allowed them in making the fortification; we have mended it, still it is in vain to mend, we must make it all new, and fetch timber for two hundred and six rods, three or four miles if we get oak."

Thanks to the labors of our honored President, whose study of the "Antient Records" seems to have come to him by direct descent, we can reconstruct the village as it was in the winter of 1703-4. In the north-west corner of the rebuilt fortifications, stood the house of Ensign John Sheldon, a two-story front, 42x21, and a one-story lean-to or kitchen. I need not describe it. The appearance of the old Indian house, as it was called ever after that fatal day, is familiar to most of my audience. He had built in 1698 or 1699, to accommodate his growing family. It was probably the largest and the best in town, and the hospitalities to this day so generously dispensed on that spot, began with Landlord Sheldon.

Lulled by frequent false alarms into a fatal sense of security, John Sheldon and his neighbors slept soundly on the night of the 29th of February, 1704. The bitter cold penetrated even his well built dwelling, the drifted snow lay piled outside against the palisades, the wind shrieked as it tore the dry branches from the trees and hurled them far over the frozen crust; but no consciousness of unusual danger disturbed their slumbers. Yet with the rushing of each fitful gust, running with it from the north and pausing as it ceased, the cruel foe was creeping stealthily nearer to the little hamlet. The stormy night was well nigh spent, the guard lay heavy in his first sleep, when "the enemy came in like a flood;" pouring over the palisades, heaving and tossing like the

angry billows of a stormy sea, roaring and rushing to and fro within the fortification, the horrid crowd surged about the houses of the defenseless people. Roused by their hideous yells, the sleepers woke bewildered to find themselves surrounded by dusky faces fiendish with fresh war paint. Resistance was vain; some were instantly murdered; others, powerless from fear, were fiercely torn from their warm beds, bound hand and foot, and hurried out half naked into the winter night, already ruddy as the dawn with the glare of the burning village. Pine torches, flaming in the bloody hands of the savage horde, lighted up the scene within the meetinghouse, where the captives were collected. Huddled there in woful companionship, ignorant of the fate of friends and kinsfolk, they lay while the demoniac crew completed the work of destruction. The enemy's wounded, groaning on the floor; old men praying and calling on God "to remember mercy in the midst of judgment;" boys and girls with pale, frightened faces; children of tender years, screaming with terror at the unwonted sight; infants wailing with cold and hunger.

For a time, the well built and firmly bolted door of John Sheldon's house proved an effectual barrier against the savages. Sacred historic door! Door of the ark of the covenant wert thou to our fathers in the olden time. Built of no costly material, thy posts were not inlaid with shell; no gold adorns thy panels. Heart of oak art thou! fit type of the heroes who framed thee; sturdy and strong in their defence as they in their defence of liberty, ye yielded never! More to us than Grecian sculpture are thy carvings by Indian tomahawk, and thy wrought spikes more precious than bosses of silver and gold.

Maddened at last by their baffled efforts, they hacked and hewed at it till the hole was cut which is still to be seen in it. Through this they fired at random, killing Sheldon's wife, who was dressing herself in bed in the room at the right of the door. Finally swarming in at the windows and rudely awaking Mary Sheldon, a maiden of sixteen, from sweet dreams of her lover, they captured her and her young brothers, Ebenezer and Remembrance, and killed their little sister, Mercy, a child of three years. Their eldest brother, John, had married, three months before, Hannah Chapin of Springfield. During the preparation of the bridal outfit, her mother, loath to have her encounter the perils of a frontier settlement, yet with that strange inconsistency with which we often make a jest of the saddest things in life, advised her to have a

pelisse made of unusual thickness, as she might need it if she were carried off by the Indians. On the first alarm she and her husband, who were occupying the east chamber of his father's house, jumped together from the window. Spraining her ankle, and unable to save herself, she urged her husband to leave her and alarm the nearest village. At her entreaties he stripped up a blanket, and binding it about his bare feet, ran to Hatfield. His heroic bride was captured with the rest.

At daybreak, Hertel de Rouville rallied his troops for the retreat and the shivering captives began their painful march. The sorrows of that awful journey cannot be described. Snow-blind and starving, with aching hearts and frozen limbs and bleeding feet, they staggered on for twenty-five days. Arriving at Chambly in detached parties, they were separated, some remaining with their Indian captors, others bought by the French of Montreal and Quebec.

Let us return to the desolated village whence they had been so cruelly snatched. Of the whereabouts of John Sheldon the elder, on that fearful night, we know nothing, but we cannot suppose him to have been idle or panic stricken. He may have been with that gallant band that fell upon the enemy's rear that morning, abandoning the pursuit only when retaliation threatened the captives. What must have been his feelings and those of others equally bereft as they walked among the still smoking ashes of their once happy homes, searching among the dead and dying for traces of their kindred? His daughter, Hannah, whose husband, Joseph Catlin, was slain in the meadow fight, his little grandchild, and his married son were all that were left of John Sheldon's family. In the spring days that followed, the scanty remnant of three households sat round his cheerless hearthstone and talked sadly of their dead and of those far away in captivity worse than death. Vaguely at first he thought of their possible rescue, but as the gloomy summer wore on, his dream became a definite purpose, and he announced his determination to devote his remaining energies to the redemption of his children and townsfolk.

Meanwhile their captors were jubilant. Exaggerated reports of their success were made to the French Minister by the Governor and Intendant of Canada:

"The English having killed some of these Indians, they sent us word of it, and demanded assistance. This obliged us, my Lord, send thither the *Sieur de Rouville* with nearly two hundred

men, who attacked a fort in which there were more than a hundred men under arms. They took more than a hundred and fifty prisoners, and lost only three men and some twenty wounded."

A deputation of the Abenakis waited upon "their father," the Governor, "to bear witness to the pleasure he had given them in avenging them against the English," and he in turn, congratulated his "children" upon their united victory over their "common enemy."

In urging De Rouville's promotion, De Vandreuel wrote, "The Sieur de Rouville's party, my Lord, has accomplished all that was expected of it; for besides the capture of a fort, it showed the Abenakis that they could rely on our promises, and so they told me when they came to thank me." "Except their inveterate habit of poaching on Acadian fisheries," says Mr. Parkman, "the people of New England had not provoked these barbarous attacks." The correspondence between the Governors of the two provinces during several years previous to the sacking of Deerfield, in which one or the other is constantly demanding or receiving satisfaction for the seizure of vessels, shows that privateering was common to both sides even during a nominal peace. In one of these poaching expeditions, the English had seized one Captain Baptiste, a Frenchman, who had proved himself a spy and a traitor in the service of both governments, and who was, besides, a wholly unprincipled fellow, having besides his Acadian wife, several others in different parts of the world. As from his knowledge of the coasts, he was very necessary to the Acadian government, Le Fevre was sent to Boston in the autumn of 1702, to demand his release. War having been in the meantime declared, Dudley detained Le Fevre, and flatly refused to surrender Baptiste. In concluding his letter to the Governor of Port Royal, he says, "as for the exchange of prisoners, when I shall be advised of the settlement of a cartel properly, I shall embrace it as being very usefull. In the meantime I must desire that the subjects of her Majesty the Queen, my sovereign Lady, may have the good fortune to keep themselves out of the inconvenience of a captivity, though never so easy and short." How grievously this hope was disappointed, we have already seen.

When the Deerfield pastor and his fellow captives reached Canada, the "Governor told me," says Mr. Williams, "that I should be sent home as soon as Captain *Battis* was returned and not before, and that I was taken in order to his redemption."

In April, 1704, and again in August, Dudley despatched letters

by way of Albany, to the Canadian Governor, upbraiding his conduct of the war as unlawful and unchristian. "You have boasted," he says, "of massacring my poor women and children, and carrying away into a miserable captivity the reste, and they are made a matter of trade between the Savages and the subjects of your master under you." * * * Such treatment of Christians will be esteemed barbarous by all Europe, * * * and I expect you to withdraw all these Christian captives from the hands of savages, and return them to me, as I have several times returned *your* people to Port Royal, and shall continue to do, until I have your reply to this."

In his August letter he offers an equal exchange of prisoners, and threatens reprisals if a more honorable treatment of the captives is not guaranteed. "I cannot admit," he says, "the pretext that the Indians have the right to retain these prisoners, because I would never permit a savage to tell *me* that any Christian prisoner is at his disposal." From Dudley's point of view, it seemed absurd for the Governor General of New France to declare that he could not compel the Indians to give up their English captives.

The difficulties of his position will be better understood, if we remember that he had made the savages his tools, by promising them a chance to avenge themselves upon the English. Receiving no satisfaction from the French Governor, Dudley the last of September, proposed to his council that "Arthur Jeffrey, being attended with two French prisoners of war, be sent by way of Saint John's River to Quebeck, with letters to the Governor, referring to the English prisoners there and to concert a method of exchange."

The departure of Jeffrey was doubtless prevented by the arrival of John Sheldon at Boston. He was attended by young John Wells of Deerfield, whose mother, Hepzibah Belding, was one of the captives. On Wednesday, Dec. 13th, 1704, the Governor acquainted his council that he had received no answer to his letter sent the preceding summer to the Governor of Quebec, relating to the English prisoners, and that "it was doubtful if those letters found safe conveyance"—"as also that John Sheldon and John Wells of Deerfield, who both had relations in captivity there, were now attending him, and very urgent to have license to travail thither, there being also two French prisoners used to that Rhode, who have their relations here, that are willing to accom-

pany the said Englishmen with his Excellency's letters, and to see them safely returned at the peril of having their near relations here exposed."

His Excellency proposed the conveying them by water to Casco, thence to take the direct course through the country to Quebec "in order to find out how many prisoners are in that country and to make way for their release in the spring."

Fortunately for John Sheldon, within the week Capt. Livingston of New York appeared in Boston, and on the 19th, the Governor acquaints his council that "since their last sitting and advice for sending messengers to Quebec to negotiate the exchange of prisoners, he had discoursed that matter with Capt. John Livingston, now in town, who had been several times there, was well acquainted with the several parts, and the way thither from the upper towns of this Province, which *he* accounted to be more safe than to Travail through the Eastern countrys, and that said Livingstone would undertake that service, accompanied with Mr. Sheldon and Wells, *without* any Frenchmen," for a hundred pounds and his expenses.

"Upon consideration of the greater safety and certainty of this way, and the charge saved of a vessel and men * * * beside the fitting-out of the Frenchmen, and the inconvenience that might happen upon their going, as also the accomplishment of Livingston for such a service," it was advised that he be employed.

Duplicates of the letters hitherto sent were prepared, and with them a third, dated the 20th of December, 1704, conciliatory in tone, introducing Mr. Livingston, Mr. Sheldon and John Wells as envoys of the government, proposing a full exchange of prisoners on both sides, and requesting if his messengers are detained at Quebec by the severity of the winter, that an Indian may be sent to Casco with a reply, stating the time and place where an English shallop may meet one from Quebec to make the exchange. With these credentials, Sheldon and his companions took the Bay path for Deerfield, tarrying at Hatfield on the way to procure their outfit of Colonel Partridge.

I will not attempt to describe the stir in the village when it was known that Mr. Sheldon was there, *en route* for Canada, as an agent of the government in behalf of the suffering town. Pausing only for a brief good-bye, burdened with messages of love to the dear ones in bondage, and followed by the blessings of all, the party pushed on over Hoosac Mountain to Albany. We have a

glimpse of them there, before they plunge into the pathless forest, in a scrap of paper containing an account, on which, in Sheldon's hand-writing, is endorsed "what i paid to captain levenston at hot-soen river."

We need not go back to King Arthur for exploits of chivalry; our colonial history is full of them. This man, long past the daring impulses of youth,—this youth, whose life was all before him,—show me two braver knights-errant setting out with loftier purpose on a more perilous pilgrimage.

Three hundred miles of painful and unaccustomed tramping on snow-shoes in mid-winter, over mountain and morass, through tangled thickets and "snow-clogged forest," where with fell purpose the cruel savage lurked; with gun in hand, and pack on back, now wading knee-deep over some rapid stream, now in the teeth of the fierce north wind, toiling over the slippery surface of the frozen lake, now shuffling tediously along in the sodden ice of some half-thawed river, digging away the drifts at night for his camp; wet, lame, half-famished and chilled to the bone, hardly daring to kindle a fire,—a bit of dried meat from his pack for a supper, spruce boughs for his bed, crouching there wrapped in his blanket, his head muffled in the hood of his capote, eye and ear alert, his mittened hand grasping the hilt of the knife at his belt; up at day-break and on again, through storm and sleet, pelted by pitiless rains, or blinded by whirling snow,—what iron will and nerves of steel, sound mind in sound body, to dare and do what this man did!

Of the date of John Sheldon's arrival in Canada, we are ignorant. We can only guess at the impressions of the sturdy Puritan yeoman as he first stood upon the rock of Quebec, surrounded by "the appendages of an old established civilization." Strange sights and sounds must have greeted him as he sat in his inn on the great square. The "noisy bushranger" and the "befeathered Indian" swaggered about the door. "Plumed officers," with squads of soldiers in slouched hats, and "arquebus on shoulder," marched quickly at tap of drum up to the fort. Processions, bearing relics of the saints, filed in at the cathedral door, the gaunt Jesuit in black cassock and rosary, the gray gown of the Recollet friar, the seminary priest in sable robe, with his band of boys in blue, pale nuns clad in coarse serge, the Ursuline sisters with their pupils, among whom is more than one English face. The news of his arrival spread up and down the river, "reviving the drooping spirits of the

captives." Far different was its effect upon their captors. Stephen Williams, the minister's son, was in the hands of a St. Francis Indian, who demanded forty crowns for his ransom. Mr. Williams had prevailed upon the Governor to offer thirty. The savage stood out, and, leaving the boy with his wife, went off hunting. "When Mr. Sheldon was come to Canada," says Stephen in his journal, "my mistress thought there would be an exchange of prisoners, and lest the French should then take me away for nothing, she removed up into the woods about half a mile from the river, that if they came they might not find me." Having offended her a few days after, by slighting some heavy work given him to do, "the squaw," says the eleven-years-old child, "was very angry. 'I will not beat you myself,' says she, 'for my husband ordered me to the contrary, but will tell y^e jesuit, y^e next time he comes.' With-in a day or two y^e jesuit comes. She was as good as her word, did complain; he takes me out and whips me wth a whip of six cords, several knots in each cord."

As soon as possible, the envoy delivered their letters to the Governor, by whose permission Mr. Williams came up from Chateaucliche,* where he had been sent to prevent his interference with the conversion of his people by the Jesuits. From him Sheldon heard that his children were living, and John Wells learned the sad tidings of his mother's murder. He told them the harrowing tale of the march to Canada, and the details of the captivity. Deacon Sheldon was greatly exercised by his account of the craft and cruelty employed by the French "to ensnare the young, and to turn them from the simplicity of the Gospel to Romish superstition."

Mr. Williams doubtless accompanied the envoys to their first audience with the Governor. The good deacon, in his home-spun garments, must have felt himself in strange contrast with the other occupants of the council hall; the Governor, majestic, surrounded by the brilliant uniforms of the guard, the haughty Intendant, popinjay pages loitering about, stern old warriors bedecked with medals, gay young sprigs of the nobility in elegant apparel, "Jesuits, like black spectres, gliding in and out." As Mr. Williams saw the dignity of his fellow-townsmen, unabashed by all this parade, he perhaps thought of the proverb, "Seest thou a man diligent in this business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not

*So written by Mr. Williams; properly, Chateau Richer.—EDITORS.

stand before mean men." From their conferences with the Governor, the deputies received little satisfaction. "God's time of deliverance," says Mr. Williams, "was not yet come." Monsieur de Vandrenil was civil and diplomatic. The Indians are his allies, not his subjects; he has, therefore, no real right to demand the captives from them. They might perhaps be ransomed, but, knowing Monsieur Dudley's "resolution not to 'set up an Algiers trade' by the purchase of prisoners," he dares not take the responsibility. As to an exchange of those in the hands of the French, he hardly sees what basis for that can be arranged, since he learns by the list of French prisoners sent him that the Governor of Boston has permitted some Port Royalists, who should have been sent home with the exchange, to embark for the West Indies. Moreover, there is Baptiste!

The days passed in alternation of hope and discouragement. Fair promises were succeeded by evasion and delay. Mr. Williams was refused permission to go up to Montreal to talk with his children and neighbors, and sent back to Chateaufort.

Leaving Mr. Sheldon to push the search for his children and the other captives (many of whom had been put out of sight), Mr. Livingston set out for Boston on the 18th of March to state the situation of affairs and carry De Vandrenil's letter to the Governor, but returned on the 26th, the ice being unsafe. On the 29th, Mr. Sheldon received a letter from his son's wife in Montreal, which probably gave him the first definite intelligence of his children. It appears to have enclosed a letter from one of her fellow-captives, who, on rather indirect evidence, I assume to be James Adams, who, with Samuel Hills and others, had been captured at Wells, in 1703. Of the letter and its enclosure, only the following scrap, in a beautiful hand-writing, remains: "I pray you my kind loue to Landlord Sheldon, and tell Him I am sorry for all his Los. I doe in these few lines shoue youe that God has shone yo grat kindness and marcy, In carrying your Daughter Hanna, and Mary in partickeler through soe grat a iorney far behiend my expectations noing how Lame they was, the Rest of your children are with the Indians. Remembrance lives near cabect, Hannah does LIVES with the frenc In the same house i doe." Mr. Sheldon's reply to his daughter-in-law is dated:

"Quebec the 1 of April, 1705.

der child

this is to let you noe that i received yours the 29th of March

which was a comfort to me * * * I am whele, blessed be God for it, and i may tell you i dont here of my child as it [yet]. the saye is that he is in the wodes a hunten. remember my loue to Mr. Addams and his wif and iudah Writ and all the reste as if named and my harty desire is that god would in his own good time opene a dore of delinierans fore you al, and the meanwhile let us wait with patiens one God for it, hoe can bring lite out of darkness and let us cast al our care one god who doeth care for us and can helpe us Mr Williams is sent down the riuer agane eighteen or twenty miles, I did enioy his company about three wekes, wh^{ch} was a comfort to me, he giues his loue to al the captives there. My desire is that Mr Addams and you wod doe al you can with your mistress that my children mite be redeemed from the Indanes. Our post returned bake again in 8 days by reson of the badnes of the ise, they goe again the seckont of this month, and i desire to com up to Montreal the beginen of May. John Wels and Ebenezer Warner giues ther loue to al the captiues ther, and so rites your louen father
John Sheldon."

Between the date of the above and the seventh, on which the post is to start again, Mr. Sheldon is busy writing letters. The following, dated April 2d, 1705, is the remnant of that sent by this post to his son John, at Deerfield:

"deer child this fue lines are to let you noe i am in good helth at this time blessed be God for it. i may tell you that we sent away a post the 18th day of March, they ware gone 8 days and returned a gane by reson that the ise was soe bad. this may let you noe I received a letter from your wife the 29th of March and she was whel. i may let you noe i haint sene none of my children but here they are gone a hunten."

On the 7th of April, Samuel Hills of Wells, who gladly gave his parole for the opportunity of visiting his friends, accompanied by two Frenchmen named Dubois, set out for Boston with letters from the envoys and the Governor of Canada. They went across the country and down the Kennebec to Casco bay, arriving at Piscataqua on the 4th of May; and on the 15th, the letters brought by them were communicated by the Governor at Boston to his Council. De Vaudreuil recriminates in detail the accusations of the duplicate letters sent by Sheldon, "not having received them by Albany." Reiterating obstacles, and stating his terms for the return of the captives, he adds: "Mr. Livingston is a very worthy man, with whom I could soon agree upon an exchange, were not his powers limited. If you were sole in command in New England, as I am here, I should not have hesitated to take

your word, and it would really have given me great pleasure to return to you by him all your prisoners. But as you have a Council, whose opinions are often divided, and in which you have but one vote, you must not take it ill that I demand a guaranty for the return of the prisoners on your side, more especially because I, on my side, having absolute authority, am always able to keep my pledged word."

The persistent importunities of Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Williams, aided by the friendly offices of Captain De Beauville, an officer of high rank, brought about the ransom of the minister's daughter Esther, one of Sheldon's children, his son's wife and two others unknown. The Governor also purchased Stephen Williams from his Indian master, and Livingston told him at Sorel he was to go home with him, "which," says the boy, "revived me much, but the Governor quickly altered his mind and said I must not go from hence."

In the first days of May, the envoys, with their five redeemed captives, set out on their journey home. Capt. Courtemanche, a distinguished officer, with eight soldiers, accompanied them as escort, carrying duplicates of the Governor's letters already forwarded by Hills. Shortly after the departure, four young men, Thomas Baker, John Nims, Martin Kellogg and Joseph Petty, disappointed at not having liberty to go home with Mr. Sheldon, escaped from Montreal and after terrible suffering reached Deerfield, in June, in an almost dying state.

Leaving Hannah Chapin Sheldon at her father's house in Springfield, the envoys and their escort hurried on to Boston, where they must have arrived before June 5th, as I find a committee appointed on that date to audit their accounts, "and to do it with all speed."

Hannah wrote from Springfield to her husband, on the 16th, that "she should be very glad to see him," and shortly after, she and the others were re-united to their friends in Deerfield. By his artful selection of a few captives for release, De Vaudreuil had quieted Mr. Williams, and rid himself of John Sheldon for a time. It is not probable that he expected Dudley to accept the terms offered by his messenger. The sending of Courtemanche with these instructions was done with the wily intent to gain time to rivet his prisoners' chains more strongly, and, as he himself avows in his report of the matter to the King, "to make himself acquainted with the country."

These instructions were: to be inflexible in his demands for

Baptiste, "without whom there could be no exchange;" to demand the return of all the French prisoners in New England to Port Royal, giving his parole that, immediately upon information of their arrival there, all the English held by the French (there is no mention of those in savage hands) should be released and furnished with provisions and transportation for their return; to demand guarantees for the return of those Acadians who had been allowed to go elsewhere; to demand justice for an alleged murder of six Frenchmen; and, finally, to demand the release of one Allain, who, it was pretended, had been sent by the Governor of Port Royal to negotiate an exchange, but who was held as a spy, his passport not being forthcoming.

On the 14th of June, 1705, "His Excellency acquainted the council with the advances he had made in his proposals to Mr. Courtemanche, relating to the exchange * * * and that the whole affair stuck at Baptiste, which Mr. Courtemanche insisted on as a particular article in his instructions, and declined to do anything unless Baptiste was included."

The Governor asks advice of his council, and "That certain of them with the Representatives take the matter into consideration, without speaking of the same without doors."

The following day, the Representatives sent a message to the Governor "That he should use his utmost endeavors to obtain the exchange without releasing of Baptiste. But if finally it cannot be obtained without, that Baptiste be exchanged Rather than our Captives be retained in the hands of the Enemy."

Notwithstanding the injunction of secrecy, it was noised abroad that the Governor intended to give up Baptiste. Whereupon a strong remonstrance against his release, was sent by the leading "merchants and sailors" of Boston. "If there were nothing else but the urgency of the French demanding him, it is a sufficient reason why we should preserve him to ourselves," they say. After much fruitless discussion, Dudley in his turn drew up proposals for the exchange. Courtemanche falling sick (or perhaps indisposed to return on foot), Captain Vetch, with an eye to trade at Quebec, offered to go with his vessel and convey him home. Courtemanche, who seems to have made himself agreeable in Boston, urged the Governor to let his son, William Dudley, a young man of eighteen, bear him company to Quebec and return on the same vessel. Glad of an opportunity to acquire information and hoping thereby to obtain the release of some, the Governor consented. "Bread, Beer,

Flesh and Pease for a twenty days' voyage are ordered aboard Captain Vetch's vessel, with "a Hoggshend of good wine as a present to the Governor of Quebec." The two Dubois are sent home by land; Courtemanche orders Samuel Hills to accompany him by sea. Dudley's dispatches are dated the 4th and 5th of July, and probably the vessel sails the next day.

Concerning the exchange, Dudley makes all proper concessions. It may take place at Mount Desert, whither he will send all the French prisoners on any day when De Vaudreuil will send the English there. He will buy none from the Indians, but if they are not at once rescued from them, he will retaliate and "your people will be reduced to accommodate themselves to a savage life as well as mine." He resents the insinuation that his authority is limited; he will send Allain home, and with him, in exchange for the two girls Mr. Livingston brought back, two strong men of Port Royal, captives here. "As to Baptiste, he is a rascal who does not deserve that you should want him back, and perhaps you will think he is not worth my keeping, wherefore I have resolved to send him with the others to the place of rendezvous, if the articles are accepted, and there will be an end of *that* business."

Not doubting that his terms will be accepted, he desires that his son may see the captives and help them to a speedy return, for fear that winter may overtake them. In case Mr. Williams should not wish to come with the crowd, if the Governor will let him return with Captain Vetch, Dudley will provide an equally distinguished escort for any French gentlemen prisoners in Boston.

The arrival of an English vessel in the St. Lawrence made a great stir. De Vaudreuil at first ordered her anchored fifteen leagues down the river, but finally had her brought up to Quebec, her sails removed and a guard put on board.

The details of young Dudley's sojourn in Quebec and the correspondence between Canada and the court of France on that subject are of exciting interest, but having no immediate connection with the Deerfield prisoners, must be omitted here. De Vaudreuil treated the Boston gentlemen politely and allowed them entire liberty in Quebec, but the wary Intendant makes a merit of watching them closely during their stay in Montreal.

Mr. Williams came up from Chateaufiche to see them, and was supplied by Captain Vetch with money, but continuing to argue in season and out of season against Popery, he was sent back again. His son Stephen, Jonathan Hoit and a few others were allowed to

go home with Mr. Dudley, whose negotiations towards the exchange were entirely unsuccessful. After a tedious voyage they reached Boston, where they had been long expected, on the 21st of November, 1705.

William Dudley was the bearer of new proposals to his father from the Canadian government, which included not only a full exchange, but were virtually a treaty of peace between the French and English in America, with the stipulation however, that "if not signed by the Governors of Boston, New York and all other special English governors before the end of February, the articles should be null and void." The articles were rejected by the assembly and council at Boston, as not "consistent with her majesty's honor," and with thanks to Dudley for his past endeavors, it was left to him, upon advice with Lord Cornbury, to answer De Vaudreuil. To avoid their subsistence during the winter, and to set an example of generosity, Dudley early in December, sent home fifty-seven Port Royal captives, retaining Baptiste and others of importance.

On the 17th of January, 1706, the Governor read to his council his answer to De Vaudreuil's proposals, "to be despatched to Quebec by Mr. John Sheldon, attended with a servant or two, and accompanied by two French prisoners of war."

Mr. Sheldon now appears upon the stage as a full fledged ambassador. His attendants were John Wells and Joseph Bradley, a Haverhill man, whose wife was languishing in her second captivity. They left Deerfield on the 25th of January, taking the same route as before, another dreary winter journey. They arrived at Quebec in the beginning of March. Mr. Williams went up again for a few days to see Mr. Sheldon, and doubtless told him with indignation, the vigorous efforts of the priests to gain proselytes after Mr. Dudley's departure. "When Mr. Sheldon came the second time," says Mr. Williams, "the adversaries did what they could to retard the time of our return, to gain time to seduce our young ones to Popery."

Although the dispatches carried by Mr. Sheldon were not satisfactory to De Vaudreuil, he could oppose nothing to Mr. Sheldon's arguments, that he was in honor bound to release some captives in return for those already sent home by Dudley, and he at last reluctantly consented to release forty-three.

Captain Thomas More in his boat, *La Marie*, was to take them as far as Port Royal, with orders to the Governor of Acadia to retain

them there until "all the French prisoners without distinction" should be returned to Port Royal. Meantime the *Marie* was to proceed to Boston with Mr. Sheldon and his attendants, the two Frenchmen also returning with De Vandreuil's ultimatum.

The *Marie* must have sailed soon after June 2d, the date of the Governor's letter.* She evidently stopped at Port Royal, for we have John Sheldon's account there of his "pocket expenses: the Doctor for John Wells" and "for two blankets and other things for y^e captives."

Whether Monsieur de Brouillant assumed the responsibility of forwarding the captives with Mr. Sheldon, or how it was, I know not, but we have evidence enough that they arrived with him in the *Marie* at Boston on the first day of August. Mr. Williams writing after his own redemption and before Mr. Sheldon's third expedition says, "The last whô came, in numbers between forty and fifty, with Mr. Sheldon (a good man and a true servant of the church in Deerfield, who twice took his tedious and dangerous journey in the winter from New England unto Canada on these occasions), came aboard at Quebec, May 30th, and after nine weeks' difficult passage, arrived at Boston, August 1st, 1706." On the 2d, Dudley informed his council of the letters "received yesterday, from the Governor of Canada by a Flagg of Truce with forty odd English prisoners."• Who were the forty odd we know not. Sheldon's daughter Mary was one, James Adams another. Mr. Williams was still in Chateaufiche, and the Intendant threatened "if More brought word that Battis was in prison, he would put him in prison and lay him in irons."

De Vandreuil's letter also threatened reprisals if the *Marie* did not carry tidings of his release. One clause of this letter shows John Sheldon as an honest Government official: "I have done myself the pleasure to honor the letter of credit you have given to Mr. Sheldon upon me. He has used it very modestly, and has demanded of me only 750 Livres." Mr. Sheldon's account shows how the money was expended. His landlords at Quebec and Montreal got a good part of it. The destitute captives were clothed; other interesting items are: "For a carriall to goe to see the captives at the Mohawk fort." "For a canoe and men to go to visit Mr. Williams." "More paid to y^e Barbour for me and my men and for my Blooting." "Laid out for my daughter Mary for necessary clothing." "More for my darter."

*The New Style had been then adopted in Canada.

Mr. Sheldon's account being allowed, Wells and Bradley petitioned to be reimbursed for sundry expenditures, "snow-shoes and pumps," "a dog 15 shillings," and besides there was "a gun hired for the voyage, which said gun was broken in the discharging." Thirty-five pounds were voted to Mr. Sheldon, and twenty pounds each to the others for their services, over and above their outfit. While Mr. Sheldon was settling his affairs in Boston, young John Sheldon wrote him as follows:—

"HONORED FATHER SHELDON:—After duty presented, these are to let you noe that I reseived your letter, which we desire to bless you for it. pray give my love with my wife's to sister Mary and all the rest of the captives. * * I pray you to buy for me a pairse of curtings and a feather bead, and a greaine coverlid and a necklace of amber." * * *

No doubt these commissions were faithfully executed, and the old Indian House was soon gladdened by the return of its master, and another of the long-sundered household.

A week after the arrival of the *Marie* at Boston, the council advised Dudley to reject the proposals brought by her, and "yet send away the French prisoners without exception to Port Royal and Quebec and demand ours in return, * * * and to send a vessel forthwith to Quebec in hopes of seeing them before winter."

Captain Bonner and his vessel were hired; •Mr. Samuel Appleton of the council appointed as bearer of dispatches, and towards the last of the month the brigantine *Hope*, (auspicious name in such a service!) convoyed the *Marie* with Baptiste, and all but one of the French prisoners out of Boston harbor. Narrowly escaping shipwreck, they reached Quebec about the first of October. Mr. Appleton appears to have made himself pretty comfortable while the negotiations were pending, if we may judge from his tavern bill, on which I find beef and mutton a plenty, with ducks, broiled chickens and (according to the fashion of that day) many bottles of *eau de vie*. There being no longer any excuse for retaining Mr. Williams, he and fifty-six others, among whom were his two sons and probably Sheldon's, came home with Mr. Appleton.

Mr. Williams says they left Quebec the 25th of October, but I find by the inn-keeper's bill that Samuel joined his father and Warham there on the 28th; that one of the boys was charged for breaking a glass on the 29th, and the board of the three is charged up to the 31st, so that unless their landlord was unusually rapacious we must take this as the day of their departure. They reached

Boston after a stormy passage, on Nov. 21st, and were immediately sent for up to the General Court, then in session, where their pitiful appearance excited such commiseration that it was at once "Resolved that the sum of twenty shillings be allowed and paid out of the Publick Treasury to each of the captives this day returned from Canada." On Appleton's account, presented after his return, is one item which must have made him doubly welcome to good Mr. Williams, namely, "5 English Bibles," which by order of the council he had distributed to the English in Quebec, as a defense against the Papists.

On his return to Deerfield after his second expedition, John Sheldon entered again upon the town business. Within ten days after Mr. Williams landed in Boston, he was chosen a committee to go down to the Bay to treat with Mr. Williams about returning to settle in Deerfield." I know not whether to admire more, the energy and courage of the people, or the fidelity and self-sacrifice of the pastor, in their action in this matter.

Early in 1707, by a vote of the town to build a house for the minister "as big as Ensign Sheldon's with a lean-to as big as may be thought convenient," he was chosen on the Building Committee. But his country again needed his services, and he was not permitted to remain long with his reunited family. On the 14th of January, Gov. Dudley informed his council that there were about ninety English still held by the French and Indians of Canada, whom the Governor had promised to return the coming spring, and proposed to have "a Person Leger at Quebec, to put forward that affair, and endeavor that all be sent, and that Mr. John Sheldon who has been twice already, may be employed with a suitable retinue to undertake a journey thither, on that service, if the season will permit." As we have already seen, John Sheldon was not one to permit "the season" to stand in the way of his serving the State. Accordingly, he left Deerfield on the 17th of April, attended by Edward Allen, Nathaniel Brooks and Edmund Rice. We have a hint of how it fared with him on his northward march, in this item from his account book: "Paid six livres to an Indian to guide us into the way when bewildered." Mr. Sheldon was in great danger during this last journey to Canada, and his sojourn there. The French were exasperated by rumors of another invasion from New England, and the woods were full of small parties of Indians, on the war path to the border settlements.

He arrived the 11th of May. His reception there was not the most courteous, as we learn by this letter from the court of Versailles to the Governor of Canada: "His Majesty approves of your having spoken as you did to the man named Scheldin, whom that Governor (Dudley) sent you by land, in search of the English prisoners at Quebec, and even if you had had him put in prison with all his suite, it would have been no great matter." From Montreal, Mr. Sheldon wrote on the 20th of June, that the French were collecting forces there, being alarmed by the report of an approaching English fleet. He was not permitted to return until this excitement had subsided. In mid-summer, escorted by Monsieur de Chambly* and six soldiers, who had secret orders to acquaint himself with the condition of things at Orange, he with seven more captives, came down Lake Champlain in canoes, arriving at Albany on the 24th of August. To Mr. Sheldon's annoyance, his escort were held as prisoners during their stay in Albany, by Col. Schuyler (who knew from friendly Indians in Canada the hostile attitude of affairs there), and he was sent with them down to Lord Cornbury at New York. Thence by Saybrook, New London and Stonington, now on horseback and now on foot, the captives came slowly home, and on the 18th of September, John Sheldon was in Boston and delivered his despatches to the Governor in Council, and gave a narrative of his negotiations.

In October, Mr. Sheldon is again in Deerfield, where he is appointed to manage for the town as a petitioner to the General Court for help towards Mr. Williams's salary. His name appears once more on the General Court records in November, 1707, on two petitions for aid in consideration of his own losses, and for his services and those of his attendants in his last journey, "in which they endured much fatigue and hardship and passed through great danger, sustaining also considerable damage by their absence from their Business." In answer, he was given fifty pounds for his services, (thirteen of which was to be paid him by a mulatto whom he had brought out of bondage,) and a grant of three hundred acres, not to exceed forty acres of meadow land, was made him.

Shortly after this he removed to Hartford, where, in 1708, he had married a second time. In 1726, "being weak in body, yet through God's goodness to him, of sound mind and memory," he made his will, and died in 1734, at the age of seventy-six.

*Brother of Hertel De Rouville.—[EDITOR.]

We need not search the rolls of heraldry for the pedigree of old John Sheldon. We have found him a brave man, and a good citizen, a tender husband and a loving father, true and faithful in all his private relations and public positions, a pillar of the church and State. What more need we ask?

The great Archbishop Sheldon used to say to the young lords who sought his advice: "Be honest and moral men. Do well and rejoice." John Sheldon was both. He did well,—and you, Mr. President, may rejoice.

A poem was contributed by Mrs. Lucretia W. Eels. It relates to the old building with which the fortunes of the Association are now connected. It was read by Mrs. E. P. Barker in a charming manner :

Ere chilling winter's sun shall throw
O'er hill and plain its wreath of snow,
Or ere fair autumn's glories fade
On mountain-side and mead and glade,
Yon ancient pile will greet no more
Its gathering throngs, as wont of yore,
In sportive glee or studious mien
To tread its elm-o'-ershadowed green.

Battered and rude, time-worn and sear,
Yet to a thousand hearts more dear
Than stateliest dome in Parian pride
That gleams upon Val d'Arno's side.

Alma mater! what memories twine
Around that sacred, classic shrine
That won a title of renown
For thee, our dear ancestral town!—
As fair and bright and proud a name
As gathers round historic fame.

Truth and her high-souled precepts, taught
In noblest words and deeds, has wrought
And scattered wide through all the land;
Her honored sons the bulwark-stand
Of human right and strong and great,
They guide and guard the ship of State.
When, with rent sail and bending mast,
The good ship reeled before the blast,
There rose for battle-cry, the word
These echoing halls so oft have heard
Its mimic orators declaim,
With Patrick Henry's soul of flame,

But uttered now with latest breath,—
 "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

Old Deerfield! foremost in the strife
 With savage hordes, for homes and life;
 So, first, her Hall of Learning rose
 A palisade 'gainst deadlier foes
 Than roused the sleeping town, that night,
 Which smouldering lay in morning's light.
 'Tis education guards the State!—
 Not battlements, nor sentried gate.
 Oh, for bright words to embalm in song
 Dreams of the past that round thee throng!—
 Visions of childhood's careless hour,
 Youth's high hopes, and manhood's power;
 Those who have gone forth, brave and strong,
 In the paths of life, to battle wrong;
 And those who, toils and struggles o'er,
 Will "speak with us on earth no more."
 Here, Genius her first lines has traced,
 That fairest halls of art have graced;
 And Poetry, twin sister, caught
 The spirit of impassioned thought;
 And Church, and State, and Science claim
 Teachers and taught, on their rolls of fame;
 And Labor's skillful brain and hand,
 The strength and glory of our land,
 Whose power has wrought the iron chain
 That binds the mountain to the main,
 And speaks, with earth-engirding wire,
 Swift-winged words of electric fire.

And here is our President, dutiful son,
 Repaying his *Mater* for what she has done
 For him in his boyhood,—restoring her charms,
 Consigning his treasures to her circling arms,
 Where those precious memorials securely shall rest,
 Of which her own self is the dearest and best.

You who have listened here, to-night,
 To words of wisdom, beauty, might,
 And heard those thrilling tales of old
 In sweet, pathetic language told,
 Have learned how much has woman owed
 The equal gifts her hand bestowed.

With thy unfading laurels crowned,
 With hallowed memories clustering round,
 For what thou hast been, and what wilt be,
 We bless thee, old Academy;
 "And with a blessing surrender thee o'er
 From the age that is past to the age that is waiting before."

After the reading of the poem, Dea. Field of Charlemont was called upon to speak, and responded by giving a description of the old Indian trail from the Deerfield to the Hoosac river. The speaker said that he passed over the route last December, starting from the noted "Indian Spring," which is situated 38 rods W. by N. of the old house once owned by C. Crosby, and is at the foot of the mountain. Here, with- in the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant," on the flat just east of the spring, stood a large oak, all scarred by being used as a target by the Indian boys in trying their skill as marksmen with tomahawks and arrows. Leaving the spring, the deacon said: "I scaled the mountain in just fifty minutes. Here I set level, plumb-line and compass, and took bearings. The spring and Cold river were in plain sight, due south; down grade to the former 40° , to the latter 28° . Moving my station four rods to the north brought me in sight of Deerfield river and the railroad track, a short distance above Zoar; down grade to the railroad 25° . I traced the trail west about one and one-half miles, on the top of the ridge, which is narrow, and the trail was easily traced. From the summit downward, on the other side, the trail is easily traced for about two-thirds the distance, its course that far being nearly S. by W. Here stands a scraggy hemlock. Below this point the land was once cleared, and I could keep the trail no further. It will afford me pleasure," said the deacon, "to accompany, in the coming spring, some of the fathers who are skilled in Indian explorations, in making a more extended examination of this old path of the red man."

Aella Green of the *Springfield Union* was called upon and responded briefly. On motion of Rev. Edgar Buckingham, a vote of thanks was extended to the speakers, and a very interesting meeting was brought to a close.

HISTORY OF MEMORIAL HALL.

The history of the various plans and tentative efforts, which resulted at last in the definite purchase of the Deerfield Academy building (erected in 1798, and made over to the trustees of the Dickinson High School, when the two institutions were merged) by the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, covers a period of several years. From the first, it was apparent that a pressing need existed for a proper place wherein to preserve and exhibit the priceless treasures of association and sentiment confided to their keeping.

A brief *resume* of the important steps in this consummation is given, as showing the various phases in which the final idea took shape.

At the annual meeting, 1875, Rev. John P. Watson of Leverett, a valuable member of the Association, was appointed agent to solicit funds for a Memorial Hall; and it soon became evident that we could depend upon a public support.

The first practical effort was the purchase by the Association of the property known as the old Ware Store. An application was made to the president to order a special meeting, Oct. 11, 1875. He issued the following notice:

A meeting of the members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association is hereby called at the old Ware Store in Deerfield, on Monday, the 11th inst., at one o'clock p. m., to consider and act upon a proposition to sell said store to the said Association.

GEORGE SHELDON, President.

Deerfield, Oct. 2, 1875.

(Published in the Gazette and Courier seven days before the meeting.)

A meeting was held Oct. 11, pursuant to the above call, to act upon the proposition stated therein. The following proposal was read:

PROPOSITION.

In consideration of \$1500, to be paid me on the first day of January, 1876, I hereby agree to sell to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, the lot known as the Ware Store lot, situated on the south-east corner of the home lot formerly owned by the Rev. John

Williams, with the store thereon. Said lot is $28\frac{3}{4}$ feet in width east and west, by $44\frac{1}{2}$ north and south, and is bounded north and west by said house lot; south by the highway and east by the common. I reserve to myself the use of the said premises until the first day of April next, should I need to occupy so long, for the purpose of selling the stock of goods now in the store.

GEORGE SHELDON.

Deerfield, Oct. 11, 1875.

Voted: to accept the proposition.

Voted: that the Treasurer be authorized to receive the deed on the terms stated in the proposition of George Sheldon, and that he be also authorized to give the note of the Association in payment of the same.

Voted: that George Sheldon be a committee to get insurance upon the building now purchased, for one year.

NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, Secretary.

Deerfield, October 12, 1875.

At a Councillor's meeting held January 31, 1876, at the Association building, it was voted that George Sheldon, Robert Crawford, D. D., and Rev. E. Buckingham be a committee to report upon the matter of the building of a Hall, at the next annual meeting.

In accordance with this vote, at the annual meeting ensuing, Feb. 26th, 1876, Rev. E. Buckingham on behalf of the committee made a verbal report, suggesting the building of a plain, fire-proof structure, as fast as the Association's funds would permit.

It was voted that George Sheldon and four others be a committee to submit a plan for a Hall at the next meeting.

Rev. J. P. Watson, the society's financial agent, appointed a year ago to collect funds for the erection of the much-desired Memorial Hall, presented a report of what had thus far been accomplished, stating that, while less had been done than was hoped for, yet, taking into account the unfavorable condition of the times and the limited amount of time he had been able to devote to the work, the association should feel encouraged at the generous response that had been made. The sum of \$1900 had been pledged in black and white, while other sums had been partially promised. Dea. Field of Charlemont, who is very apt to be on hand when he is most wanted, rose to his feet, at the conclusion of Mr. Watson's remarks, and quietly observed that the committee might put his name down as giving \$100 to be used in building Memorial hall, when that desirable object could be consummated. This generous offer was met with applause and very manifest expressions of

approval from the audience. The president stated, in addition, that he was personally knowing to the fact that at least \$1000 had been pledged outside of the agent's report.

The "old Ware Store," had stood for more than a century and a quarter on the South-East corner of the Parson John Williams home lot. In 1789, Esq. John Williams, a grandson of Parson John, sold the home lot to Consider Dickinson, reserving this corner. Esther (Harding), widow of Consider Dickinson, provided in her will for a public building to be erected on this historic lot, for a free Academy and Library, and it became very desirable that this alienated corner should be restored; owing to peculiar circumstances the trustees of Mrs. Dickinson's bequest could not accomplish this. President Sheldon got possession of it in the interest of the public, and turned it over to the Association at the original price.

Plans had been under consideration between the trustees and the Association for erecting a building suited to the needs of both parties, or putting up two, side by side. The latter was soon thought to be the more desirable, and the committee caused a plan to be made of such a structure as they could recommend to the Association to build. After their report had been accepted the plan was engraved and printed on the circulars sent out asking for contributions towards making their idea a reality.

Pursuant to the duly published call for a special meeting, the Association met at the old Ware store, Saturday, April 29, 1876. The President in the chair.

The committee chosen to report a plan for a Memorial Hall, submitted the following report:

The committee chosen at the last annual meeting to report a plan and estimate for a Memorial Hall, have carefully considered the subject and have unanimously agreed upon a plan substantially as follows: The material to be brick, 60 by 40 feet, 28 feet high, with a basement 8 feet high. We propose brick and iron floors, covered with boards, and iron stair-ways. The roof to be covered with tin. Estimated expense of the building, \$12,000. Should a larger sum be raised we recommend its being expended in making the building more fire-proof.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE SHELDON, Chairman.

Voted to accept the report.

Voted: that George Sheldon, Rev. Robert Crawford, Samuel O. Lamb, George A. Arms and Nathaniel Hitchcock, be a committee with authority to sell and transfer to the trustees of the Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School, or any other party, the real estate belong-

ing to the Association, and to purchase a site for a Memorial hall, and such other accomodations as they think the Association may need.

Adjourned.

At the Turners Falls Field Meeting, May, 1876, President Sheldon, after reading Gov. Rice's letter, introduced Rev. J. P. Watson, formerly of Leverett, who has now been employed by the P. V. M. A. as an agent. He made an earnest appeal for the cause in which he has enlisted, the substance of which was as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen, and I need not say *Friends* of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, for your presence here attests your friendship to the work of the Association, we meet here in our seventh annual Field Meeting, and on a seventh year (sacred number) we ought to do something noble and grand. The annual feast so enjoyable should be only trifling when compared with the greater projects which we undertake. It is in order these days to build. All important bodies have their hall, as the center and home of their life and joys, and work. Memorial halls are to be seen built or building in many of our great centers. Religious bodies have theirs in Boston and elsewhere; to-day, Hartford is having one's corner stone fixed, as a home of a religious denomination in that region. We now as a fit tribute, on this centennial year, (it was proposed long ago,) propose in earnest the building of this hall. We have desired and prayed for it long, but as was the case in y^o olden time, in a place not far distant, when the property qualification for citizenship existed, that at an election the usual prayer was to be offered on the organization of the meeting, but was objected to as coming from the lips of the good deacon, because he was not an elector, by reason of not possessing the property qualification; so let it be here, that henceforth every man, woman and child who prays for the prosperity of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, shall do it upon the foundation of investment or property in the Memorial hall. Then will these prayers be effectual and consistent, being mixed with the evidences of faith in this work. We ask for this hall on the ground of sound arguments:

1st. A *necessity* for the deposits of materials already in possession. These relics and books are many and sacred, and they are in some sense inaccessible to all of those who would desire observation and study of them. They are exposed, and liable to perish while kept as they now are, distributed in private dwellings of the officers of the Association, and other places of cabinet stores.

2d. A hall is needed, as a proper honoring of these articles, and historical works. We have the ancient deeds of conveyance, prior to our municipal incorporation. The county sees fit to expend many thousands of dollars to make a fit and honoring receptacle of conveyances of the present time, and the force of this appropriateness will appear to any one who visits our register's office and beholds the order and home-like air of the place. We have other rare and valuable historic matter, which ought to be more accessible to those who would make noble use of it, which would be consulted by men from a great distance if it were in a public place, and which would thus become useful to the public by their use. These things are denied their mission by seclusion, save on our annual days, and a visit to some private residence. We have the bones of the honored or dishonored dead, and as care for the becoming deposits of the remains of friend or foe, it is due of us to give these an honoring place. It were base to exhume these, violating their resting place, and not give them an honoring shelf. Faithful, though savage, hands laid them in the assuring trust of Mother Earth, and if we remove them let it be with cautious and respectful hands, and to a becoming place, lest we be under the charge of vandalism. We have recovered relics of our captured, and dear to kindred hearts. All articles appear dear to us in proportion to the honoring surroundings. A worthy thing in a mean place becomes mean. We have the spinning-wheel, the household utensils all, and the door once hung, and hacked by assaulting foes, and we need with these to set up housekeeping again. These all need a home, and so become precious and familiar.

3d. A hall is needed to incite, by proper entertainment and attractions the study of the young in this department of knowledge. We have now far too little of taste and inclination in this direction; we need to inspire the young in this subject, or the spirit of historic search will die in the present generation. And the scholar of to-day will not go to the secluded garret, or narrow passway to attain an acquaintance with the records of the past. It were demeaning to them to dwell on these in uninviting places, or by the endurance of intruding. Make the place of their deposit a place of delight and they will become delightful and not repulsive to the future generations. In the light of a provision for education, the hall is a need and an economy.

4th. A hall is needed, or commends itself to the wisdom of us citizens as an honoring of the place and the builders, ourselves. It

will give grace to this locality and be worthy of the Commonwealth. Your Gov. Rice has heartily endorsed it by his written letter. You can but second and co-operate with the Executive's endorsement, and so join the great and good in this enterprise. This part of the State needs such a nucleus to rally around. It will do honor to the field already dear by loveliness of natural scenery and memories so touching. We owe this tribute to our sacred honor, we build for all time. Any place would covet it, any man be honored by his name in some niche there. Amherst was wise, and economical too, when a few of her citizens were responsible for \$50,000 to secure the location of the Agricultural College there, and we shall be so if we make this a center of interest and culture. Our children will reap the harvest of our sowing. And it is not giving, nor are we begging; it is our home expenditures. A man who has an abundant harvest is not giving when he builds a granary or a dwelling fit and tasty. It is honest husbandry, and the truest economy. And now is the time; the true centennial spirit is felt, and it is opportune to do this work. We need \$12,000 to build a substantial fire-proof building, and we need the work to progress at once. The books are opened and already donors have suggested their bequests and sent them from afar. The following is the appeal and will evidence its authority, and carry its force, and fix our obligation to build:

TO THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Whereas, The collection of antique books, papers and other valuable relics, now in the possession of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, has so greatly increased as to need a separate and safe place of deposit;

And whereas, The preservation of such Historic Relics, now so widely enlisting the attention and enthusiasm of the Learned and Patriotic, is for the honor of the present generation in its discharge of duty to, and interest in, future generations.

Therefore, The said Association, incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and having secured a site on the old home lot of the Rev. John Williams, the first minister of Deerfield, now propose to erect a substantial fire-proof building, or Memorial Hall, which shall be not only a protection for the relics, that serve to commemorate and illustrate the history and modes of life of both the Aborigines of our land, and particularly those of our Fathers, the early settlers of this region; but which shall also be a public provision for the aid of those who are interested in and wish to pursue, the investigation and study of this interesting department of knowledge and science. And they

appeal to all who would be public benefactors for donations to aid in the prosecution of this laudable undertaking.

And we, the undersigned, in consideration of the above proposition and our desire to aid the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association in this and kindred objects, do promise to pay to the Treasurer of said Association, or his successor in office, the sums set opposite our respective names, within one year from date, or as otherwise arranged by the officers of said Association.

Deerfield, Mass., May 31, 1876.

Rev. J. P. Watson is authorized by the officers of the Association, to receive subscriptions for the Memorial Hall, and as agent of the Association will canvass for the building fund.

GEO. SHELDON, President.

NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, Treasurer.

In the meantime, however, matters had been shaping themselves for the good of the Association. The property of the old Deerfield Academy was transferred to the Trustees of the Dickinson Academy, and the old Academy building, which had been occupied for a school since Jan. 1, 1799, which was part of this property, was thrown on the market. The result is given in the following report:

"The committee appointed April 29, 1876, with authority to sell and transfer to the Trustees of the Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School, or any other parties, the real estate belonging to the Association, and purchase a site for a Memorial Hall and such other accommodations as in their judgment the Association might need, would report, that after much deliberation, we became convinced that the interests of the Association required us to accept an offer from the Trustees of the Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School, whereby, in consideration of \$500 and our estate on the old Ware Corner, they conveyed to us the Deerfield Academy building with about one and three-fourths acres of land, the old museum with some minor effects in the building and the right to hold our annual meetings in the hall of the building they are about to erect.

This was considered, by the Trustees as well as your committee, to be a just and equitable arrangement for the new school, for the Association and the general public. Although negotiations were long pending, as was unavoidable under the circumstances, there appears to us a reason for stating, that from first to last there was perfect harmony of feeling in the common councils of the two bodies.

In accepting the above offer our only regret was that so large a tract of land was attached to the building, and the consequent cost so in-

creased, that we were unable to carry out a cherished plan to save un-mutilated for future generations, the old Parson Williams house as the center of historical interest in our town.

Your committee would recommend that the modern buildings on the premises and a portion of the land at the east end be sold whenever a fair price can be obtained.

In conclusion we can but congratulate the Association upon the successful issue of this attempt to secure for the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association a "local habitation"—a "name" it has made for itself years ago.

We think this "habitation," in this beautiful location under these spreading elms, could hardly be surpassed in the valley, and we think the building, after a moderate outlay for repairs, will prove well fitted for our designs.

By the terms of our contract with the Dickinson Trustees, no building can be erected on the lot west of this, within one hundred feet of ours, and no building south of a line from the south side of the Town House to the south side of the Academy building.

GEO. SHELDON,
ROBERT CRAWFORD,
GEO. A. ARMS.

Deerfield, Feb. 26, 1878."

This report was accepted and adopted, excepting only, the recommendation to sell part of the Academy lot.

The grounds and building having been secured, there only remained the putting into suitable condition for its purpose of the old Academy. This question was a very perplexing one, from the fact that it was necessary to change rooms originally planned for school and sleeping apartments, into halls for the exhibition of the large collection of relics which had come into the possession of the Association. The question of repairs was discussed at some length, and a committee, consisting of George Sheldon, Nathaniel Hitchcock, George A. Arms, Charles Jones and Rev. Robert Crawford, were chosen to take the matter into consideration and make a report at the next annual meeting. That report was presented, in which the committee say that they have examined the building. They found the walls sound and foundation good, but recommended specific repairs and changes. They suggested that the building be made fire-proof as far as practicable, and to this end would have the main building separated from the wing by a brick wall, all the present doorways being closed, with one exception, which should be furnished with a fire-proof door; also would carry the brick wall, now extending to the third floor, through the roof.

The committee thought it well to set apart one room for the display of Indian relics, including of course the "old Indian door;" another in which to exhibit an old family kitchen; one for an old-time parlor; one for an ancient bed-room; one in which shall be shown all the apparatus for making linen cloth as our grandmothers did it; one for farming utensils of "ye olden time;" and others as may be deemed necessary. There was no little debate upon the report. The general run of the discussion showed that all would like a fire-proof building, but the vital question was one of funds. It was finally decided to re-commit the report to the former committee, reinforced by the addition of Frederick Hawks and Jona. Johnson, with instructions to report plans and estimates of repairs that will make the building substantially fire-proof, the report to be made at a meeting to be held on the first Wednesday in April. At that meeting, the committee reported a general plan for repairs without specifications. After considerable discussion, George Sheldon, Nathaniel Hitchcock and George A. Arms were chosen a committee, with full power to make such changes in the building as would in their judgment answer the required ends. How well they succeeded in the difficult transformation, involving considerable expense, is shown in the admirable arrangement of Memorial Hall. This has been accomplished, and the entire property now stands free and clear of any encumbrances, in the hands of the Association. It is only just to add that each and all of the officers and members of the Association, through whose untiring efforts for several years this consummation was reached, served without any remuneration.

The following from the *Springfield Republican* shows the condition of things in October, 1879:

George Sheldon publishes an appeal in behalf of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, asking contributions from all its friends to help pay the balance due the mechanics and tradesmen who have advanced labor and material for the converting of the old Academy building into a Memorial Hall, and also for getting a number of show-cases and fixtures, so as to display the antiquarian wealth of the Association as effectively as possible. The rear wing of the building remains unchanged, as regards the interior, but will probably be repaired whenever the Association find the right kind of a family to live there, and take charge of the whole edifice and its contents. The unsightly appearance of what used to be the old Academy is improved so much beyond expectation that people are wondering now why somebody didn't think to make a hotel of it before the Association secured the property.

In two years from the time the deeds first came into the possession of the Association, the remodeled building was ready for its occupation, and was dedicated Sept. 8, 1880.

TRANSFER OF THE SOCIAL LIBRARY.

The Deerfield Social Library, founded about 1795, was held in shares. Some of the owners had grown indifferent about keeping it up, and some had withdrawn their shares. The balance, about eight hundred and fifty volumes, was made over to the P. V. M. Association as appears below. Thus was a rare collection of historic matter added to our Library.

"At the annual meeting of the Deerfield Reading Association, Thursday evening, Dec. 18, 1879, it was voted that the said Association present to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association the one share owned by them in the old Library, which is now in their keeping.

Attest:

MARTHA G. PRATT, Clerk."

"We the undersigned hereby make over to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association all our rights and interest in the 'Social Library' now located in Grange Hall, on the condition that the books be incorporated with the Library of said Association and kept in the same manner for public use.

Deerfield, Nov. 26, 1879.

FRANCIS W. STEBBINS,
JULIA A. ALLEN,
CATHERINE W. SHELDON,
JOHN WARE,
MARY W. FOGG,
JOHN H. STEBBINS,
ARTHUR W. HOYT,
JAMES C. GREENOUGH."

THE TENTH ANNUAL MEETING—1879.

This Association had its annual meeting Tuesday, Feb. 25, and the important matter that came before it was the question of repairs upon the "Old Academy" building, which the Association owns and which it proposes to put in a condition to receive the valuables of the Society.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows: President, George Sheldon; Vice-Presidents, Samuel O. Lamb, John M. Smith; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. R. Crawford; Councilors, Rev. Edgar Buckingham, Zeri Smith, Charles Jones, Charles E. Williams, Robert Childs and Albert Stebbins of Deerfield, Geo. A. Arms, E. A. Hall and Frederick Hawks of Greenfield, Walter T. Avery of New York, Mrs. Mary A. Sawyer of St. Albans, Vt., James K. Hosmer of St. Louis, Mo., Henry Hitchcock of Galesburg, Ill., Luther J. B. Lincoln of Hingham, Mrs. Catherine C. Baker of Cambridge. The Secretary, Nathaniel Hitchcock, made a brief report, in which it was stated that the building and grounds of the Association were owned free from incumbrance. Quite a number have become members during the year and two members have died, Gen. James S. Whitney of Brookline and D. Orlando Fisk of Shelburne. Mr. Hitchcock is also Treasurer, and as such reported that the receipts during the year, with the cash on hand at last settlement, amounted to \$330.29, and the expenditures \$82.11, leaving in the treasury \$258.18. The total assets of the Association are the real estate and building material \$3000, plus cash on hand \$248.18, making \$3248.18. *

The report of the cabinet-keeper, George Sheldon, showed that the number of contributors to the treasures of the Association has been upwards of fifty during the past year, and the articles given greatly in excess of that number. A long list was read, together with the names of the donors.

After a bountiful collation had been served at the town hall, President Sheldon took the chair and called upon the choir to sing an opening anthem. The singers were under the leadership of H. S. Childs, and rendered several pieces with good effect. Deacon Field was first called upon, who gave an address upon "Slavery in Massachusetts," giving many amusing reminiscences of some of those olden days when

negroes were "characters" in the community, and very funny ones they were, too, as described by Dea. Field, in his inimitable drollery of manner. The speaker was loudly applauded, as the old gentleman always is and always will be, whenever his cheerful face and kindly manner are with us. Judge Conant of Greenfield followed with a carefully prepared paper upon "The Earlier History of Dartmouth College." Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge delivered her lecture upon "The Capture and Return of Christina Otis." Following this address, Rev. J. P. Watson was introduced and gave a short address upon "Oxford and its Libraries," which was a carefully studied paper, full of information upon the subject treated of, and of a nature not easily procured. One of the most pleasurable of the exercises was an extempore address of Samuel Carter of Brooklyn, N. Y., who gave many encouraging words to the Association, giving in his hearty co-operation and best wishes, and urging a larger and wider interest. Mr. Carter has made many friends in this his first visit here, and he will be heartily welcomed upon the occasion of a future visit. Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield then gave an interesting address concerning the old meeting-house of that town and the customs of church-goers of the olden times.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF CHRISTINA OTIS.

BY C. ALICE BAKER OF CAMBRIDGE.

[*Introduction—A Word for the Indian.*]

The magnificent obelisks of Central America lay crumbling to decay in the thickets of Yucatan. The mines of the Mound Builders were deserted and silent. The eagles screamed undisturbed in the homes of the Cliff Dweller. A race who possessed no traditions of these old civilizations held the soil of North America, when from Greenland poured down a horde of those Norse pirates, whose name from time immemorial had been a terror to every land. The story of the first meeting of the white man and the red man on our shores is an interesting one. Let us read it from the sagas of the Northmen. They will be apt to tell it flatteringly to themselves.

In the year of our Lord 999, Leif the Lucky, son of Eric the Red, spent the winter in Vinland,—wherever that may be,—whether Nantucket, Narragansett or Nova Scotia, we have as yet no ken. "Leif was a mickle man and stout, most noble to see; a wise man, and moderate in all things."

Apparently he had no encounter with the natives. Whether his meekness, or his moderation and wisdom, had anything to do with this, the chronicler saith not. Now there was great talk about Leif's Vinland voyage, and Thorvald, his brother, thought the land had been too little explored. Then said Lief to Thorvald, "Thou shalt go with my ship, brother, if thou wilt to Vinland."

So, in 1002, Thorvald and his men came to Vinland, to Leif's booths, and dwelt in peace there that winter. In the summer they sent the long boat along to the westward to explore. On the island they found a corn-shed of wood. More works of men they found not, and they went back to Leif's booths in the fall. "After that they coasted into the mouths of firths that were nearest to them . . . and to a headland that stretched out, and they saw upon the sands within the headland three heights. They went thither, and saw there three skin boats and three men under each. Then they divided the people, and laid hands on them all except one, that got off with his boat. They killed these eight, and then went back to the headland, and saw in the firth some heights, and thought they were dwellings. Then came from the firth innumerable skin boats and made toward them." Thorvald said "We will set up our battle shields, and guard ourselves as best we can, but fight but little. So they did, and the Skraelings shot at them for a while, but they fled, each as fast as he could." Thorvald was killed.

Karlsefni came next, "and this agreement made he with his sea-men: that they should have even handled all that they should get in the way of goods. They bore out to sea . . . and came to Leif's booths hale and whole . . . After the first winter came the summer, . . . then they saw appear the Skraelings, and there came from out the wood a great number of men. At the roaring of Karlsefni's bulls, the Skraelings were frightened and ran off with their bundles. These were furs and sable skins, and skin wares of all kinds. Karlsefni had the doors of the booths guarded. Then the Skraelings took down their bags, and opened them and offered them for sale, and wanted weapons for them. But Karlsefni forbade them to sell weapons. He took this plan: He bade the women bring out their dairy stuff, and no sooner had they seen that than they would have that and nothing more. Now this was the way the Skraelings traded; they bore off their wares in their stomachs; but Karlsefni and his companions had their bags and their skin wares, and so they parted. * * * Karlsefni then

had posts driven strongly about his booths, and made all complete.” * * * “Next winter the Skraelings came again and were more than before, and they had the same wares. Then Karlsefni said to the women, ‘Now bring forth the same food that was most liked before, and no other.’ And when they saw it they cast their bundles in over the fence. But one of them being killed by one of Karlsefni’s men, they all fled in haste, and left their garments and wares behind. ‘Now,’ said Karlsefni, ‘I think they will come for the third time in anger, and with many men.’ It was done as Karlsefni had said, * * * there was a battle and many of the Skraelings fell.”

The whole story of the dealings of the white man with the red man is here in a nut-shell. Thorvald goes ashore with his company. “Here it is fair,” he cries, “and here would I like to raise my dwelling,” but seeing upon the sands three boats, and three men under each, “this iron-armed and stalwart crew”—thirty broad-breasted Norsemen, lay hands upon the helpless nine and kill them. One escapes to tell the tale. A fight ensues, and Thorvald pays the penalty of his misdeeds. The savage has felt the power of the white man’s weapons. He covets them. He comes the next year to Karlsefni with sable skins * * * and wants weapons in exchange. Karlsefni wisely refuses. The women bring out their dairy stuff, and the simple savages trade. “They bear off their wares in their stomachs!” But Karlsefni had their bags, and their precious skin wares. So they part. The booths are palisaded. Winter brings the hungry savage once more to the white man’s door. With reckless generosity he throws his bundles in over the palisade. Supplied with food in return, he is going peacefully away, when, for mere pastime, he is felled to the earth—killed by one of Karlsefni’s men. His followers flee. They come back—there is a battle and many of them fall.

Here we might rest the case of the red man *versus* the white man. But the evidence is cumulative against the latter. Columbus has left us an account of his reception by the “Indians,” as he names them. Native and Spaniard were an equal surprise to each other. The savage thought that the ships of the strangers were huge birds, that had borne these wonderful beings down from heaven on their great, white wings. They were “friendly and gentle” to the new comers. Columbus gave them colored caps, beads and hawk bells, in exchange for twenty pound balls of cotton yarn, great numbers of tame parrots and tapioca cakes. He coast-

ed about the island in the ship's boat, and some of the natives swam after him, while others ran along on the shore, tempting him with fruits and fresh water to land. He speaks of them always as decorous, temperate, peaceful, honest, generous and hospitable. "They are very simple and honest," he says, "and exceedingly liberal with all that they have, none of them refusing anything he may possess, when asked for it, but on the contrary inviting us to ask them. They exhibit great love towards all others in preference to themselves; they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with little or nothing in return. * * * A sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles; * * they bartered like idiots, cotton and gold, for fragments of bows, glasses, bottles and jars; which I forbade, as being unjust, and myself gave them many beautiful and acceptable articles, * * taking nothing from them in return. * * * They practice no kind of idolatry, but have a firm belief that all strength, and all power and all good things are in heaven, and that I had descended thence. * * * Nor are they slow or stupid, but of very clear understanding. * * I took some Indians by force from the first island I came to. * * * These men are still traveling with me, and they continue to entertain the idea that I have descended from heaven, and on our arrival at any new place, they cry out to the other Indians, 'Come and look upon beings of a celestial race,' upon which men, women and children * * * would come out in throngs to see us,—some bringing food, others drink, with astonishing affection and kindness."

On every voyage Columbus carried back to Spain men, women and children taken by force from their homes. Worse than that, he farmed out these poor children of the forest to the indolent Spanish colonists of Hayti, and they died by hundreds from ill treatment and overwork. Worst of all, to satisfy Spanish avarice, he sent great numbers of them to be sold as slaves in Spain for the benefit of that kingdom.

In 1498, Sebastian Cabot carried to King Henry the Seventh three savages as trophies of his discoveries in North America.

France had her share of the spoils. In 1524, John Verrazano, in his ship the *Dolphin*, reached the shore of Carolina. Fires were burning along the coast and the savages crowded to the beach making signs of welcome. The French were in want of water and tried to land, but the surf was too high. A sailor leaped overboard from the boat, carrying bells and other trifles. His courage

failed and he threw the trinkets towards the natives. The waves threw him back upon the shore, and the Indians, snatching him from the sea, dragged him towards a great fire. The sailor shrieked with fear. His comrades in the boat gazed with horror, expecting to see him roasted and eaten before their eyes. But after tenderly warming and drying him, they led him back to the shore, and stood aloof while he swam off to his friends. Shall I tell you how this kindness was repaid? Coasting north, a party of them landed. The natives fled to the woods. Only two women and half a dozen children remained, hiding terrified in the grass. These civilized Frenchmen carried off one of the babies and would have taken the younger woman, who was handsome, but her outcries made them leave her behind. There is no clue to the final fate of Verrazano; it may be true, as Ramusio affirms, that on a later voyage he was killed and eaten by the savages.

Ten years later, Jacques Cartier sailed into the mouth of the St. Lawrence and bore away for France to tell the King he had discovered the north-west passage to Cathay. He carried with him two young Indians "lured into his clutches," says Mr. Parkman, "by an act of villainous treachery." I suppose the "greasy potentate," whose sons they were, loved his boys as well as any father in my audience loves his, but the wild Indian was no more than a wild turkey to the European explorer, and both were constantly carried over as samples of the natural products of the New World. Cartier brought back the boys the next year to guide him up the river. He went up as far as Montreal (Hochelaga) and coming back to Quebec his crew were smitten with scurvy. There he might easily have been cut off by the savages, but "they proved his salvation." He learned from them a cure for the distemper, and his crew was restored to health. "When the winter of misery had worn away," he seized Donnacona and his chiefs, to carry them back to the French court. Mr. Parkman tells the story: "He lured them to the fort and led them into an ambuscade of sailors, who, seizing the astonished guests, hurried them on board the ship. This treachery accomplished, the voyagers proceeded to plant the emblem of Christianity. The cross was raised, the fleur-de-lis hung upon it, and spreading their sails they steered for home." Cartier came back once more, and told the natives that their chief, Donnacona, was dead, and the others were living like lords in France;—which information must have been very gratifying to them, under the circumstances!

In 1602, Gosnold visited the Massachusetts coast. The Indians traded with him valuable furs and "their fairest collars" of copper for the merest trifles. "We became great friends," says one of the party. "They helped cut and carry our sassafras, and some lay aboard our ship. * They are exceeding courteous and gentle of disposition," * "quick-eyed and steadfast in their looks, fearless of others' harms, as intending none themselves. Some of the meaner sort given to filching, which the very name of savages, not weighing their ignorance in good or evil, may easily excuse."

In 1605, Weymouth entered the Penobscot river. He gave the savages "brandy, which they tasted, but would not drink." * He had two of them at supper in his cabin and present at prayer time. "They behaved very civilly, neither laughing nor talking all the time, and at supper fed not like men of rude education; neither would they eat or drink more than seemed to content nature." They carefully returned pewter dishes lent them to carry peas ashore to their women. As Weymouth "could not entice three others aboard," whom he wished to kidnap, he "consulted with his crew how to catch them ashore." Then they carried peas ashore, "which meat they loved," and a box of trifles for barter. "I opened the box," says an actor in this tragedy, "and showed them trifles to exchange, thinking thereby to have banished fear from the other and drawn him to return. But when we could not, we used little delay, but suddenly laid hands on them, and it was as much as five or six of us could do to get them into the light gig, for they were strong, and so naked as by far our best hold was by the long hair on their heads; and we would have been very loath to have done them any hurt, which of necessity we had been constrained to have done if we had attempted them in a multitude, which we must and would, rather than have wanted them, being a matter of great importance for the full accomplishment of our voyage." The chronicler after praising the country, thus concludes his relation: "Although at the time we surprised them they made their best resistance, * yet after perceiving by their kind usage we intended them no harm, they have never since seemed discontented with us, but very tractable, loving and willing by their best means, to satisfy us in anything we demand of them. * Neither have they at any time been at the least discord among themselves, insomuch as we have not seen them angry, but merry and so kind, as, if you give anything to one of them, he will distribute part to every one of the rest."

Mr. Higginson tells us that Weymouth's Indians were the objects of great wonder in England, and crowds of people followed them in the streets. It is thought that Shakespeare referred to them in the *Tempest* within a few years later. Trinculo there wishing to take the monster Caliban to England, says: "Not a holiday fool there but would give a peice of silver. * When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

John Smith's disasters in Virginia were due to the disorderly conduct of his men towards the natives.

It is true an Indian arrow was "shot into the throat" of one of Hudson's crew, but the chronicler who tells the tale, says they found "loving people" on their first landing; and the disgraceful debauch in the cabin of the *Half Moon* does not speak well for the conduct of the Dutch on that occasion.

John Smith narrates how Captain Hunt "betrayed" twenty savages from Plymouth, and seven from Cape Cod "aboard his ship, and most dishonestly and inhumanly, for the kind usage of me, and all my men, carried them with him to Maligo (Malaga) and there, for a little private gain, sold these silly savages for rials of eight." An old woman of ninety afterward told Edward Winslow, with tears and groans, that her three sons, her only dependence, were among the number.

The unscrupulousness of Morton's followers at Merrymount, who cheated, abused and stole from the Indians, and sold them liquor and weapons, came near being the destruction of the Pilgrims.

It is an unwelcome task, in a town whose devastation by the Indians we commemorate to-night, and in an assembly whose ancestry suffered death or a cruel captivity at the hands of the savage, to say a word in extenuation. I am no hero-worshipper. I find more shrewdness than saintliness in Massasoit's friendship. It was a choice of evils. I see nothing of statemanship or valor to admire in Philip. No more do I think there is any basis for a wholesale denunciation of his race. We have seen how from Maine to Cuba the explorer was the aggressor. In later colonial times it was a poor schooling we gave the savage, and he did credit to our teaching. We know little of the Indian before his contamination by the white man. Revenge belongs to the childhood of nations as well as to that of individuals. To love our enemies,—to do good to them that despitefully use us, is a hard feat even for an adult

Christian civilization. If, as John Robinson wished, we had converted *some* before we had killed *any*, we should make a better show in history. That was a grim satire of old Ninigret when he told Mr. Mayhew, who wanted to preach to his people, that he "had better go and make the English good first." We should not shrink from tracing effects to their causes. The Indian trader from Karlsefni to Richard Waldron (I may say to the frontier agent of to-day) was dishonest. He sold liquor to the savage, and then fined him for getting drunk. Was it truth the Indian uttered, or a bitter jest on the diluted quantity of the rum, when he testified before the court that he "had paid £100 for 'a drink from Mr. Purchachis well?" The fine was not always crossed out when it was paid till the exasperated savage crossed it out with one blow of his hatchet, for which he had paid ten times its worth in furs. The Government was not always responsible, though the "Walking Purchase" and the murder of Miantonomoh are rank offences. Usually the frontier settlement suffered for the sins of individuals. There is no more striking illustration of this fact than the story I shall tell you to-night.

CHRISTINA OTIS.

[*A romance of real life on the frontier, as told in the records.*]

In 1623 some London fishmongers set up their stages on the Piscataqua river.

Passaconaway, the sagacious sachem of the Pennacooks, desirous of an ally against his troublesome neighbors, the Tarratines, urged more English to come. He gave them deeds of land in exchange for coats, shirts and kettles. The natives continued peaceable,—the whites fished, planted and traded unmolested. Feeling death approaching, old Passaconaway made a great feast, and thus addressed his chieftains: "Listen to your father. The white men are the sons of the morning. The Great Spirit is their father. Never war with them. If you light the fires His breath will turn the flames upon you and destroy you." Knowles, a tributary chief, whose tribe occupied the region round about the settlers on the Piscataqua, felt similar presentiments. Sending for the principal white men, he asked them to mark out and record in their books a grant of a few hundred acres for his people. The old Sachem's son, Wanaloncet, and Blind Will, successor to Knowles, determined to heed Passaconaway's advice, and keep peace with the whites,

and the Pennacooks remained neutral through Philip's war. At that time Cochecho, now Dover, New Hampshire, was the main trading post of all that section with the Indians. Major Richard Waldron was the most prominent man in Cochecho. He held many offices of trust under the Government, and a command in Philip's war. He was naturally severe; was a successful Indian trader, and had the reputation of being a dishonest one. It was said he did not cancel their accounts when they had paid him, and that in buying beaver he reckoned his fist as weighing a pound. Though Philip's war began later in the Eastern country, it raged there with terrible ferocity, "where," says Mr. Palfrey, "from the rough character of the English settlers, it may well be believed that the natives were not without provocation." Troops were ordered out by the General Court of Massachusetts to subdue the Eastern Indians, but the snow lay four feet on a level in December, and military operations were impossible. The Indians pinched with famine from the severity of the winter, and dependent upon the frontier settlements for food, sued for peace through Major Waldron, promising to give up their captives without ransom, and to be quiet in the future. In July, 1676, Waldron, on behalf of the whites, signed a treaty with them at Cochecho. After Philip's death some of his followers fled to the Pennacooks. They were taken and put in Dover jail. Escaping, they incited some of the Maine Indians to renew their depredations. Two companies were sent to the East, under Captains Sill and Hathorne. They reached Dover on the 6th of September. There they found four hundred mixed Indians, part of them Pennacooks, who had taken no part in the war; others who had been party to the treaty a few months before, and the rest, Southern Indians, who, fleeing to the eastward after Philip's death, had been received into the tribes there. Why they were at Dover we are not told, but evidently with no hostile intent, as their women and children were with them. The belligerent captains would have annihilated them at once, as their orders were to seize all Indians concerned in the murder of Englishmen, or who had violated the treaty. Waldron proposed a stratagem instead. Inviting the Indians to a sham fight, the next day, having drawn the Indians' fire, the English soldiers surrounded and disarmed them. Wanoncet and the Pennacooks were set free. The rest were sent to Boston where seven or eight of the well-known murderers were hung, and the rest sold as slaves abroad. It is said that Major Waldron was opposed to the seizure, but regarded it as a military

necessity. It is true that he might have been censured by his government if he had refused to obey its orders, but a strictly honorable man would rather have left his case to the judgment of posterity or have thrown up his commission, than to have committed so gross a breach of hospitality and faith. The Pennacooks looked upon his conduct as treachery. It was a time of peace. They had never broken faith with him. They were, as it were, surety for the good behavior of Philip's Indians and the rest. They never forgave him.

Thirteen years passed. Some of those who had been sold into slavery came back. The emissaries of Castine whispered vengeance. The opportunity for retaliation came to the Pennacooks, and a plot was laid for the destruction of Dover. In June, 1689, the Dover people began to be suspicious that the Indians were unfriendly. Larger numbers seemed to be gathering in the neighborhood than usually came to trade. Strange faces were noticed among them, and now and then they were seen eyeing the defenses. More than one friendly squaw hinted of danger, to the settlers' wives who had been kind to them, but they were not heeded. "Go home and plant your pumpkins," cried Waldron to those who told him their fears, "I know the red skins better than you, and I will let you know soon enough if there are any signs of an outbreak."

Waldron, Richard Otis, John Heard, Peter Coffin and his son Tristram had each a garrison house at Dover at that time. Into these their neighbors who felt uneasy retired to sleep. On the morning of the 27th of June, a young man rushed to Waldron's house and told him that the town was full of Indians, and that the people were thoroughly frightened. "I know the Indians well," replied Waldron with some asperity, "and I tell you there is no danger." That very morning, however, the following letter from Major Henchman of Chelmsford was received by Gov. Bradstreet at Boston:

JUNE 23, 1689.

Honored Sir:—This day two Indians came from Pennacook, viz., Job Maramasquand and Peter Muckamug, who report that damage will undoubtedly be done within a few days at Piscataqua, and that Major Waldron in particular is threatened. The Indians can give a more particular account to your honor. They say if damage be done, the blame shall not be on them, having given a faithful account of what they may hear, and are upon that report moved to leave their habitation and cover at Pennacook. I am constrained

from a sense of my duty, and from my love to my countrymen, to give the information as above, so with my humble service to your honor and prayers for the safety of an endangered people.

I am your humble serv't,

THOS. HENCHMAN.

A messenger was at once dispatched to Cocheco with a letter from the Governor and Council "to Major Richard Waldron, and Mr. Peter Coffin, or either of them. These with all possible speed."

The Governor's letter is dated June 27th, 1689. It informs Major Waldron of the receipt of Major HENCHMAN's letter and tells him that "one Hawkins is the principal designer" of the intended mischief. That it is particularly designed against Waldron and Coffin, and that they are to be betrayed "on a pretention of trade." The Governor warns them to take "care of their own safeguard," and to report "what information they may receive of the Indians' motions." Unfortunately the messenger was detained at Salisbury ferry and reached Dover only after the tragedy was over.

Mesandowit, an Indian chief, took supper at Waldron's house that night as he had often before. During supper he said half jestingly, "Suppose strange Indians come now, Brother Waldron?" "I have but to raise my finger," replied Waldron, boastfully, "and a hundred soldiers will be at my command." Later in the evening two squaws applied at each garrison house for leave to sleep on the hearth before the kitchen fire. As this was no unusual request it was readily granted and they were shown how to open the doors in case they might want to go out during the night. Tristram Coffin alone refused to admit them. As Waldron was barring his doors for the night, one of the squaws quartered with him said to him, "White father big wampum; much Indian come." Still unsuspicious, he retired to dream of the morrow's gains.

Just before dawn, at that hour when night is darkest and sleep is heaviest, the treacherous squaws rose softly in all the houses, and opening the doors, gave a long, low whistle. A dog at Heard's garrison answered with a furious barking which awoke Elder Wentworth. He hurried down stairs. The savages were just entering. Pushing the oaken door back against them, the old man of seventy-three threw himself on his back and held it against them till help came. Bullets crashed through the door above his head, but the heroic old Puritan did not flinch and the garrison was saved. Placing a guard at Waldron's door, the waspish horde swarmed into his room. He sprang from his bed, and though over eighty years

old, he drove them at the point of his sword, through three or four rooms. Turning back for other weapons, they followed him and dealt him a blow with a hatchet which stunned and prostrated him. With horrid threats they ordered his family to get supper for them. When they were surfeited they placed the old man in his arm chair on the table and tortured him. They gashed him with their knives, screaming derisively, "Now we cross out our accounts." They cut off his finger joints and threw them in his face, asking with fiendish glee, "How much will your fist weigh now, Father Waldron?" Finally, as he fell fainting from his chair, they held his own sword under him and death came to his relief. His daughter and his little grandchild were taken captive, his son-in-law killed, his house pillaged and burned. The houses of Peter Coffin and his son were also destroyed.

Richard Otis, the blacksmith of Dover, occupied the next garrison house to Waldron's. He was of good family and had removed from Boston to Dover in 1656. At the time of the attack he was well on in years, had married sons and was living with his third wife, Grizet or Grizit Warren, a young woman of less than half his years. She had borne him two children. Hannah, the elder, was about two; but the delight of her old father's heart was his three months old baby, Margaret, fair as a summer daisy. Otis was shot dead as he was rising up in bed, or had reached the window, seeking the cause of the alarm. His little daughter Hannah was killed by dashing her head against the chamber stairs. His wife and baby were dragged from their beds and with more of his family hurried with the other captives to the woods to begin the doleful march to Canada.

Meantime, all unconscious of these horrors, the Widow Heard and her sons, with her daughter and son-in-law, were returning from a day's trading at Portsmouth. The soft air of the summer night was heavy with the scent of the sweet brier; the frog croaked hoarsely from his solitary pool; an owl, scared from his hunting, flitted screeching to the woods. No other sound was heard save the plash of the oars as they rowed up the placid river, when suddenly on the midnight stillness burst forth the awful war-whoop. Faster they plied their oars, not daring to think of the possible fate of kindred left safe in the garrison at morn. Silently passing a body of the enemy, they landed near Waldron's garrison. Seeing a light in a chamber window, and supposing it put there as a signal of refuge to the English, they demanded entrance at the

gate. No answer being returned they shook and pounded the palisades, in agonized tones reproaching their friends within for not opening to them. At last one of the young men looked through a crack in the gate and saw to his horror an Indian with his gun guarding Waldron's door. Despair seized them at the sight. Mrs. Heard sank fainting, and declaring she could go no further, ordered her children to leave her. After much entreaty, feeling that all would be sacrificed if they remained, they left her and proceeded to their own garrison. On the way they met one of Otis' sons, who told them that his father was killed. John Ham and his wife, Mrs. Heard's daughter, rowed rapidly down the river again to give the alarm at Portsmouth. Meantime Mrs. Heard had revived a little and dragged herself to the garden, hiding there among the barberry bushes. With the approach of daylight she fled to a thicket at some distance from the house. A savage who had watched her came twice to her hiding place, pointed his pistol at her and ran back with loud yells to the house, leaving her in safety. She recognized him as a young Indian, whom at the time of the seizure by Waldron, she had hidden in her own house and aided to escape. Thanking God for her preservation she remained in her covert till the enemy had retired with their captives. Then stealing along by the river, she crossed it on a boom and reaching Gerish's garrison, learned of the brave defence of her own house by Elder Wentworth and of the safety of its inmates.

At eight o'clock in the morning John Ham and his wife, spent with fatigue and anxiety, reached Portsmouth. A letter was at once written by Richard Waldron, Jr., still ignorant of his father's fate, to the Governor and Council in Boston, giving the facts so far as related by Ham. This letter was enclosed in the following:

"To the Hon. Maj. Robert Pike of Salisbury—Haste post Haste:—
PORTSMOUTH, 28th June, 1689.

*Honored Sir:—*We herewith send you an account of the Indians surprising Cochecho this morning which we pray you immediately to post away to the Honorable, the Governor and Council at Boston, and forward our present assistance wherein the whole country is immediately concerned.

We are Sir your most humble servants,

RICHARD MARTYN.
WILLIAM VAUGHAN.
RICHARD WALDRON, JR.
SAMUEL WENTWORTH.
BENJ. HULL.

This dispatch was received at noon by Major Pike, who immediately forwarded it to Boston with the following:

"To the much Honored Symon Bradstreet, Esq., Governor, and the Honorable Council now sitting at Boston, these present with all speed—Haste, post haste":—

SALISBURY, 28th June, (about noon) 1689.

Much Honored:—After due respect, these are only to give your honors the sad accounts of the last night's providence at Cocheco, as by the enclosed, the particulars whereof are awful. The only wise God, who is the keeper that neither slumbereth nor sleepeth is pleased to permit what is done. Possibly it may be either better or worse than this account renders it. As soon as I get more intelligence, I shall, God willing, speed it to your honours, praying for speedy order or advice in so solemn a case. I have dispatched the intelligence to other towns with advice to look to yourselves. I shall not be wanting to serve in what I may. Should have waited on your honours now, had I been well. Shall not now come except by you commanded, till this bustle be abated. That the only wise God may direct all your weighty affairs, is the prayer of your honours' most humble servant,

ROBERT PIKE."

The post went spurring into Boston at midnight with Pike's dispatches, and the next noon an answer was returned as follows to Portsmouth:

"To Messrs. Richard Martyn, William Vaughan, Richard Waldron, &c.

Boston, 29th June, 1689.

Gentlemen:—The sad account given by yourselves of the awful hand of God in permitting the heathen to make such desolation upon Cocheco and destruction of the inhabitants thereof * * * arrived the last night about twelve o'clock. Notice thereof was immediately despatched to our out towns, and so they may provide for their security. * * * The narrative you give * * * was laid before the whole Convention this morning, who are concerned for you as friends and neighbors, and look at the whole to be involved in this unhappy conjuncture and trouble given by the heathen and are very ready to yield you all assistance as they may be capable and do think it necessary that (if it be not done already) you shall fall into some form * * * for the exercise of government so far as may be necessary for your safety * * * this Convention not thinking to meet under their present circumstances to exert any authority within your Province. Praying God to direct in all the arduous affairs the poor people of this country have at present to engage in, and to rebuke all our enemies, desirving

you would give us advice from time to time of the occurrences with you.

Your humble servant,

ISAAC ADDINGTON, Sec'y.

Per order of Convention."

Aid was at once sent to Coheco, and the progress of events there may be seen from the following letter, dated

CAPT. GERRISH'S GARRISON HOUSE, COHECO, 5th July, 1689.

May it please your Honors:—On Wednesday evening Major Appleton with between forty and fifty men (most of Ipswich) arrived here accompanied by Major Pike, and yesterday morning with w^t additional force we could make, marcht into the woods upon track of the enemy ab^t twelve miles to make what Discovery they could, but returned in y^e evening without any further discovery save y^e dead body of one of the captive men, they carried hence nor since at last has any of the enemy been seen hereabout. * * * Doubtless the main body are withdrawn to a considerable distance.

Your most humble servants,

WILLIAM VAUGHAN,

RICHARD WALDRON."

While these things were transpiring, the hellish crew and their hapless prisoners were marching towards Canada. On the morning of the attack a party of Coheco men started out in pursuit, but as usual the enemy had divided their forces. The Coheco party overtook some of them near Conway and succeeded in recovering some, among them three of Otis' daughters. When the rest of the family reached Canada we do not know. On their arrival, baby Margaret was at once taken from her savage captors by the priests, baptized anew, and under the name of Christina given to the nuns of Montreal to be reared in the faith of the Romish church. When she was four years old, her mother was baptized into the Romish church, with the name of Mary Madeline, and the next October married Mr Philip Robitaille, "a French gentleman of Montreal, in the service of Monsieur Maricour." It is probable that the little girl spent most of her childhood with the good nuns of Montreal, in the very heart of that religious community founded by Maison-neuve and his followers. She would have been fifteen years old when the Deerfield captives were carried to Montreal. As in her coarse serge gown, she passed with the nuns in and out of the old cathedral, good Mr. Williams may have seen her, and groaned in spirit at the sight. She must have been a girl of strong character, for she absolutely refused to take the veil, though persistently urg-

ed to it by priest and nun. As the next safest thing for the interests of the church they married her at sixteen to a French gentleman of Montreal, named Le Beau. Perhaps her husband entertained her with the story of Thomas Baker, an English youth, one of Deerfield's captives, who had tried to run away from Montreal that summer, and was caught by the Indians, and would have been burned at the stake, had he not escaped from his tormentors, and fled to the house of a Frenchman, who ransomed him.

The Governor had ordered him put in irons and closely imprisoned for four months, "and served him right," Le Beau may have said. "*Pauvre garcon*," perhaps Christina sighed, for the story of Baker's adventures may have set her thinking of her own captivity, and she may have wished she could go back to New England once more, and see the spot where she was born. These longings were probably dispelled and Christina reconciled to her lot by the births of her own three children. We hear no more of her until the arrival of Major Stoddard at Montreal.

Mr. Sheldon had returned in 1707 from his last expedition for the redemption of the captives, but many more English were still held in Canada, among them Eunice Williams, the eldest daughter of the minister of Deerfield. Accordingly in November, 1713, commissioners were again sent by Gov. Dudley to Canada to negotiate the redemption of Eunice and the other New England captives. At the head of the commission was Capt. John Stoddard of Northampton, son of the minister of that place. Mr. Williams accompanied him. Martin Kellogg, one of the Deerfield captives, who had finally escaped with Baker from Montreal, went as interpreter. There were three other attendants of whom one was Baker himself. Both Kellogg and he had become noted characters since their flight from Montreal. He was Captain Thomas Baker now. The year before he had gone up the Connecticut river with a scouting party, crossed over to the Pemigewasset, and at its confluence with one of its tributaries, since called Baker's river, he had killed the famous Sachem, Wattanummon, without the loss of a man. Taking as much of the Sachem's beaver as the party could carry, he burned the rest and went down the Merrimac to Dunstable and thence to Boston. I find him on the Council Records of the 8th of May, reporting his proceedings and applying for his scalp money. He produced but one, but prayed "for a further allowance for more killed than they could recover their scalps as reported by the enemy themselves." After some delay the General Court, willing

to encourage and reward such bravery and enterprise as Baker had shown, allowed him and his company twenty pounds "for one enemy Indian besides that which they scalped, which seems very probable to be slain." On the 16th of February, 1714, the commissioners reached Quebec. In a former paper before this Association, I have detailed their negotiations with the Governor of Canada. Vaudreuil assures them that all the captives are at liberty to go home; the more, the better, for him and his country; and his blessing shall go with them. He gives them permission to mingle unrestrained with the English and to have free speech with those in religious houses. Hearing that the priests and some of the laity are terrifying and threatening the prisoners against returning, the commissioners complain to the Governor, who replies that he "can as easily alter the course of the waters as prevent the priests' endeavors." Finally, under the plea that they have been naturalized by the King, he refuses to let any return except those under age. Discouraged by this unexpected obstacle, and desiring to be nearer the captives, the commissioners return to Montreal, arriving there on the 3d of March, 1714.

Christina's husband had died a few months before. The young widow had doubtless heard of the presence of the ambassadors in the city, as they passed through to Quebec, and all her old longing for release returned upon her. While the naturalization question is pending, Mr. Williams, whose heart is occupied by Eunice's affairs, demands that "men and women shall not be entangled by the marriages they may have contracted, nor parents by children born to them in captivity." Christina sees here her chance. We may assume that she seeks an interview with the commissioners and tells them her wishes. Brave Captain Baker, a bachelor of thirty-two, is smitten with the charms of the youthful widow. He undertakes her cause. The Governor cunningly concedes that French women may return with their English husbands,—that English women shall not be compelled to stay by their French husbands,—but about the children he "will take time to consider." Christina now reciprocating the passion of her lover becomes doubly anxious to return. The Intendant and the Governor violently oppose her. By order of the former, the property of her deceased husband is sold, and the money is withheld from her. The priests bring their authority to bear upon her. "If you persist in going," they say, "you shall not have your children; they must be nurtured in the bosom of the Holy Church." Her mother by turns coaxes, chides

and tries to frighten her from her resolution. "What can you do in New England?" she says to her. "There are no bake shops there. You know nothing about making bread or butter, or managing as they do there." All this Christina confides to her lover, who kisses away her tears and calms her fears. "If she will but trust to him, and go with him," he tells her, "his mother shall teach her all she need to know, and his government will see to it that her children are restored to her." In the midst of his wooing, Captain Baker is sent back to Boston by Stoddard to report progress and demand instructions. He was too good a soldier not to obey orders, though he would, doubtless, have preferred to make a short cut through the difficulties by running off the prisoners and taking the risk of recapture. In his absence, Christina secretly conveys her personal effects on board a barque bound for Quebec, intending to follow and to put herself under the protection of Stoddard and his party, who have returned thither and are trying to collect the captives there. The Intendant orders Christina's goods ashore and forbids her to leave Montreal. In vain the Commissioners protest. "She is a prisoner of the former war," replies the Intendant, "and cannot be claimed by the English under the present Articles of Peace." But "love laughs at locksmiths," and when Captain Baker returns from his embassy and tells her that the good brigantine *Leopard* is probably then lying at Quebec and that she must go with him, now or never, she does not hesitate. We have no record of her flitting but the pithy sentence in Stoddard's Journal, announcing Captain Baker's return from New England, "bringing with him one English prisoner from Montreal." But we cannot doubt that this one is Christina.

The anger of the Intendant when he learned of her disobedience and escape, may be better imagined than described. Vaudreuil used his most politic endeavors to get possession of her again, promising if she might be returned to Montreal he would send her under escort by land to New England. Stoddard, knowing the value of "a bird in the hand," refused to give her up. The Governor finally threatened, if she went, to give her children to the Ursuline sisters and never let her see them again. But her lover triumphed, and she embarked with him for Boston, where they arrived on the 21st of September, 1714.

On the Brookfield land records, Dec. 9th, of the same year, there is a grant of "upland and meadow" to "Margarett Otice, alias Le Bue, one that was a prisoner in Canada and lately came from thence,

provided she returns not to live in Canada, but tarries in this province and marries to Captain Thomas Baker." Christina tarried and married. The advent of Captain Baker, with his foreign wife and her strange speech, and her Romish observances, must have made quite a sensation among the straight-laced Puritans of Northampton. Good Parson Stoddard took her at once in hand, however, and she became a Protestant, being re-baptized by him with her original name of Margaret. The birth of her first child stands to-day on the Northampton records as follows: "June 5, 1716, Christina Baker, daughter to Thomas and Margaret."

About 1717, Christina removed with her husband to Brookfield, Mass. Shortly afterwards her half brother, Philip Robitaille, came from Montreal to visit her and worked a year on her farm. It was probably when he returned to Canada, that she undertook a journey thither in the hope of getting possession of her children, but the Governor had kept his word and she was deprived of them forever. In 1719, Captain Baker was the first Representative to the General Court from Brookfield. In 1727, he was tried at Springfield for blasphemy, on the following charge: "There being a discourse of God's having in His Providence put in Joseph Jemmings, Esq., of Brookfield, a Justice of the Peace," Captain Baker said, "If I had been with the Almighty, I would have taught Him better." The verdict of the jury was "Not guilty." The same year Christina received a long and earnest letter from Monsieur Siguenot, the seminary priest, who had been her former confessor at Montreal, urging her to return to Canada and to the Romish church. The letter being of course in French, and "written in a crabbed and scarcely legible hand," her husband advised her "to have it copied in order to get some person to answer it," in order to convince the priest of the folly of any further attempts to convert her. The letter came to the notice of an influential lady of Boston, who showed it to Governor Burnett and urged him to answer it for Christina, which he did.

"*My Dear Christina,*" the priest begins, "whom I may call my spiritual daughter, since I esteemed and directed you as such whilst * * you had the happiness of making one of the family of Jesus, Maria, Joachim and Anne, * * and that you, as well as Madame Robitaille, your mother, (whose confessor I have become, * *) was of the number of about two hundred women of the fashion of Ville Marie, who then made up the mystical body of

that holy Association. I own also that all our members of the Seminary, as well as all Mount Real, were edified with your carriage, you being sober, and living as a true Christian and good Catholic, having no remains of the unhappy leaven of the irreligion and errors of the English out of which Mr. Mereil had brought you as well as your mother, taking you out of the deep darkness of heresy to bring you into the light of the only true church and the only spouse of Jesus Christ." * * * * *

"The Catholic church is the only mystical ark of Noah in which salvation is found. All those who are gone out of it, and will not return to it, will unhappily perish, not in a deluge of waters, but in the eternal flames of the last judgment. * * * Who has so far bewitched and blinded you as to make you leave the light and truth, to carry you among the English where there is nothing but darkness and irreligion?" The priest goes on to appeal to her conscience, and to her love for her children in Canada, as incentive to her return. "Dear Christina," he says, "poor stray sheep, come back to your father, * * * own yourself guilty to have forsaken the Lord, the only spring of the healing waters of grace, to run after private cisterns which cannot give them to you * * * hearken to the stings of your conscience. * * * Read the two letters I send you concerning the happy and Christian death of your daughter; * weigh with care the particular circumstances by which she owns herself infinitely indebted to the mercy of God, and the watchfulness of her grandmother for having withstood her voyage to New England, and not suffered her to follow you thither. Consider with what inward peace she received all the sacraments and with what tranquility she died in the bosom of the church. I had been her confessor for many years before her marriage, and going to Quebec where she lived with her husband peaceably and to the edification of all the town. Oh! happy death! my dear Christina, would you die like her predestinated? Come in all haste! Abjure your apostasy and live as a true Christian and Catholic else fear and be persuaded that your death will be unhappy and attended with madness and despair as that of Calvin was, and also that of Luther. * * * Once more, dear Christina, return to this land where you have received your baptism and which I may say has given you life. Prevail with your husband to resolve on the same undertaking. The Holy church will on your adjuring your errors receive you with open arms, as well as Mr. Robitaille and his wife, your mother. You shall not want bread here, and if your husband will have land, we shall find him some in the island of Montreal. But if he doth not desire any, and hath a trade, he shall not want for work. But what is most essential is that you shall both be here enabled to work out your salvation, which you cannot do where you are, since there you are not in the mystical ark of Noah, which is the Catholic church, * in which your daughter was bred and in which

she died. * I await your answer to my letter, and am, dear Christina, entirely yours in Jesus and Marie, SEGUENOT.

Priest of the Seminary at Ville Marie, you know very well.

At Ville Marie, the 5th of June, 1727."

Gov. Burnet begins his reply as follows:

"BOSTON, Jan. 8, 1728-9.

Madam:—I am very sensible of the disadvantages that I lie under in not being able to address myself to you under as endearing a title as that which Mr. Seguenot takes to himself. But I do not doubt but your good sense will put you on your guard against such flattering expressions which are commonly made use of for want of good arguments."

The Governor endeavors to show Christina that Mr. Seguenot "has proved nothing of what he should have done in that very place of his letter where he seems resolved to muster up all his strength to overpower us. But because he has scattered several things up and down in his letter which might startle you, I will take the pains to go through it, from one end to the other, to make you feel the weakness and false reasoning of it." The Governor then proceeds with calmness to refute the priest's assertions. He tells Christina that Christ gives "visible marks by which his true followers may be known. By this shall ye know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another, which," says Gov. Burnet, "can never agree to a persecuting church, as the Roman is." He points her to Paul's description of false Christians in the Epistle to Timothy, "Of this sort are they which creep into houses and lead captive silly women;" and asks, "Would not anybody say that the apostle points directly to those confessors who pretend to direct the consciences of the ignorant and chiefly of women in the church of Rome?"

Alluding to the priest's offer of lands and work to Captain Baker, the Governor says: "It is hoped that Mr. Seguenot does this out of ignorance. But for persons that know what it is to live in a free country, to go and throw themselves headlong into the clutches of an absolute government it cannot be imagined that they can do such a thing unless they have lost their senses." He concludes by telling her to send this letter to Canada and let it be answered, that she may see both sides, and "fix on what is best for the salvation of your soul and the happiness of your life, which is the hearty desire, Madam, of your unknown but humble servant." The Gov-

ernor's letter, which was in French, together with that of the priest, were afterwards translated and printed in Boston.

By the sale of their Brookfield property to a speculator in 1732, Captain Baker and his wife became impoverished. They lived for a while in Mendon, Mass., where we find Christina connected with the church,—and were for a short time at Newport, R. I., and finally removed to Dover, N. H. In the latter part of the year 1734, Baker's health gave out entirely, and the next year his wife applied to the Legislature for leave to keep a tavern for the support of her family.

*"The humble petition of Christina Baker, the wife of Capt. Thomas Baker of Dover sheweth:—*That your petitioner in her childhood was captured by the Indians in the town of Dover, aforesaid, (where she was born) and carried to Canada, and there bro't up in the Roman superstition and Idolitry. And was there married and well settled, and had three children; and after the Death of her Husband she had a very Great Inclination to see her own country, and with great difficulty obtained permission to Return, leaving all her substance and her children, for by no means could she obtain leave for them; and since your petitioner has been married to Capt. Baker, she did undertake the hazzard and fatieng of a Journey to Canada again, in hopes, by the interests of Friends, to get her children; but all in vain! so that her losses are trebbled on her. First, the loss of her house, well fitted and furnished, and the lands belonging to it; second, the loss of considerable part of her New England substance in her last journey to Canada, and thirdly, the Loss of her children. Yet still she hath this comfort since her return, that she is alsoe returned into the Bossum of the Protestant church; for such she most heartily thanks Almighty God. And now your petitioner, having a large family to support, and by the chances and Changes of fortune here, is Reduced to very low circumstances, and her husband past his Labour. Your petitioner lately made her case known to several Gent in the Government of the Massachusetts, who out of a charitable Disposition did supply yo'r Petitioner with something to set her in a way to subsist her family; and also advis'd to keep a house of Entertainment, and the General assembly of that Government * * made her a present of 500 acres of land in the Province of Maine, and put it under the care of Coll. William Pepperell, Esq., for the use of your Petitioner (exclusive of her husband's having anything to do with it.) Now your Petitioner by the help she hath had has bot a lot of land and Built a house on it on the contry Rhoad from Dover Meeting House to Coheco Boome; and have Bedding and other necessaros fit for a Public House for Entertainment of Travellers, &c."

The former taverner, not keeping an orderly house, had been

refused a continuance of his license by the Selectmen. Christina having submitted her plan to their approval, had applied to the Courts for a license. The judges, probably for political reasons, refused it to her, and renewed the license to the former inn-keeper.

The Legislature on hearing Christina's petition voted that her "prayer be granted," and she kept her house of entertainment at Dover for many years. Her husband died of "the lethargy" at Roxbury in 1753, while on a visit to some cousins there. Her mother, Madame Robitaille died in Canada at the age of ninety, being bedridden the last years of her life.

Christina or Margaret Otis Baker closed her eventual life on Feb. 23, 1773, leaving a large posterity. "She lived," says her obituary, "in good reputation, being a pattern of industry, prudence and economy. She bore a tedious illness with much patience," and met death with calmness.

SOME FACTS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

BY HON. C. C. CONANT.

Dartmouth College was chartered in the year 1769 by King George III. through John Wentworth, the last royal Governor of the Province of New Hampshire. It derived its name from Lord Dartmouth, a benevolent English nobleman and one of its earliest and principal benefactors. The granting of the charter is the public act that marks the beginning or founding of the College, yet it is a matter of interest for us to go back a few years previous to that time and to notice some of the events which led to the charter.

The Rev. Eleazer Wheelock of Lebanon, Conn., in 1754, being then forty-three years of age, had become deeply impressed with the importance of providing for the education and Christianization of the "Indian youth" of this country. His friends, David and John Brainard, had devoted their lives with marked success as missionaries to the Indians. Mr. Wheelock was related by marriage to the Rev. Jonathan Edwards of Northampton and his contact with these godly men fed the eager flame in his own breast till he himself was ready to devote his life to the great work of the education and Christianization of the Indian youth.

Mr. Wheelock was one of the leading preachers and divines of

that generation. Rev. Dr. Burroughs, who was for many years the pastor of the church at Dartmouth College and knew him intimately, says of him: "He was a gentleman of comely figure, of mild and winning aspect. His voice was smooth and harmonious, the best by far I ever heard. He had entire command of it. His gesture natural, but not redundant. His preaching and addresses were close and pungent, and yet winning beyond almost all comparison." This description of him well accords with his handsome face, as shown by his portrait at Dartmouth, in the full bottom wig and scholarly black silk gown of his time.

In that year, 1754, Mr. Wheelock opened a school in his own house and received from one of the Brainards two Indian boys, John Pumpshire, then fourteen years old, and Jacob Wooley, eleven years of age, and took them into his family to educate. Others soon followed. It was felt to be an experiment. The great problem was, "Could the savage nature of the wild Indian be tamed?" The eyes of all New England were turned toward this Indian school anxious to solve this great problem.

About this time, one Joshua Moore by deed gave a house and shop and two acres of land in Lebanon, Ct., near Mr. Wheelock's home, to him for the purposes of the school. Soon after this the number of Indian pupils still further increased and at one time there were more than twenty-five in the school. It was fast outgrowing its limited accommodations. Mr. Wheelock, had been long in active correspondence with the leading men of the colonies, with Col. Elisha Williams, then late Rector of Yale College, with Whitfield, who was in this country at the time, and who was intensely interested in this school, with Benjamin Franklin and others.

The religious conventions of ministers, especially in New Hampshire, most zealously took up the matter as missionary work and religious duty. In 1758, during the French and Indian war and eleven years before the charter was granted, such a convention by resolution and vote formally asked the New Hampshire Legislature to grant a charter, and the next year the same convention voted that a certain charter that their committee had prepared "was for substance found agreeable to the mind of this convention." In 1762 the Legislature of New Hampshire granted "fifty pounds annually for five years," in aid of Mr. Wheelock's school. In 1765, at the suggestion of Whitfield, the eloquent and accomplished Rev. Samson Occum, a Mohegan Indian, who had been ed-

nated by Mr. Wheelock before 1754 and who wrote the familiar hymn, "Awakened by Sinai's Awful Sound," was sent with the Rev. Mr. Whitaker to England to enlist the Christian people of Great Britain in this cause of Indian education and to obtain funds to erect a college. Mr. Occum, whose portrait in the robes of his sacred office may now be seen in the portrait gallery at Dartmouth College, was a most eloquent speaker and physically a noble specimen of his race. As he and his companion traversed Great Britain crowds flocked to hear him. He preached before the King and the nobility, and at Cambridge, Oxford and Edinboro. The "unique but magnetic marvelous eloquence of this regenerated son of the forest as he pleaded for his race was irresistible." The hearts, and, what was equally important and a sure test of their sincerity, the purses of all classes were opened. The King himself headed a subscription with two hundred pounds. Lord Dartmouth gave a considerable sum in money. Over three thousand pounds was subscribed in London alone. Through the efforts of Lord Dartmouth, whose character in many respects was like that of Wilberforce and the Earl of Shaftesbury of our own times, a most liberal charter was obtained from the King, a charter of which Daniel Webster said in 1818, "A charter of more liberal sentiments, of wiser provisions, drawn with more care, or in a better spirit could not be expected at any time from any source."

It thus appears that Dartmouth College was founded principally to educate Indian youth. It was, no doubt, fondly hoped and believed that the Indians by these means would become civilized, Christianized and remain as valuable citizens of the country.

It was a faithful effort of good and wise men, but as an Indian college it never fulfilled the hopes and expectations of its founders. Many Indians were there educated whose influence as missionaries and otherwise among their savage brethren undoubtedly kept some of the Indian tribes friendly to the Colonies during the Revolutionary war.*

It is interesting to note the only saving clause in the College charter by which it has for a century and more been enabled to educate "English youth and others."

After a lengthy preamble reciting the history of the Indian

*There was a full-blooded Indian who was a senior my first year in College. He graduated in 1854, and when last I heard of him he was doing useful work as a physician and teacher among the Choctaws at the West. He was a good scholar and had a part at Commencement.

charity school of Wheelock and his offer to remove the same to New Hampshire, and the signal wisdom, piety and zeal of those interested, the charter proper begins, as follows, viz., stating the purposes and objects thereof: "Know ye therefore that we, considering the premises and being willing to encourage the laudable design of spreading Christian knowledge among the savages of our American Wilderness and also that the best means of education be established in our province of New Hampshire for the benefit of said province, do of our special grace, certain knowledge and mere notion, by and with the advice of our council for said province, by these presents will, ordain, grant and constitute that there be a College erected in our said province of New Hampshire by the name of Dartmouth College for the education and instruction of youths of the Indian tribes in this land in reading, writing and all parts of learning which shall appear necessary and expedient for civilizing and Christianizing the children of pagans, as well as all liberal arts and sciences, and also of *English youths and any others.*" These last eight words are evidently an after-thought and save any question that might have arisen, when the Indian youths no longer could be had to educate, as to the future of the College. This is all of the charter relating to the objects and purposes of the College, the appointment of Eleazer Wheelock as President, the powers and duties of the trustees and other officers with other details fill out the charter.

The location to be in the province New Hampshire was fixed by charter. The precise spot in New Hampshire was after much consideration and many rival offers located at Hanover, near the fall in the Connecticut river, at what was then supposed to be the head of navigation, "so as to be conveniently near the Indian tribes of Canada and the Six Nations."

In August, 1770, President Wheelock moved from Lebanon, Conn., to Hanover with his school, probably passing through this village of Old Deerfield with his ox-teams and workmen. There were then twenty families in Hanover, but none on or near the three thousand acres granted the College. Here in the midst of a pine forest, on an elevated plain about one-half mile from the Connecticut river, a clearing was begun. A log hut, sixteen feet square, was first built and a house for the President and his family was erected one story high and forty by thirty-two feet. A college edifice for students eighty by thirty-two feet and two stories high was begun. This was completed in 1771 and remained the princi-

pal college building till 1784 when the main college building "Dartmouth Hall," which stands there in constant use to this day, was erected of wood, one hundred and fifty feet long by fifty wide and three stories high.

The toils and hardships of the first few years must have been very great. We find President Wheelock writing in December, 1770, "I send to Northfield and Montague (Mass.) for my bread and expect supplies chiefly from thence." This was a distance of ninety miles at least and the roads only passable by ox-teams. The first winter was very mild and the next season some seventy or eighty acres of land were cleared and eighteen acres of corn raised. The following year a saw-mill and grist-mill were completed. President Wheelock was, during all these hardships, the master spirit. He writes in 1772, "I hope through the blessing of God, even the ensuing year, we shall find that near sufficient has been raised on these lands to supply the schools with bread, which will be a great relief, as the greatest and cheapest part has been transported above an hundred and much of it near two hundred miles through new and bad roads. The cheapest fodder I had the last winter to support my team and a few cows was brought forty miles on sleds by oxen." This was probably from Charlestown, N. H., then called "Number Four."

The number of students was then between forty and fifty, of whom eight or nine were Indians. In 1772 sixteen or seventeen Indian boys were in attendance. From 1773 to 1775 the number of Indian students was from sixteen to twenty-one and about this time the whole number of students was one hundred. In a letter of Sept. 29, 1772, after referring to the prospect of obtaining sons of some of the Caghnawaga chiefs, President Wheelock says, "One was a descendant from the Rev. Mr. Williams who was captivated from Deerfield in 1704. Another was a descendant from M. Tarbell who was captivated from Groton, 1707; the other was son of Mr. Stacy, who was captivated from Ipswich, and is a good interpreter for that tribe." The first Commencement in August, 1771, attracted a large audience, Gov. John Wentworth and many other distinguished men travelling a long distance on horseback to attend. A class of four persons graduated, one of whom was John Wheelock, son of the President, afterwards an officer in the Revolutionary war, a valued friend of Washington, and, on the death of his father, President of the College for thirty-six years.

At this time, Rev. Samuel Taggart, formerly minister in Cole-

rairie and for fourteen years, 1803–1817, member of Congress for this district, must have been in College, for we find him in the list of eight graduates three years after, in 1775. It is said of him that, having become unpopular with his people, after considerable diplomacy he was induced to resign (ministers were then supposed to be settled for life), and he gave notice that on such a Sunday his farewell sermon would be preached. At the appointed time the meeting-house was crowded. About ten o'clock he began to preach and kept on till after twelve, giving his people a rehearsal of his grievances and making out a severe indictment against them. This he could see stirred up the "old Adam" in these descendants of the Scotch Covenanters. Mr. Taggart stopped, looked around and remarked that he had intended to divide his discourse and preach the other half after the intermission, but as he feared that many of them would not come back to hear it he had concluded to go through without intermission, and so he went on for two hours more, giving them a discourse that they never forgot.

The Revolutionary war affected all the colleges in New England. Harvard and Yale, being nearer to the more stirring events of the time, were both more or less interrupted and their students dispersed. Dartmouth College, with diminished numbers, kept on. Its heroic President, full of patriotic zeal, resolutely espoused the cause of American independence and labored to the extent of his ability for its accomplishment until his death in 1779. His most intimate friend, Gov. John Wentworth, and many others who had greatly aided him adhered to the crown. It was a great sacrifice for Wheelock to give up these friends and Lord Dartmouth and all his generous helpers in England, but his course showed his manly and patriotic character.*

After the close of the war, the College under its new President, John Wheelock, entered upon a new career of prosperity. In 1792 it graduated a class of forty-nine.

It would be interesting if time and space permitted to follow the history of this institution to later days; to trace the attempt on the part of the New Hampshire State Legislature in 1816 to repeal the charter and create a university with trustees appointed by the State; to note the points in the famous Dartmouth College case, first decided by the New Hampshire Supreme Court against the old College and the old board of trustees and afterwards, in 1818, the reversal on appeal by the Supreme Court of the United States in an opinion by Chief Justice Marshall declaring the acts

of the New Hampshire State Legislature unconstitutional and void and that it was not in the power of any Legislature to take away or impair vested rights, a decision that affected and strengthened every college in the land. From that day to this, this decision has been the leading and binding authority in all similar cases. It was one of the decisive legal battles of the age. Webster, the leading counsel for the College, made one of the most powerful arguments of his life before the United States Supreme Court in this case.

The following anecdote was related by Mr. Webster in reference to his connection with this case. While engaged in preparation for the trial Mr. Webster, told the President that, as the original charter was granted and the endowment made by Lord Dartmouth and others expressly for the purpose of civilizing and instructing the Indians a question might arise on this point and as no Indian had been attached to the school for some time, it would be well for the President to go to Canada and bring some of the Aborigines within the walls of the College so that a jury could not find that the charter had been abrogated on that score. Accordingly the President went and found three choice specimens of Indian youth and brought them to the west bank of the river. After some delay he procured a boat and began to ferry them across, when the young Indians, not precisely understanding the object of so much kindness and concern on the part of the President, and espying the walls of the College on the other side, had not only their wonder excited but grew suspicious that if once within those walls it might be difficult to escape. Thereupon the young Indian at the bow of the boat cast a significant glance at his associates, gave the warwhoop and quick as thought they all plunged into the middle of the river and swam for the shore. Said Mr. Webster, "The falling of the walls of Jericho on the sounding of the rams' horns, could not have astonished Joshua more than this unlooked-for escapade astonished the President. He halloed, he entreated and tried to explain all, but the Indians kept straight on their course to the shore and made with all speed for the woods, the last President Wheelock ever saw or heard of them." So Mr. Webster had to go on with the case without the Indians.

This decision in favor of the College marked an era in its history. By it firmly established in its vested rights, Dartmouth has since steadily moved onward with ever increasing power, taking a well earned leading position among the foremost American col-

leges. Her power and usefulness may be fairly judged by the eminent array of statesmen, scholars and divines she has sent forth to every State in the Union, shrinking not from comparison with any like institution. For nearly forty years in succession this congressional district was represented in Congress by distinguished graduates at Dartmouth. To this and many other States she has given Governors, to the United States courts many able judges, and one chief justice to the Supreme Court of the United States and to the nation and the world both Webster and Choate.

Any son of Dartmouth may well be proud to call her his *Alma Mater*.

GREENFIELD AND ITS FIRST CHURCH.

BY FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

The first record of any settlement in what is now Greenfield was a grant, in 1686, of twenty acres of land to a Mr. Brooks* on Green river, which tradition locates just below where the old jail formerly stood, and later in the same year twenty acre lots were granted, twenty in number, bounded on what is now the main street. No action seems to have been taken by the settlers of the Green river lands toward being organized into a separate district until 1738, when they petitioned the town of Deerfield to be set off into a separate parish, which was refused. The matter rested until 1743, when the petition was renewed and the town voted to grant the prayer, with the same boundary lines as were finally established, although the petitioners asked that Deerfield river and Sheldon's brook be made the southern boundary. At the same meeting it was "voted to allow Green River 40s. old Tenor a Sabbath, to procure preaching for three months." Nothing more seems to have been done in regard to separation from the mother town until Jan., 1753, probably because of the war between France and England, which commenced in 1744 and continued for several years, but money was granted by Deerfield from time to time to sustain for short periods preaching and schooling. At a meeting held Jan. 2, 1753, the town voted that in answer to the petition of Green River people, "the town are willing and do consent that they should be set off into a separate district or precinct," with certain lines,

*The first house known to have been built in Greenfield was that of Joshua Pomroy, which is referred to in a grant made Feb. 5, 1686-7.—[EDITOR.]

&c., and at a meeting held in Deerfield April 2nd, 1753 the town chose Col. Oliver Patridge, Dr. Samuel Mather and Dr. Elen Hunt a committee with certain powers, as will better appear by their report accepted by the town, April 18, 1753, as follows: "In compliance with the above instructions we met at the town of Deerfield on the 9th of said April and on the next day we proceeded to view the lands proposed for a district, being attended by a committee of said town, two whereof belonged to the old town and two to the proposed district. After we had made a thorough view of the lands by passing through the same in various places, we heard the allegations of the committee on both sides upon the articles above mentioned and having maturely considered the same do adjudge and determine it to be reasonable that the said district be set off in the manner following." Then follows the boundary lines of the new district, the same territory as is now contained in the towns of Greenfield and Gill. The committee then say, "We are further of the opinion that a tax of one penny farthing per acre lawful money be levied upon the unimproved lands in said district as soon as a frame of a meeting house be erected, and a further tax of one penny per acre upon said unimproved lands, so soon as a minister is settled in said district, to be used for building a meeting house and settling a minister. We have also fixed a place for erecting a meeting house at a place called Trap Plain, where we have fixed a white oak stake. We further judge it reasonable" (now hear and mark this, ye men of Deerfield) "that the said district have the improvement of one-half of the sequestered lands in said town of Deerfield lying north of Deerfield river."

The town accepted this report as a basis of the division. The Lt. Governor, Council and House of Representatives of the Province passed an act of incorporation June 9th, 1753, based upon this report, but adding at the end of the last clause in regard to the sequestered lands, that Greenfield should have the use of one-half "until a new parish should be formed out of Deerfield."

This proviso and one other at variance with the report of the Committee, it seems, was unknown to the Greenfield people until 1767, when commenced a quarrel between the two towns, the effects of which are even now not wholly obliterated. The matter was before the Legislature for years, the representatives often passing an act for the relief of the people of Greenfield, which was as often vetoed by the Governor and Council, and it was only when

the war of the Revolution gave the parties something else to quarrel over that the subject was allowed to sink into obscurity, but was "tho lost to sight, to memory dear," and still rankles in the breasts of the old families.

Having become organized as a District, the first meeting for the choice of officers in the new town was held July 3, 1753. At a meeting held August 7, 1753, it was "voted that the 16th of August be set apart and kept by us as a day of prayer and fasting, and that the Rev. Mr. Jonathan Ashley of Deertfield and the Rev. Joseph Ashley of Sunderland and the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie of Pelham be invited to assist in the work of the day, and to give their advice for some meet person to settle in the work of the ministry among us." Another meeting was held four days subsequently and a committee was chosen "to take the advice or approbation of the Rev. Mr. Jonathan Edwards of Stockbridge, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins of Sheffield, Mr. Stephen Williams of Longmeadow, the Rev. Mr. Hull of Sutton, the Rev. Mr. Joseph Ashley of Sunderland and the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie of Pelham with respect to the qualifications or fitness of the Rev. Mr. Edward Billing for the work of the ministry in Greenfield." On the 24th of September following, it was "voted that the Rev. Mr. Edward Billing shall be invited to settle in the work of the ministry among us, and that he shall be allowed for his encouragement a settlement of £600 old Ténor and £300 old Tenor salary the first year and with the addition of \$25 each year until it amount to £400, and the said district to provide him firewood." His letter dated Greenfield, Nov. 5, 1753, says he is determined to accept of the call, "though there be some circumstances attending my settlement among you that are far from being pleasing."

These were days full of trouble and all the spare time and energies of the few settlers seem to have been employed in the picketing of several houses and the building of forts. Meetings were held at Rev. Mr. Billing's house, afterwards known as "Stocking Fort," probably a corruption of "Stockade," and on the 19th of December, 1754, it was "voted that the committee for passing mens bills agree with Joseph Severance for drumming the year past on the Sabbath," which the records show they did, allowing him £4, 10s. old Tenor for his services, but finding that too expensive they made an arrangement with James Corse to pay him £2 "for his house to meet in on the Sabbath and other necessary meetings, he giving the signal to meet," which seems not to have been

perfectly satisfactory, for the next year they paid Corse £2 for his house, and Aaron Denio 6s. for drumming on the Sabbath. Nothing seems to have been done by these new sovereigns toward building a meeting house until 1759, when they voted in December "To build a Meeting House *this year* forty-five feet long and thirty-five feet wide, upon the spot where the General Court hath prefixt, and to shingle, Ruff board and glaze it and lay the under floor and make the doors," and they chose a "committee to carry on the work of the meeting house." Roads were laid leading from the meeting house spot, North, East and West, and the said committee were also liberally instructed to lay "all other necessary roads according to their skill and judgment."

The season passed and nothing seems to have been accomplished, for in October, 1760, it was again "voted to build the meeting house in the spot where the General Court's committee 'fixt' it, and that it should be 50x40 and that they should cover and glaze it and build a pulpit and lay the doors." The house was not in use in 1762, as the Selectmen were instructed to find a place to hold meetings in, but in 1764 it was "voted that liberty be given for the people to build houses on the meeting house square, (which by the way was a triangle) and that certain named persons be a committee to lay out the Houses and Horse Houses on the meeting house square according to the rates each man paid the year the meeting house was built" and so we find that the meeting house is "built," but it was only rough boarded and remained so until 1773, and had neither pews nor slips. Action was taken from time to time concerning lumber and glass for the work and among other votes one to allow Aaron Denio £8, 8s. for drink, but whether on meeting house account or not I am unable to tell.

In March, 1772, the town voted 20,000 feet of timber for the meeting house, and in December it was "voted to raise one hundred pounds of money for the purpose of finishing the meeting house in 1773," and in August of this year it was "voted to seat the meeting house and that age, state and qualification be the rule for seating," and in November a committee was appointed "to sell the *remainder of what was left* of the boards, plank &c., of the meeting house," and so I conclude that at this time the house was called completed, and as a committee of three were chosen to return thanks to Mr. David Wells for the gift of a cushion for Mr. Newton to lean on, the house was also fully furnished. No sooner had the house become occupied than a grievance arose in regard to

seating, and at the meeting held Dec. 4, 1775, it was "voted to seat the meeting house by age and estate, each man to model his estate as he sees fit in his own family. The first three in the list shall have their first choice in the Pews; they that choose the Great Pew or either of the north corner pews, shall have the next on the list put in with them, and so till we get through the house." "Voted that one year's age shall be equal to three pounds of estate." "Voted that those people that do not come to choose their seat at the time appointed, the committee shall seat them." "Voted that males be seated from 16 years and upwards and females from 14 years and upwards."

The war of the Revolution absorbed all the time and attention of the people, and from 1775 to 1778 the meeting house was only occasionally mentioned in the records. About 1778, the people of that portion of the town east of Fall River began to agitate the building of a church. This finally culminated in the incorporation of the town of Gill, Sept. 28, 1793, and the payment by Greenfield to Gill of a certain sum of money for their interest in the meeting house.

In 1796, thorough repairs were made in the old house. A few years before a road now known as Federal street had been opened from the village street leading directly to the church. The people were warned of the time to prepare for going to church by the ringing of a small bell upon the school house in the village, and either walked the mile and a half, as the late Honorable George Grennell and his bride did upon the next Sabbath after their marriage, or were carried by Calvin Munn in his covered wagon, whether run at town expense or not I am unable to say.

The church building was a barn like structure 50 feet in length East and West and 40 feet in width, and was a kind of two-story affair, having two sets of windows which were glazed with 6x8 glass, with a window intermediate between the upper and lower tier, behind and above the pulpit which was placed in the centre of the north side of the house. The main floor of the house was divided into twenty-nine square pews. A main aisle ran around the house, distant one square pew from each of the walls. An aisle from the south door of the church ran direct to the pulpit, and there were passage ways from doors in both the east and west ends of the house to the main aisle. The pulpit was quite high and approached by winding stairs upon the west side, and next beyond the stairway was the "great pew" in which were seated the eldest

of the people and must have been of considerable size as I find in one plan of the seatings the names of twenty persons who were assigned to it. A gallery ran on the east and west ends and the south side, supported by turned wooden posts, it being wide enough to contain a row of square pews against the walls and two rows of singers' seats in front, these open seats containing a choir numerous if not select, while the pews were occupied by those who had not yet arrived to the dignity of being seated. These came under the especial care of the tithing men, and some times a noisy and daring offender was abstracted from a pew and taken to dwell with the tythingman in the singers' seat during the two hours service. Until about 1820, there was no method of warming the church except by the little tin foot-stoves filled with live coals carried by the ladies or by the pieces of hot oak plank which some indulged in; but later a stove was put in with the pipe traversing the length of the church and finding its way to the open air through the window over the pulpit. In 1784, the town "voted that Simeon Wells and others have the liberty of enjoying a Pew built at their own expense over one pair of the gallery stairs, until the next time the house is seated, and if the cost be not then paid by the town, that it be granted till they see fit to pay it." The gallery was entered by stairways located in the south-east and south-west corners of the room. The whole of the interior was innocent of paint excepting the pulpit and the pillars which supported the gallery. The only ornament about the pulpit was a cushion on which rested the Bible. Over the pulpit was an immense sounding board shaped like a pagoda, which I am informed by an aged granddaughter of the first minister, always troubled her for fear it would fall upon the speaker. Outside, the house was clapboarded and shingled, with no effort toward ornamentation. The horse sheds were located on the west side of the road leading toward Bernardston and extended nearly from the corner to the school house. For many years there was no house near to the church, an old one nearly 40 rods east on the north side of the road occupied by Abaz Thayer was the nearest, and subsequently Mr. Thayer built on the premises now occupied by Mr. Lemuel H. Long and opened it as a public house. The old church was taken down in 1831 and a portion of its timbers and lumber was used in the erection of the brick building at Nash's Mills, now occupied by the original Congregational Society. A portion of this society withdrew in 1816 and organized the Congregational society in the village, and in 1818 built the

brick church which formerly stood where the stone building of the Second Congregational church now does, the result of a protracted and bitter struggle between the farming portion of the town and the village people for the location of a new meeting-house, the rural portion of the town largely out-voting the villagers, a condition of things now greatly reversed, because of the location in the village of the new county seat about this time.

It would be an agreeable task in concluding this imperfect sketch of the old church building, to recite some of the many traditions and anecdotes which have come down concerning the ministers who occupied this old pulpit and the men who sat beneath it and listened to the arguments of the learned divines who discussed by the hour the theories of election and predestination—and other doxies and heterodoxies beyond my knowledge, but I leave the subject to men of more leisure and better qualifications.

SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

BY PHINEHAS FIELD OF CHARLEMONT.

As citizens of the Old Bay State we are justly proud of its chosen name—Massachusetts. Its literary, civil and religious institutions have a world-wide reputation; but our past record is not stainless; and it may not be amiss to understand the estimate in which we are held by some outsiders who envy us our good name and prosperity.

In the year 1830, while stopping at Savannah, Ga., I mentioned to a man with whom I was a guest my intention of taking a pedestrian tour back from Charleston, S. C., into the country a hundred miles or more, and inquired of him what reception I might expect from the planters, on whom I might call. His words were encouraging, but he gave me this caution: "I advise you not to let it be known that you are from Massachusetts." I was not careful to heed his advice in this matter, but whenever during my four weeks' jaunt they asked me where I hailed from I was proud to say "From Massachusetts, sir."

In the early part of our late civil war, a friend of mine being in "Egypt," Ill., he heard the following colloquy between two men: "I reckon Boston is the worst State there is in the Union!" (Rejoinder.) "I don't know, but from what I have heard tell, I reckon Massachusetts is the wust State." After a full discussion it was

agreed that "Boston and Massachusetts are the worst States there is."

On the eighth of April, 1865, being in Petersburg, Va., the agent of the Christian Commission requested me to remain at our boarding-house through the day to entertain any who might call on special business. Early in the day the agent conducted an elderly woman to my room, as one who wished assistance. She introduced herself as "The widow Mason; my husband was uncle to Senator Mason, a special friend of Gen. Lee. I belong to one of the first families in Virginia."

After listening attentively to her tale of grief, which "was very great," and while ruminating on the same, she sought to enlighten me on the cause of all this trouble. I give it in her own words: "Although I am no prophet, mark my words; the North will have to suffer some terrible judgment for bringing on this cruel war! The Abolitionists! they are at the bottom of it; and if there is any place in hell hotter than the rest, they certainly will have to go there!" Thereupon I responded: "I am an Abolitionist; and have been President or Secretary of town, county, State and National Abolition Societies, and have attended their meetings at the principal cities of the North; and I expect to go to heaven, by and by." I will not attempt to describe the look she gave me, only to say, it was just as she felt. In a not very courteous tone or manner she requested "my name." "I will give it in writing, if you would like," said I. "I should," was the reply. Just then I had in mind the name of John Hancock, and wrote my address in full under that inspiration.

She read silently until she came to Massachusetts, which was read aloud, and repeated with great emphasis, and she added, snarling, "*Massachusetts!*" *That's* the State that first introduced *slavery* into the Union." I informed her that she was under a slight mistake; for, in the summer preceding the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, a cargo of slaves was landed at Jamestown, Va.

Though Massachusetts did not introduce slavery, she, during the time of the colonial dependence, suffered it to exist within her borders. My own native town, and some of my own family name, were slave-holders. It is my purpose to give some account of the African-born slaves of Northfield.

In writing out a history of the slaves once held in Northfield, I find the records are as scanty as that of the genealogy of illegitimate children. It seems that those who held them thought the least written about them the better; so I am nearly confined to

tradition and my own memory. In case any mistakes are made I shall esteem it a favor to have them corrected.

1. *Jack* was held by Aaron Whitney, Esq., merchant. On a certain occasion Jack took offense, and set out to run away from his master. His intention was to go to Paquayag (Athol). Taking his gun, he had proceeded as far as what is known as Jack's hill, in the south-east part of the town, where he killed a buck. So pleased was he at his good fortune that he retraced his steps to inform his master, who accompanied him to the hill of slaughter, and all their old troubles were dispelled by their feasting on fresh venison. It appears that the reconciliation was permanent, for Jack was buried at the feet of his master.

The hill, and the brook of the same name, lying west of it, are spoken of in the History of Northfield as having been named from an Indian, living near it. That is a mistake; but the origin of the name of Keup's Brook is correct as there stated.

2. *Tatnai*, held by Capt. Samuel Hunt, farmer and tavern-keeper. In every town there is usually to be found one or more boys who are said to be "full of the white horse." Northfield had such a boy; they called him Dick. He lived to old age; I remember him well; and never heard him called by any other name than Dick. It was discovered that Tatnai was fond of raw eggs, and having a capacious mouth, the boys would occasionally toss in an egg to see him "craunch" it, shell and all. On one occasion, after having baited him well, Dick secured a rotten egg, and waited on the fence of the west lot for Tat's return from the meadow, where he had gone for a load of hay. When opposite, Dick hailed him. (I give it as Dick related it to me.) "Tat, don't you want an egg?" "Yes." "Come this way then and get it. (Tat came to the fence.) Open your face wide and give it a good craunch. I tossed it in; and Oh! he puked a stream bigger'n my arm! I put for the meadow hill and got out of his way. Tat was mad, and swore he'd kill me. I darsn't go on the street in the evening for a fortnight. I couldn't stand that, so I got the boys to negotiate for me, by telling Tat I was sorry and it was an accident, and I would give him a quart of rum to make up. The offer was accepted, so that Dick and Tat were friends again.*

The Northfield History speaks of *Mishap* as a slave of Captain Hunt; I never heard of him.

*Since the presentation of the above, I have learned that Tatnai was born in Deerfield in 1765. P. F.

3. *Meshach*, slave of Dea. Paul Field, farmer, was "a mighty hunter." On one occasion he caught a wolf, and thought him to be "somebody's nice hunting dog." He patted him, called him "poor dog," and liberated him from the trap. When he saw the way he trotted off, he first found out his mistake. On another occasion he caught a skunk, and setting fire to a brush heap, put the trap on to burn off the scent. Sequel "Charming springs to go down, but no come back again." Meshach was the owner of a fiddle, which was often brought into requisition at the "kitchen-digs" of the young folks. On one occasion, at the house of Esq. Seth Field, his services were secured, while the Squire was gone to Boston. But, unexpectedly to all, he returned while the dance was in progress; and, being a mortal enemy to the fiddle, and having a bundle of whalebone in his hands as he entered the room, he made the old fiddle play its death dirge. Then followed a scene of wailing! "Nice fiddle; best fiddle ever see; druther lost the brightes' silver dollar ever see!" N. B. I remember hearing "Uncle Adjutant" say that on one occasion he spent eight pence at a ball, and the sum was so extravagant that he dared not let his folks know the amount.

Meshach, during a Sabbath noon, would call on Brother Tatnai. On one occasion, Capt. Hunt inquired, "Have you got any pork at your house?" "Yes, Massar, plenty pork." "How do you manage to keep pork all the year round?" "Have three four great tub, bigger to bottom dan dey be to top, and hab um all full." Meshach was blessed with a good appetite. He did not like "Fast-giving," for then he could have nothing to eat until the sun was down; but he liked Thanksgiving, for then he could have his fill. And on one such occasion he anointed his belly with bear's grease, and roasted it in by the kitchen fire, the evening previous, to enlarge his stomach's capacity.

In 1771, Paul Field was taxed for one slave. (History of Northfield.)

4. "*Cæsar*," the slave of Ensign Ebenezer Field, is named in the records of 1722. (History of Northfield.)

5. *Ishmael* Turner, slave of Seth Field, Esq., farmer. Bought in Boston. The first work he was set at was turning hay; they said he would make a good turner, and so named him Turner, but when he was baptized they called him Ishmael, hence Ishmael Turner. In December, 1776, Ishmael Turner, with others, was enlisted as a soldier to go to Danbury. (History of Northfield.)

6. *Napthalo*, commonly called Naptha, died at the house of my father in Northfield, about the year 1800, aged as believed about ninety. From statistics furnished by H. W. Taft, Esq., of Pittsfield, it appears that Naptha was held as a slave by Joseph Dickinson of Hatfield, who moved to Sunderland in 1720. In 1744, the name of Napthalo is found on the list of church members, in Sunderland. In June, 1783, the town "Voted that the Selectmen be directed to require the heirs of Joseph Dickinson, formerly of this town, deceased, to signify their minds to this town whether they are willing to give bonds or any other way oblige themselves to maintain Naptha Freeman, and report to this meeting." Oct. 4, 1783, the town "Voted to stand a trial in action commenced against us by Napthalo Freeman," and appointed a Committee to attend to it. March 4, 1793, the town voted that they "will not receive Napthalo Freeman in order to maintain him," and a committee was appointed "to act in the town's behalf."

My father, inheriting the homestead of his father, Moses, whose first wife was Anna Dickinson, a share of Naptha's support fell to him. Dec. 9, 1793, the town "Voted to pay Heman Farnam and Benj. Graves for transporting him to Northfield."

Naptha was a great admirer of Whitfield, and often went to hear him preach; this did not suit some of the "standing order," and he was reproved for it. In self defense he replied, "Sabberday, go to my own meetin; week day, hoe corn, go to hear separate,—what I'm a min'ter." "Parson Wells," of Whately, was once lamenting that his preaching did no more good. Naptha responded, "Don't be discouraged; *weak* means may be blessed." His discrimination of character was apt; he said "Some men love he neighbor *for* heself; but the Bible say, love he neighbor *as* heself." He was also a judge of beauty. Two rival belles once requested him to decide which of the twain was the handsomest. Finding him unwilling to decide for them, they pressed him to give his reason. He replied, "I am afraid I shall make Rhoda mad." I hope young men will receive this lesson. He was represented as very tall and as having great muscular strength. He boasted of lifting a side of a sled containing a cord of green wood from the body of a man with his shoulder, and drawing the man out with one hand, thus saving his life. Naptha was a great lover of sacred music. He would often sit with his face towards the back of the chair, resting only his toes on the floor, so that he could beat the

time with his whole frame, and then sing, using the numerals to measure the metre.

7. *Guy* was the slave of Dea. Timothy Dutton of Hebron, Ct., removed to Northfield with his master in 1796. My recollections of him are distinct. I have heard him say that when in Africa his name was *Quambo*; that when at play with other boys on the sea-shore they caught him and put him "down in a dark hole, and kept him there a good many days." *Guy* was tattooed, by having two marks or scars on each cheek, half an inch wide and nearly three inches long; these were made with a hot iron, and indicated *royal blood*. Of the many anecdotes illustrating his wit and drollery I shall note but few. While in Hebron his master sent him to measure some rye for a customer; *Guy* asked whether he was going to *mill* with it? The response was, "Yes, Massa say, 'always heap the half-bushel when you are going to mill.'" One morning the Deacon asked *Guy*, "Where is the hoe?" "It id long'er de harrer." "Where is the harrow?" "It id long'er de hoe." "Where are the hoe and the harrow both?" "Why dey be bof togedder. Seems to me Massa want to peek a quarrel dis mornin'." On meeting Gen. Nevers one morning, they inquired of each other the news. In reply, the General told *Guy* that the *Devil was dead*. *Guy* responded, "*Ah!* Is Massa Nevers going to conduct the funeral?" *Guy* had often seen him act in that capacity at burials. He was accustomed to sleep in the barn in summer time. On one occasion, it being very warm, he lay on the boards over the great beams, but somehow "lost his *holt*" and fell to the floor. On being asked what he first thought when he fell, his reply was, "My first thought was—I didn't think anything; my next thought was, 'What will Massa say?'" In 1812, I was with my oldest brother at work near the road south of Roman T, west of Old Crag, when *Guy*, bareheaded, in his shirt sleeves, with his brown tow trousers rolled up at the bottom (which was his ordinary rig), came along. My brother inquired of him, "*Guy*, how came you here?" His reply was, "I go where I come, please, when I'm mineter, for all nobody." *Guy* was fond of children; they would often filch sopsovines or pears from his pockets while he would feign as though he would hinder them if possible. He died in 1813; was found dead in the barn where he slept. On the Sabbath following the death of *Guy*, Dea. Dutton and family sent to the desk the request "That the death of their old and faithful slave might be sanctified to them for their spiritual and everlasting good." The prayer

offered by Rev. Mr. Mason on the occasion excelled in pathos any prayer I have ever heard.

All these are believed to have been African born. Two others, refugees from the State of New York, for a time lived in Northfield, viz.:

1. *Emanuel*, who died at the house of Reuben Wright, of consumption, not far from the year 1810. He was an invalid when he came to Northfield.

2. *Joe Belding*, with his family, lived in the "Burt house," which was where the house of Eli Colton now stands, in 1817. When his old master came to take him back to New York, Joe told him not to come near, for he would split his head if he did, and his master returned without him.

Massachusetts having thrown off the British yoke in the year 1788, in convention, framed her Bill of Rights and State Constitution. Their session closed in March, 1789. That instrument was the death warrant to slavery in Massachusetts.

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

1870-1879.

[Figures following names of officers show years of service. Present residence given when known.]

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AUSTIN DEWOLF, Greenfield, 1.	SAMUEL O. LAMB, Greenfield, 5.
*ROGER H. LEAVITT, Charlemont, 4.	*HARRIETT C. RICE, Leverett, 2.
JOHN M. SMITH, Sunderland, 1.	*JOHN P. WATSON, Leverett, 2.

Recording Secretary and Treasurer,

NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, Deerfield, 10.

Corresponding Secretary,

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Francis Ward, Greenfield.	Buckingham, Edgar, Deerfield.
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Lillie J., Bellows Falls.	Canning, Josiah D., Gill.
Obed S., Deerfield.	Carter, Samuel, Brooklyn, N. Y.
*Otis B., Bellows Falls.	Champney, James W., Deerfield.
*Seneca, Troy, N. Y.	Childs, Alfred H. "P. V. M. A.," D'd.
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Bardwell, Jarvis B., Shelburne.	*Henry, Buffalo, N. Y.
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Catherine Catlin, Cambridge.	Rodolphus, Dover, Ill.
Barber, Henry H., Meadville, Pa.	*Crafts, Cephas G., Whately.
*Barnard, Lemuel, Canandaigua, N. Y.	James M., Whately.

*Deceased.

- Crafts, Seth B., Whately.
 Crawford, Robert, Deerfield.
 Cressey, Noah, Amherst.
 Crittenden, George D., Buckland.
 Cushman, Mrs. Henry W., Greenfield.
 DeWolf, Austin, Greenfield.
 *Doggett, George N., Chicago, Ill.
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 *Eastman, Samuel S., Greenfield.
 Felton, Joseph P., Greenfield.
 *Field, Phineas, Charlemont.
 Putnam, San Diego, Cal.
 Finch, P. Voorhees, Greenfield.
 *Fisk, D. Orlando, Shelburne.
 *Fuller, George, Deerfield.
 *Grennell, George, Greenfield.
 *Griswold, Whiting, Greenfield.
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 Harding, F. W., Westfield.
 Hawks, Frederick, Greenfield.
 Susan Belle, Deerfield.
 William, Greenfield.
 *Hitchcock, Henry, Galesburg, Ill.
 Nathaniel, Deerfield.
 Hollister, Joseph H., Greenfield.
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 Hoyt, Catherine W., Deerfield.
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 *Lyman, Daniel, Mendota, Ill.
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 Munn, Charles H., Holyoke.
 *John, N. Y. city.
 Philo, Deerfield.
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 *Rice, David, Leverett.
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 *Evander G., Deerfield.
 Lydia A., Deerfield.
 *Moses, Deerfield.
 *Stevens, Humphrey, Greenfield.
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 Ware, Fannie S., Deerfield.
 Warner, Whitney L., Sunderland.
 *Watson, John P., Leverett.
 Wells, Curtis B., Springfield.
 Elisha, Deerfield.
 *George M., Deerfield.
 *Samuel F., Deerfield.
 *Whitney, James S., Brookline.
 Laurinda, Brookline.
 Williams, Charles E., Deerfield.
 *Wright, Luke, Deerfield.

*Deceased.

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